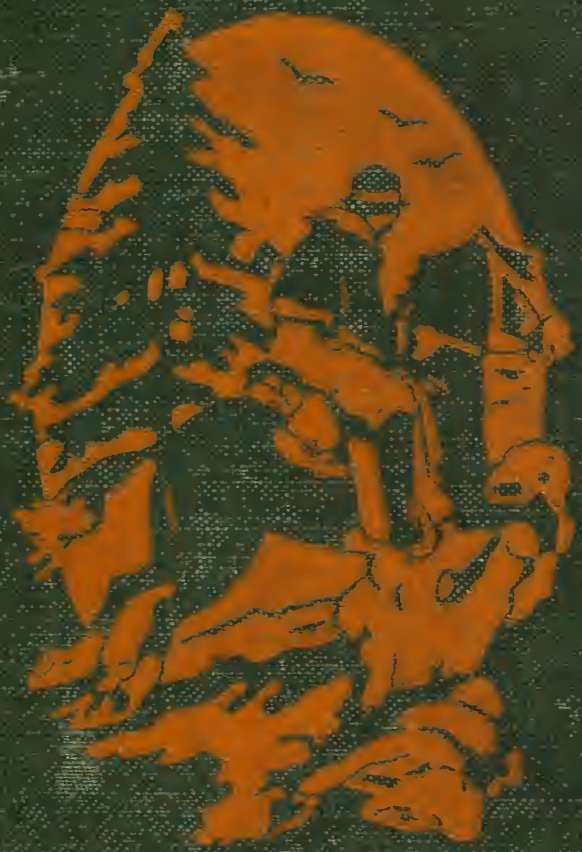
CHILD-LIBRARY READERS

BOOK FOUR



ELSON EXTENSION SERIES

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THE ELSON EXTENSION SERIES

CHILD-LIBRARY READERS

BOOK FOUR

BY

WILLIAM H. ELSON

AUTHOR OF THE ELSON READERS

AND

EDNA R. KELLY

FORMERLY ASSISTANT SUPERVISOR
PRIMARY SCHOOLS, WASHINGTON, D. C.

Illustrated by L. KATE DEAL

SCOTT, FORESMAN AND COMPANY

CHICAGO ATLANTA NEW YORK

1928

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PREFACE

General Plan of the Book. The *Child-Library Readers, Book Four,* is planned to provide abundant material, rich in interest, for extending the literature course of the fourth grade. Schools using *The Elson Readers, Book Four,* will appreciate the total absence of duplicated selections in the present volume. Moreover, the fresh, unhackneyed nature of the literature insures a minimum of duplicated material if this book is used to extend the reading course of any basal text.

The authors believe that a school reader should be of high literary value, to develop in children a love for literature of distinction. In selecting and organizing this material they have kept clearly in mind the need for training pupils in efficient habits of silent reading. The literature selected, while uniformly of high quality, and strong in story-element, contains a considerable quantity of material that is rich in factual content, both interesting and useful. A full explanation of the plan for silent reading is given on pages 5 and 6.

Plan of Organization. The stories and poems of the book are grouped into six Parts dealing with related themes, to insure lasting impression. A glance at the Table of Contents will show the extreme care used in providing a balanced variety of appeal through an alternation of factual material with selections of a fanciful nature. Thus, Part I (The Outdoor World), which includes a number of stories that introduce the child to fascinating, simple facts of Nature, is immediately followed by a group of fairy tales and legends that call into play chiefly the imaginative interest of the pupil. Part III (Our Country), which presents several stories of an elementary historical value, is correspondingly balanced by the purely fanciful tales of humor found in Part IV. From this point, the child is introduced in Part V to Tales of Busy Workers, that deal with simple phases of great industries; these in turn are followed by the more imaginative stories of Part VI, which center about special days.

At the end of each Part, the Helps to Study, that unify the reading of the various selections, close with review questions

and projects (see page 81) that still further crystallize the impressions formed by the literature of that unit.

Introducing the Child to the Library. If the child is to form wisely directed reading habits, his school text should lead his interest directly to the library. This contact is here provided for by carefully selected lists of library readings, placed at the ends of the various Helps to Study. (See, for example, page 77.) Where a circulating library is available, the wise teacher will encourage her pupils to secure some of the suggested books; if no such library is within convenient reach, it is hoped that the school may collect copies of at least a few of the books listed. A weekly report by pupils on their outside reading will prove helpful in arousing interest in this valuable activity.

Aids to Pupils. An effective school reader must contain definite features that make it a serviceable *tool for classroom use.* The following detailed helps to the pupil insure his gaining the fullest benefit from the literature of the text:

(1) Provisions for efficient silent reading (see pages 5 and 6);

(2) A plan of study (see "How to Enjoy Your Reading," page 18) that trains the pupil from the first to make intelligent use of the many helpful devices of the book;

(3) A carefully selected Glossary, that gives the meaning and pronunciation of words and phrases, trains in alphabetical arrangement, and lays a foundation for the dictionary habit;

(4) Simple directions at the beginning of the various selections, that serve to give definite purpose to the child's reading;

(5) Adequate and varied "Helps to Study," placed at the close of each Part (see pages 77-82), which include:

(*a*) Questions to test silent reading;

(*b*) General notes and questions that explain any difficult passages, suggest pupil-activities from time to time, and connect the reading with the life-situations of the children;

(*c*) Suggested lists for outside library reading;

(d) Summarizing questions and class or individual projects at the end of each Part.

DIRECTIONS FOR SILENT READING

Need for Different Kinds of Skills. Recent studies by leading authorities point out very clearly that silent-reading efficiency calls not only for different kinds of skills, but also for varying rates of speed. For example, factual material, such as pupils encounter in nature-science, history, or geography, requires a higher degree of retention than is necessary for fairy tales and stories of adventure; obviously, these two types of literature demand two different *methods* of reading and two different *rates*.

Danger of Confusion. The teaching of silent reading, according to present practice, too often aims at developing only *one* standard rate for each grade. For example, pupils in the fourth year are frequently trained to acquire a speed of about 150 words per minute, *for all kinds of reading material.* Such training seems likely to lead to inefficient habits; for the given rate of 150 words cannot fit equally well both factual and fanciful material. If *one* rate, only, is standardized, the pupil will either read factual material too rapidly for a mastery of its content, or else will dwell too long on stories of the fairy-tale type.

A Plan for Developing Two Skills and Two Rates. The *Child-Library Readers, Book Four,* offers a definite method for training pupils to vary their rate and their method according to the nature of the material. The plan is based on the following features:

(1) Two main types of literature have been selected: (*a*) stories of adventure, humor, fairyland, etc., to be read for sheer enjoyment, and (*b*) stories of rich factual value on subjects dealing with nature-science, early American history, or important industries. These latter selections are intended to serve as type-lessons in beginning the development of right study habits for nature-science, history, geography, and kindred subjects. The following list will indicate the range of this material:

Nature-Science: The Bird That Makes Clay Pots, Seton, page 49; A Vireo at Home, Baynes, page 52; The Antics of an Ant Hill, Hawkes, page 61; The Old Pear-Tree, Fabre, page 66.

Historical-Biographical: Traveling in the Old Days, Evans, page 191; The Little Boy Who Became a Great Sailor (John Paul Jones), page 207; The Pony Express Rider, Cody, page 215.

Geographical-Industrial: What the Boots Told David (Rubber), page 271; How Nils Saved the Iron-Works, Lagerlöf, page 276; How the First Cotton Gin Was Made, Evans, page 293; Frank's Visit to a Coal Mine, Husband, page 296.

It should be noted that the above selections, while rich in factual content, are also strong in their interest-appeal, since they are predominantly in story form. They are not mere excerpts of didactic information, but real child literature selected from the writings of such standard authors as Fabre and Seton, or else articles specially written for this book by such authorities as Baynes and Husband.

(2) Definite provisions are included to insure that the pupil understands the character of each selection *before he begins to read.* At the head of each factual selection appears the topic "Read to Remember.—Read the story carefully," etc. (See page 49.) All other stories are introduced by the heading "Something to Find Out.—" etc. (See page 13.) On page 18, under the title "How to Enjoy Your Reading," the plan of the book is made clear to the pupil. Thus the child knows in advance which selections are to be read with special attention to the development of efficient study-habits.

(3) The "Questions to Test Silent Reading," found in the "Helps to Study" (see pages 77-82), have been carefully planned to aid in developing *two* differing skills. For factual material, the questions focus on specific items of information, while for the more fanciful material, only the main plot incidents are generally brought out. In this connection, it is well to keep in mind that pupils of the fourth grade should not be expected to learn from one reading *all* of the facts in any selection. The teacher will be the best judge as to what are reasonable standards to hold before her class.

(4) From time to time, "Pupil-Records" are suggested, to enable both children and teachers to note the growth in efficiency. (See pages 82, 182, etc.) These records will be useful not only in showing the teacher how a given pupil compares with his classmates, or with standards developed by nation-wide tests, but also in encouraging a pupil to notice his own improvement. Three "Records" each year for factual material and three for fanciful material will generally be sufficient to indicate progress and to point out special needs.

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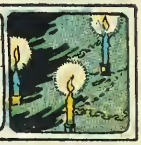

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PART I
THE OUTDOOR WORLD

The bee is a rover;
The brown bee is gay;
To feed on the clover,
He passes this way.
Brown bee, humming over,
What is it you say?
"The world is so happy—so happy today!"

—William Brighty Rands.

BRUIN'S BOXING MATCH

Something to Find Out.—Who won the boxing match.

"Did you ever see a bear box?" asked Jake, the lumberman. "Well, a bear can box *some,* now, I tell you. I once saw a bear box an old maul without a handle; and there wasn't any man at the end of it either."

Here Jake paused for a long chuckle.

"It happened this way: A fellow named Bill Goodin and I were splitting logs in the woods one day when, all of a sudden, the head of the maul flew off. The maul struck a tree, glanced, and hit Bill on the side of the knee. He couldn't do any more work that day, and I had to help him back to the camp. Before we left, I took a bit of heavy cord out of my pocket, and strung the maul up to a branch so it would be easier to find when I wanted it.

"It was maybe a week before I went for that maul. Then, on a Saturday afternoon, when there was no work to do, and Bill's leg was so much better that he could hobble alone, he and I thought we'd stroll over to where we'd been splitting, and bring the maul back to camp.

"When we got pretty near the place, and could see through the trees the maul hanging there where we had left it, Bill all of a sudden grabbed me by the arm, and whispered, 'Keep still!'

" 'What is it?' said I, under my breath, looking all around.

" 'Use your eyes if you've got any,' said he; and I stared through the branches in the direction he was looking. But there was a tree in the way. As soon as I moved my head a bit, I saw what he was watching. There was a fine young bear sitting straight up, and looking at the maul as if he didn't know what to make of it. That maul hanging from the limb of a tree was something different from anything he'd ever seen before. Wondering what he was going to do, we crept a little nearer, without making any noise, and hid behind a spruce-bush.

"The bear was maybe a couple of yards from the maul, and watching it as if he thought it might get down any moment and come at him. A little gust of wind came through the trees and set the maul swinging a bit. He didn't like this, and backed off a few feet. The maul swung some more, and he drew off still farther. When it was quite still again, he went around it and looked it over from the other side of the tree.

" 'He's scared of it,' whispered Bill, scornfully; 'let's fling a rock at him!'

"'No,' said I, knowing bears pretty well; 'let's wait and see what he's going to do.'

"Well, when the maul had been pretty still for a minute or two, the bear seemed to make up his mind that it didn't amount to much after all. He came right close up to it as bold as you like, and gave it a poke with his paw. The maul swung away, and, being hung on a short cord, it came back quick and gave the bear a smart rap on the nose.

"Bill and I both snickered, but the bear didn't hear us. He was mad right off, and with a snort he hit the maul a pretty good cuff; back it came like greased lightning, and took him again square on the muzzle with a whack that must have made him see stars.

"Bill and I could hardly keep from laughing; but even if we had laughed right out I don't believe that bear would have noticed us; he was too mad. You know a bear's muzzle is mighty tender. Well, he grunted and snorted and rooted around in the leaves a bit, and then went back at the maul as if he was just going to knock it into the other side of tomorrow. He stood up to it, and he did hit it so hard that it seemed to disappear for half a second. It swung right over the limb, and, while he was looking for it, it came down on the top of his head.

"Great Scott! how he roared! And then, scratching his head with one paw, he went at it again with the other, and hit it just the same way he'd hit it before. I tell you Bill and I nearly burst as we saw that maul fly over the limb again and come down on the top of his head just like the first time. You'd have thought it would have cracked his skull; but a bear's head is as hard as they make them.

"This time the bear, after rubbing his head and his snout, and rooting some more in the leaves, sat back and seemed to think it over. In a second or two he went

up to the maul and tried to take hold of it with one paw. Of course it slipped right away, and you'd have thought it was alive to see the way it dodged back and caught him again on the nose. It wasn't much of a whack this time, but that nose was tender enough then! The bear grew furious. He grabbed for the maul with both paws; and in that way, of course, he got it. With one pull he snapped the cord, and the victory was his.

"After tumbling the maul about for a while, trying to chew it and claw it to pieces, and getting nothing to show for his labor, he seemed to be absolutely disgusted. He sat down and glared at the bit of iron-bound oak now lying so quietly in the leaves, and kept feeling at his snout in a puzzled sort of way. Then all of a sudden he gave it up as a bad job, and trotted off into the woods in a hurry, as if he had just remembered something."

—*Charles G. D. Roberts.*

HOW TO ENJOY YOUR READING

This Reader contains many different kinds of selections. Some of them will thrill you with the joy of adventure, or lead you into the land of fairies. Others will tell you true and interesting things about the outdoor world, or about early times in this big country of ours, or about the busy life that goes on around us today.

But you cannot gain the full enjoyment from this book, or, indeed, from *any* book, unless you know how to make the best use of it. Here are some hints to help you get the full meaning of this Reader.

First: Turn to the Table of Contents and notice how the stories and poems are grouped around some important subject—such as "The Outdoor World." This Table of Contents is like a map, giving you a bird's-eye view of the whole book.

Second: Before reading any selection, look carefully at the direction printed just below the title. Most of these directions are called "Something to Find Out," and tell you some important points in the stories to notice as you read. (See page 13.) But some of the selections are full of interesting facts that you should learn as you read. In these cases the direction is called "Read to Remember." When you come to one of these stories, read it very carefully, trying to learn as many of the facts as possible.

Third: Make careful use of the "Helps to Study." These "Helps" for the first story in the book are on page 19, but for all other selections you will find them at the ends of the various Parts. For example, Helps for Part I are on pages 77-82. Notice the several kinds that are given. First you will see "Questions to Test Silent Reading," that will aid you in finding out how well you remember the main points in the story. Under "General Notes and Questions" you will find some information to make clear any parts of the text that may puzzle you. You will also find a few questions that may set you to thinking about the story as

a whole. Last of all, under the topic "Some Other Stories You Will Enjoy," you will find listed a number of selections or books by the same author, or about the same subject. See how many of these stories and poems you can read.

Fourth: A short dictionary, called a "Glossary" (page 343), gives the meaning and pronunciation of the words that you may not know. If you find in some story or poem any word or expression that you do not know, always look it up in the Glossary. For example, find the meaning of "Bruin" and "maul" in "Bruin's Boxing Match." By using this Glossary you will learn how to use that wonderful book, the big dictionary.

Fifth: Look carefully at the many pictures that show the most interesting scenes in the various stories. Often they will help you, even more than the words of the author, to see the action clearly.

HELPS TO STUDY

Questions to Test Silent Reading. 1. How did the maul happen to be hanging from a branch of the tree? 2. What did the lumbermen see when they went back to get it? 3. What did the men do? 4. How did the wind start the boxing match? 5. Who struck the first blow? 6. In what two places did the maul hit the bear? 7. How did Bruin win the match? 8. What did the bear do after he had won the victory?

General Notes and Questions. 1. Who is supposed to be telling the story? 2. Why is the story called "Bruin's Boxing Match"? 3. What is a "maul"? 4. Tell any other bear story that you know.

Some Other Bear Stories You Will Enjoy. *Bear Stories Retold from St. Nicholas,* Carter; *Arkansas Bear,* Paine; "Johnny Bear," Seton (in *Lives of the Hunted*); "Mishook, the Siberian Cub," Slivitski (in *The Elson Readers, Book Four*); *Wild Brother,* Underwood.

THE OLD POSSUM AND HER KITTENS

Something to Find Out.—How the possum tried to get the orioles' eggs.

I. WHY THE ORIOLES WERE FRIGHTENED

One pleasant day, with Frank as my companion, I went to get some of the long Spanish moss that grew upon the oaks in the lower end of the valley. This moss makes excellent stuffing for bed-mattresses, and we wanted it for this purpose. We did not take the cart, but carried ropes with us, intending to bring the moss home upon our backs.

For some time we traveled on down the valley, looking for a tree with moss on it. At last we came upon a very large oak with low branches, from which the long silvery moss was hanging. We soon stripped off what was on the lower branches; and then, climbing up on these, began to gather the moss that was higher up.

Suddenly we heard the loud chirping and chattering of some birds in a thicket of small pawpaw trees close by. We looked in that direction, and could see down into the thicket very plainly from where we stood among the branches. We saw that the birds making the noise were a pair of orioles. Frank and I thought that they must have a nest among the pawpaws,

for they had scolded us as we were passing through a moment before. But what were they scolding at now? The birds were fluttering among the broad green leaves, screaming shrilly, in great excitement.

Presently we noticed a strange-looking object moving along the ground close to the edge of the thicket. At first sight we did not know what to make of it. Was it an animal? No—it could not be that. It had not the shape of any animal we had ever seen; and yet we could see legs and tails, and ears and eyes, and heads. Heads, indeed!—there seemed to be a head sticking out of every part of its body, for we counted

half a score of them as it moved along. It moved very slowly, and when nearly opposite to us it stopped, so that we had a good view of it.

All at once the numerous heads seemed to separate from the main body, becoming little bodies of themselves with long tails upon them, and looking just like a squad of white rats! The large body to which they had all been clinging we now saw was an old possum, the mother of the whole troop. She was about the size of a cat, and covered with woolly hair of a light gray color. She had a snout somewhat like that of a pig, though much sharper at the point, and whiskers like a cat. Her ears were short, and her very wide mouth, as we could see, was full of sharp teeth. The legs were short and stout, and the feet with their sharp claws seemed to spread out upon the ground more like hands than feet. The tail was very curious; it was nearly as long as the body, and quite hairless.

But the strangest thing about this creature was a pouch-like opening which appeared on the under part of her body, showing that she belonged to the family of pouched animals.

The little possums were exact pictures of their mother, all having the same sharp snouts and long tails. We counted thirteen of them, playing and tumbling about among the leaves.

As soon as the old one had shaken them all off, she

stepped more nimbly over the ground, going backward and forward, and looking up into one of the pawpaws that grew above the spot where she had halted. In this tree the orioles were now fluttering about, chirruping wildly, and dashing downward, until their wings almost touched the nose of the possum. The latter, however, appeared to take all this very coolly. She did not seem to care for the efforts of the birds to frighten her off, but continued to look about her without paying any attention to them. On looking closely, we saw what she was trying to find—the nest of the orioles, which was hanging like a large purse from a limb of the tree.

II. THE POSSUM IN THE PAWPAW

After a few moments the old possum seemed to have made up her mind what to do. Going near to the spot where the young ones were scrambling about, she gave a sharp cry that brought them all around her. Several of them ran into the pouch, which she had caused to open for them. Two of them twisted their little tails around hers, and climbed up on her back, almost burying themselves in her long hair; while two or three others fastened themselves about her neck and shoulders.

We thought she was going to move away with her young ones; but to our surprise, she walked up to the pawpaw and commenced climbing it. When she

had reached a long, straight branch, she halted. Then taking the "kittens," one by one, in her mouth, she made each of them take a turn or two of its tail around the branch, and hang head downward. Five or six of the kittens were still upon the ground. For these she returned and, taking them up, again climbed the tree. She treated the second load just as she had done the others, until the thirteen little possums hung head downward along the branch.

It was such a funny sight to see these little creatures dangling by their tails that my companion and I could not keep from laughing as we looked upon it. We took care, however, not to laugh aloud, for we were anxious to see the further movements of the old possum, and we knew that if she should hear us it would spoil the sport at once.

As soon as she saw the young ones all hanging safely, she left them, and commenced climbing higher up the tree. We noticed that she caught the branches in her claws, exactly as a human being would have done with his hands, pulling herself from limb to limb. When she reached the branch upon which the nest hung, she stopped and looked at it carefully. She was in doubt whether it would carry her weight without breaking, and so were we.

The nest, full of eggs, however, tempted her on; and after a moment's pause, she started along the branch. When she was about halfway out to it, holding on

with both tail and feet, the slender branch began to creak and bend, and show signs of breaking. This, with the screaming of the birds, that now flapped against her very nose, seemed all at once to frighten her; and she crept backward along the limb until she came to the trunk of the tree. Then she began to creep down slowly. On reaching the lower branch, she paused, and looked about in a way that showed she was both angry and puzzled.

III. UP IN THE OAK-TREE

All at once she saw the branch of an oak-tree that stretched out over the pawpaw, directly above the orioles' nest. She looked at this for a moment, as if studying its height from the nest. Then seeming to make up her mind, she ran nimbly down the pawpaw, and up the trunk of the oak. For an instant we lost sight of her among the thick leaves; but soon we saw her crawling out upon the branch that hung over the nest.

When she had reached a point directly above the nest, she flung herself fearlessly from the branch, holding her whole body by the tail. In this position she swung back and forth, with open mouth and outstretched claws, trying to seize the nest. But with all her efforts, and no doubt to her great disgust, she was unable to reach it. She hung for several minutes, clutching now at the nest, now at the leaves of the

pawpaw, stretching for the delicious eggs so near her very nose. We could see that she had lowered herself to the last link of her tail, until only a single turn of it held her to the limb. Every moment we expected to see her fall to the ground. Her stretching was all to no purpose, however. At length, with a bitter snarl, she swung herself back to the limb, and came running down the oak.

After this the old possum gave up her plan to steal the eggs. Climbing up the pawpaw tree, she hurried her young from the branch, pitching them somewhat rudely to the ground. In a short while she had gathered them all upon her back or into her pouch. Then she slowly walked away from the spot, while the orioles changed their screams of fright into chirrups of victory.

—*Captain Mayne Reid.*

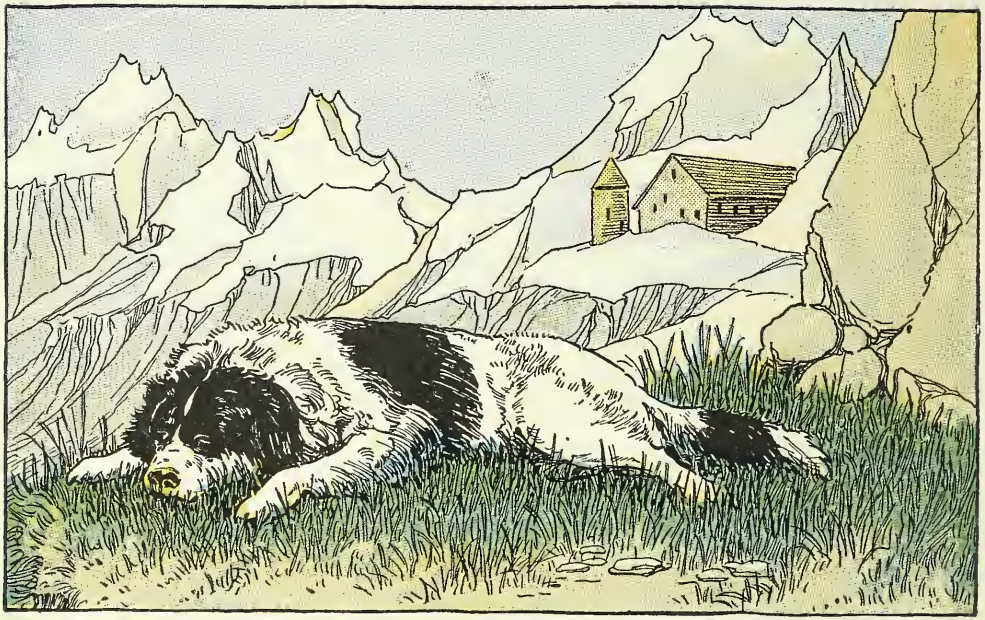
CASPAR, THE SNOW-KING

Something to Find Out.—Why Caspar was called a snow-king.

I. CASPAR'S HOME IN THE ALPS

Caspar was his name. He lived on a very high mountain—so high that he could almost always find snow six or seven feet deep without going very far from the door. But Caspar did not care particularly for such snow. He was used to it.

It was only when the great storms came, and the snow-drifts piled up forty feet high against the walls of the old house, that Caspar felt at all anxious about the depth of snow. He didn't mind snow-storms himself, because he was a snow-king; but there were people who did mind them, and it was about these people that he felt anxious.



Caspar was a dog, and he lived with the monks in the Monastery of St. Bernard, far up on the Alps—the very highest dwelling in those great mountains.

You have all heard of these great St. Bernard dogs; but if you have never seen Caspar, you can have no idea how grand a dog can be—that is, if he happens to be a snow-king. And Caspar was king of the snow, every inch of him.

Sometimes, when the skies were clear, and there was a little sunshine on the grass that grew about the rocks of the monastery, Caspar would trot around very much like an ordinary dog. Or he would lie down and take a comfortable nap in a sunny spot, as quietly as if he had never heard of such a thing as people dying

in the snow. Now Caspar was not a very old dog, but he had already saved two lives. And yet he was not proud—or, at any rate, he did not show it.

II. WHY PAOLO WENT OUT IN THE STORM

One day, early in the morning, it began to snow up on the mountains. It did not snow very hard at first, but people who were weather-wise thought that there would be quite a storm after a while. As the day wore on, it became colder and colder, and the wind began to freeze the snowflakes into little icy lumps. It hurled them like showers of bullets across the valleys and over the mountains.

Up on the mountain-sides lay great masses of snow and ice that were growing heavier and heavier as the snow fell faster and faster. These were all ready to come crashing down into the valleys below, and seemed only waiting for the signal to begin their mad rush down the mountain-side.

For when these great masses of snow and ice are piled up in the Alps, it takes but a very little thing to start them off. Sometimes a loud word, or the breaking of a stick, or a heavy footstep, will jar the snow enough to send an avalanche on its way.

It would hardly be supposed that on such a day as this anyone would be out of doors. But, in spite of the bad weather, on that afternoon there were five persons toiling up the road toward the monastery.

Four of these were men, and one was a boy about fourteen years old. His name was Paolo, and he lived down the mountain-side, some miles below the place where we find him on this snowy afternoon.

For a day or two Paolo had been anxious about one of his goats, which had wandered away. He believed it could be found up on the mountain, and probably near the Monastery of St. Bernard. So when, that afternoon, four men stopped at Paolo's home to rest a little before continuing their journey over the Alps, by the way of the St. Bernard Pass, the boy decided to go with them, at least as far as the monastery.

He did not say anything to his parents about his plan, for he had heard his father tell the men that it would be dangerous to attempt to cross the mountains that day when it was snowing and the wind was blowing at such a rate that it might start an avalanche.

"And you know well enough that it doesn't need much of a wind to start an avalanche," said Paolo's mother.

"But the wind's been blowing all the morning and half the night," said one of the men; "and if there were any avalanches to start, they would have been on their way before this."

So the four men started off just after dinner, and Paolo slipped out after them and joined them when they had got out of sight of the house. One of the men wanted to make him go back, but the others said

that he might as well come—it wasn't snowing so very hard, and if he wanted to find his goat as much as he said he did, there was no reason why he should not try to do it. So they all trudged on, and nothing of any importance happened for an hour.

III. HOW PAOLO WAS BURIED BY THE SNOW

But all of a sudden something very surprising happened. A violent gust of wind leaped from around the corner of a tall mass of rocks, and carried with it a great cloud of snow, which it hurled down upon our travelers, burying them from sight.

This was one of the terrible whirlwinds which often occur in the Alps, when great masses of newly fallen snow are carried through the air and thrown here or there in piles many feet in depth. It was as sudden as a flash of lightning—one moment Paolo was walking cheerfully along the road, and the next he was buried deep under an immense heap of snow!

For a moment he did not know what had happened—it seemed as if he had been struck blind. He was not hurt, but the world had suddenly disappeared from his sight.

It was not long, however, before he knew what had happened. There was snow above and below him—snow in his eyes, snow in his ears and nose and mouth.

He could not get up, because there was snow on top of him, and, when he tried to get his legs under him,

he could find no support for his feet, for there was nothing but soft snow beneath him. He could breathe, but that was about all he could do.

Paolo soon felt himself sinking lower and lower in the soft snow. He tried again to get his feet straight down under him, and this time they touched something hard. He knew then that he stood on the ground.

He had no idea how much snow was piled up over him, nor did he think much about it. Now that he could get his feet on something firm, all that he thought of was to push or scratch himself out of that bed of snow just as fast as he could. He thrust his feet against the ground; he leaned forward and scratched and dug with his hands and arms. He kicked and rolled and dug and sputtered snow out of his mouth, and so scratched his way along for several yards. Then he suddenly stumbled out into the open air and went plump down a precipice.

He did not know how far he fell, but he knew that he went backward into a bed of snow with a crust on it, through which he broke with a gentle crunch.

The snow under the crust was not very hard, and his fall only jarred him a little. And yet the snow was packed hard enough to give him a chance to crawl out of the hole he had made and to look around him. He found that he was on an old bed of snow that lay on a ledge some twenty feet below the road. The mass of snow which had covered him and his companions

he could see piled up on the road above him. If another gust of wind should come, it might be blown down upon him and cover him again.

So he hurriedly scrambled to his feet and tried to get away from under that steep precipice with its great cap of snow. But he could not go very far. The crust broke beneath him often; there were hollow places filled with new snow, through which he could scarcely push his way; it was snowing faster and faster, and he was very cold. He could not climb up to the road, and if he could have done so, there was that great mass of snow out of which he had been so glad to get.

He did not know what to do; so he sat down.

Then he drew up his knees and tried to get warm and to think. He could not get warm, but he could think very easily. He thought about his parents, and how foolish he had been to come away from them as he had done. What was a goat, after all, that he should risk his life for it? And yet he didn't know, when he started, that he was risking his life, though that was no matter now, for he had done it.

Here he was, alone in the midst of the great Alps. It was dreadfully cold. The air was full of the smell of snow. Snow was beneath him and all around him. It was above him, too; for it was falling on him until he looked like a little snow-boy as he sat there drawn up in a bunch.

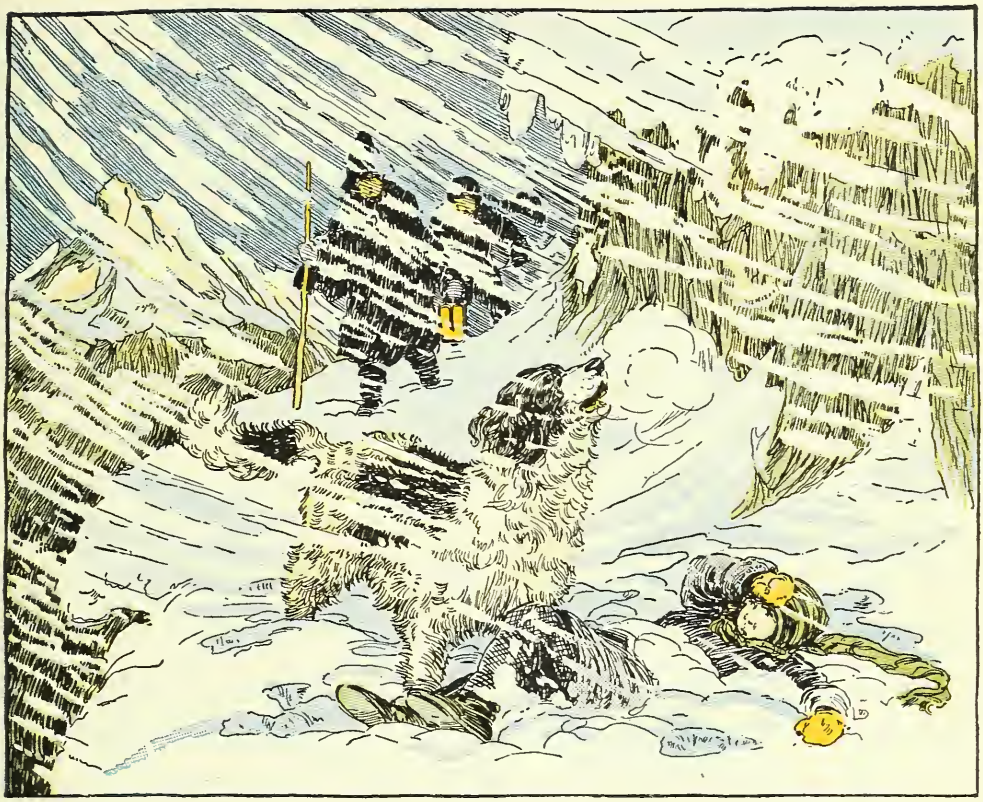
He did not expect any help now. He knew the Alps too well to suppose, even if his companions had succeeded in getting out of the snow-drift, that they could find him where he now was. He could not shout. His lips and tongue seemed frozen stiff. He could not see very far. Soon he began to feel a little warmer, and sleepy. He knew that if he went to sleep he would never wake again. But he didn't care; he might as well be comfortable. And there was nobody on earth who could save him. Anybody who came to him there would die, too. The best thing he could do would be to go to sleep.

IV. HOW THE SNOW-KING SAVED PAOLO

In all the whole world there was no one who could save this poor boy—that is, if you did not count Caspar, the snow-king. He could do it. And he did do it.

Right through the snow-storm came that great beast! Rushing over the frozen crust, plunging through the deep places; bounding, leaping, caring not for drift or storm, like a snow-king, as he was, came Caspar!

He made one dash at Paolo, and rolled him over in the snow. Then he barked at him as much as to say: "Wake up, you foolish boy! Don't you know I'm here? It's all right now."



He pushed Paolo first on one side, then on the other, and when he had made him open his eyes and stare about him, the great Caspar barked again in his loudest tones. A snow-storm didn't interfere with *his* voice.

Again and again he barked, as if he were shouting: "Hello-o! I've found him! Here he is!"

Caspar had not barked very long before two men came toiling through the storm. One was a St. Bernard monk, and the other was one of the men with whom Paolo had started out in the morning. These

two took the boy by the arms and raised him up. They shook him, and then led him away between them. Caspar went ahead, so that it should be all right.

They walked back with great difficulty by the way they had come, and soon reached a place where they could climb up to the road, at a point some distance beyond the snow-drift. Then they pushed on to the monastery, where Paolo learned how he had been saved.

His four companions had been covered by the snow-drift, but as they were some distance ahead of Paolo, the greater part of the mass of fresh snow seemed to pass over them and hurl itself on the boy.

After some struggling the men got out of the deep snow. They missed the boy, but could not tell how to look for him or save him. If they stopped, they were afraid they would perish themselves. So they hurried on, but before they had gone very far they met Caspar, the snow-king, and two of the St. Bernard monks.

They told their story, and one of the monks, with the dog, started down the mountain. He thought the boy might be saved. The youngest of the four men thought he would go, too. It was a shame to desert the poor boy so.

As they hurried along, the man said, "If the snow-drift is still there we shall never be able to get around it or into it to find the boy."

"Caspar will attend to that," said the monk. He believed in Caspar.

And when the dog reached the snow-drift he did not try to go through it. He had more sense than that. He stopped; he seemed to be wondering what to do.

Then he turned around and ran back. The monk and the other man waited to see what he would do. When Caspar reached a place where the bank was low, he leaped down from the road, and kept on down the mountain. His idea was to go around the snow-drift. Suddenly he stopped and gazed through the falling snowflakes that were whirled this way and that way by the wind.

He saw something. The men, who were following at a distance, could see only a little way through the storm.

Then, with a sudden bark, Caspar rushed over the frozen crusts and plunged through the deep places, bounding and leaping, caring not for drift or storm, until he found the boy!

For he was a snow-king.

—*Frank R. Stockton.*

THE MONK OF ST. BERNARD

Whenever the drifts rise sharp and high,
Like mountain peaks up against the sky,
Rover and I play out in the yard
That I am a monk of St. Bernard.
And with scuffle and shuffle around we go,
Hunting lost travelers in the snow.

Up to the peaks of the Alps we climb,
With a stumble and tumble half of the time,
Until we reach the tipmost top
And it seems as if we never should stop,
As with scuffle and shuffle about we go,
Saving poor travelers lost in the snow.

Then Mother says it's time to go in,
And our downward trip we at once begin.
We're so white with snow that Mother can't see
Which is the mountain or Rover or me,
As we scuffle and shuffle home through the snow
And hurry inside, where the great logs glow.

—*Faith Van Valkenburgh Vilas.*

THE STORM-KING

The sky is dark and the hills are white
As the storm-king speeds from the north tonight;
And this is the song that the storm-king sings,
As over the world his cloak he flings:
"Sleep, sleep, little one, sleep";
He rustles his wings and gruffly sings:
"Sleep, little one, sleep."

On yonder mountain-side a vine
Clings at the foot of a mother pine;
The tree bends over the trembling thing,
And only the vine can hear her sing:
"Sleep, sleep, little one, sleep—
What shall you fear when I am here?
Sleep, little one, sleep."

The king may sing in his bitter flight,
The tree may croon to the vine tonight,
But the little snowflake at my breast
Liketh the song *I* sing the best—
"Sleep, sleep, little one, sleep;
Weary thou art, a-next my heart
Sleep, little one, sleep."

—*Eugene Field.*

OLD MAJOR, THE FAITHFUL HORSE

Some Things to Find Out.—(*a*) Why the old horse needed help; (*b*) How the children saved him.

I. THE OLD HORSE AND HIS CRUEL OWNER

"Oh, Mother, don't let them kill him! He isn't doing any harm, and he is so old and weak. Besides, he hasn't anyone to be good to him except Posy and me!" cried Ned, bursting into his mother's room, breathless with anxiety and haste.

"Kill whom, dear? Sit down and tell me all about it," said his mother.

"I can't sit down, and I must be quick, for they may do it while I'm gone. I left Posy to watch him, and she is going to scream with all her might the minute she sees them coming back!" cried Ned.

"Mercy on us! What is it, child?" said his mother.

"A dear old horse, Mother, who has been hobbling around the roads for a week. The neighbors all drive him away; so Posy and I give him clover, and pat him. Today we found him at our gate, looking over at us playing in the field. I was going to let him in, but Mr. White came along and drove him off. He said he is to be killed because he has no master, and is a nuisance to the neighborhood. Oh, Mother, don't let him do it, please!"

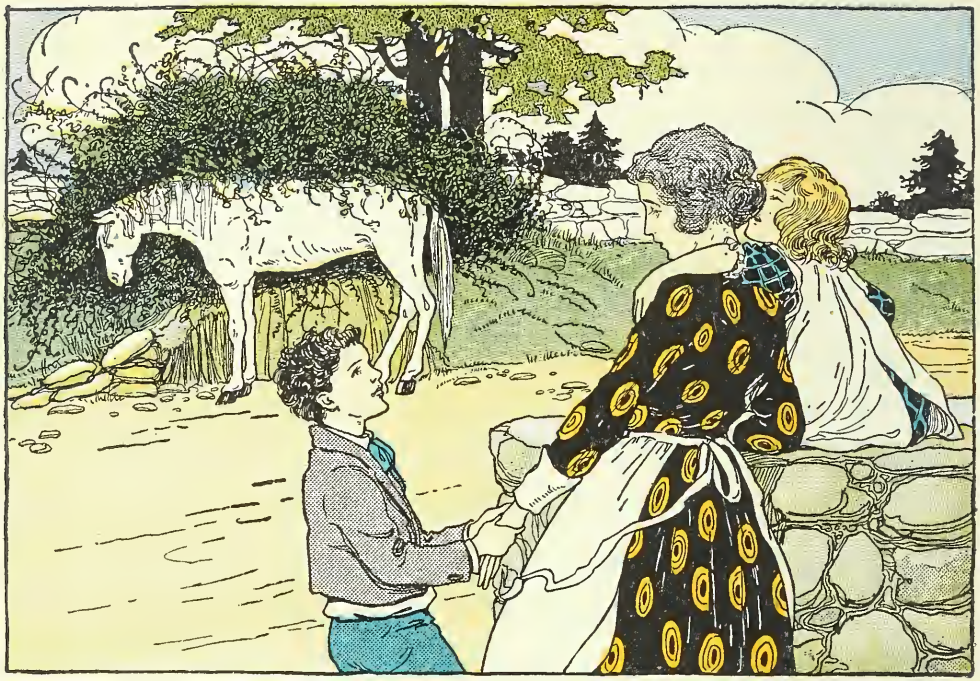
"But, Neddy, I cannot take him in, as I did the lame chicken and the cat without a tail. He is too big, and eats too much, and we have no barn. Mr. White can find his master, perhaps, or use him for light work."

But his mother could go no further, for Ned said again, "No, he can't, Mother. He says the poor old thing is of no use at all. And his master won't be found, because he has gone away and left old Major to take care of himself. Mr. White knew the man, and says he had Major for eighteen years, and he was a good horse, and now he is left all alone. Wouldn't I like to pound that man!"

"It *was* cruel, Neddy, and we must see what we can do about it."

So his mother put down her work and followed her boy, who raced before her to tell Posy it would be all right now.

Mrs. West found her small daughter perched on a stone wall, patting the head of an old white horse that



looked more like a skeleton than a living animal. Ned gave a whoop as he came, and the poor beast hastily hobbled across the road, pressing himself into a clump of blackberry bushes, as if trying to get out of sight.

"That's the way he does when anyone comes, because the boys tease him, and people drive him about until he doesn't know what to do. Isn't it a pity to see him so afraid, Mother?" said tender-hearted Ned, as he pulled a big handful of clover.

Indeed it was sad, for the poor thing had been a fine horse once. One could see that by his intelligent eyes, and the gentle way in which he looked about him,

as if asking a little kindness in return for his long faithfulness.

"See his poor legs all swelled up, and the bones in his back, and the burs the bad boys put in his mane, and the dusty grass he has to eat. Look! he knows me, and isn't afraid, because I'm good to him," said Ned, patting old Major, who gratefully ate fresh clover from the friendly little hand.

"Yes, and he lets me stroke his nose, Mother. It's as soft as velvet, and his big eyes don't frighten me a bit, because they are so gentle. Oh, if we could only put him in our field and keep him till he dies, I should be so happy!" said Posy, with such a coaxing arm around her mother's neck that it was very hard to deny her anything.

II. NED'S STRANGE BIRTHDAY GIFT

"If you will let me have Major, I won't ask for any other birthday present," cried Ned, as the old horse rubbed his gray head against the boy's shoulder.

"Why, Neddy! Do you really mean that? I was going to give you something you want very much. Shall I give you an old worn-out horse instead?" asked his mother, surprised, but pleased at the offer.

Ned looked at her, then at old Major, and hesitated; for he guessed that the other gift was the wheelbarrow he had wanted so long. He had seen it at the store

and tried it, and it had such a delightful creak and rumble to it. He had planned to trundle everything in it, from Posy to a load of hay. Yes, it must be his, and Major must be left to look out for himself.

Just as he decided this, however, Posy gave a cry that told him Mr. White was coming. Major pressed farther into the prickly bushes, with a patient sort of sigh, and a look that seemed to say: "Good-by, little friend. Don't give up anything for me. I'm not worth it, for I can only love you in return."

Mr. White was very near, but Major was safe; for with a sudden redness in his freckled face, Ned put his arm on the poor beast's drooping neck, and said bravely, "I choose him, Mother. Now he's mine, and I would like to see anybody touch him."

It was a pretty sight—the generous little lad defending the old horse and loving him for pity's sake.

Posy clapped her hands, and Mother smiled with a bright look at her boy, while Mr. White threw over his arm the halter with which he was about to lead the old horse away.

"I don't want to hurt the poor old beast, ma'am, but he's no use at all, and folks complain of his being in the way. So I thought the kindest thing was to put him out of his misery," said Mr. White.

"Does he suffer, do you think?" said Mrs. West. "If he does, of course it would be no kindness to keep him alive."

"Well, no, I don't suppose he suffers except for food and a little care. But if he can't have them, it will go hard with him," answered Mr. White.

"He never should have been left in this forlorn way. Those who had him in his youth and strength should have cared for him in his old age," said Mrs. West.

"So they should, ma'am, but Miller was a mean man, and when he moved he just left the old horse to live or die, though he told me himself that Major had served him well for nearly twenty years. What do you intend to do about it, ma'am?" said Mr. White.

"I'll show you, sir," said Mrs. West. "Ned, open the gate and lead old Major in. This field shall be his home while he lives, for so faithful a servant has earned his rest, and he shall have it."

"All right, ma'am; I haven't a word to say against it," said Mr. White, pleasantly, as he walked away. But somehow his barn did not look as handsome to him as usual when he remembered that his neighbor, who had no barn, had taken the friendless horse in.

III. OLD MAJOR'S HAPPY HOME

It was difficult to make Major enter the field, for he had been turned out of so many fields, and had been driven away from so many lawns, that he could not understand the invitation to enter a great green field with apple trees for shade, and a brook running through the middle of it.

When at last he stepped into the field, it was both sad and funny to see how hard he tried to show his delight.

First he sniffed the air. Then he nibbled the sweet grass, and, taking a long look about him, he surprised the children by lying down and trying to roll over. He could not do it, however, and so he lay still with his head stretched out, gently flapping his tail, as if to say—"It's all right, my dears. I'm not very strong, and joy upsets me; but I'm quite comfortable, bless you!"

"Isn't it fine to see him safe and happy, Mother?" said Posy, while Ned sat down beside his horse and began to take the burs out of his mane.

"Very fine; only don't kill him with kindness, and be careful not to get hurt," answered her mother as she went back to her sewing, feeling as if she had bought an elephant, and didn't know what to do with it.

Later in the day a sudden shower came up, and Mrs. West looked about to see if the children were under cover, for they played out all day long if possible.

"Have you seen the children, Sally?" she said to the cook, after calling them and getting no answer.

"Ned's down in the pasture, mum, holding an umbrella over that old horse, and he's got a waterproof on him, too. Calvin saw it, and he almost died laughing," said Sally, shaking her fat sides with laughter.

Mother laughed, too, but asked if Ned had on his rubber boots and coat.

"Yes, mum, I saw him start all in his wet-weather rig, but I never imagined what the dear was up to till Calvin told me. Posy wanted to go, but I wouldn't let her, and so she went up to the upper window, where she can see the creature under the umbrella."

Mrs. West went up to find her little girl gazing over at the field with a happy, satisfied look on her face. For there, under the apple tree, stood Major, covered

with the old water-proof, while his new master held an umbrella over his aged head with a patience that made him very dear to his mother's heart.

Fortunately the shower was soon over, and Ned came in to dry himself, not knowing that he had done anything funny. Then his mother suggested that they could build a shed for Major out of some rough boards on the place. Ned was full of interest at once, and with some help from Calvin, built a shelter in a corner under the old apple tree. There was no need for an umbrella after that.

So Major lived in clover, and was a happy horse. Cockletop, the lame chicken, and Bobtail, the cat, welcomed him and became his fast friends. Cockle chased grasshoppers, or pecked about his feet while he was fed, and Bobtail rubbed against his legs and slept in his shed.

But Major loved the children best. It was pleasant to see him watch for them, with ears cocked at the first sound of their voices, his dim eyes brightening at the sight of their happy faces peeping over the wall.

The neighbors laughed at Ned, yet they liked him all the better for the lesson in kindness he had taught them.

—*Louisa M. Alcott.*

THE BIRD THAT MAKES CLAY POTS

Read to Remember.—Read the story carefully to see how many facts about the robin you can learn.

I. SOME FACTS ABOUT THE ROBIN

Everyone knows the robin; his reddish-brown breast, gray back, white throat, and dark wings and tail are easily remembered. The robin comes about our houses and lawns; he lets us get close enough to see him. He has a loud, sweet song. All birds have a song; and all sing when they are happy. As they sing most of the time, except when they are asleep, or when molting, they must have a great deal of happiness in their lives.

Here are some things to remember about the robin. He is one of the earliest of all our birds to get up in the morning, and he begins to sing long before daylight.

Birds that live in the trees, *hop;* birds that live on the ground, *walk* or *run;* but the robin lives partly in the trees and partly on the ground; so sometimes he hops and sometimes he runs.

When he alights on a fence or tree, he looks at you and flashes the white spots on the outer corners of his tail. Again and again he does this. Why? That is his way of letting you know that he is a robin. He is saying—"I'm a robin, I'm a robin, I'm a robin." He says this so you will not mistake him for some bird that is less loved.

II. A "CRAZY" ROBIN

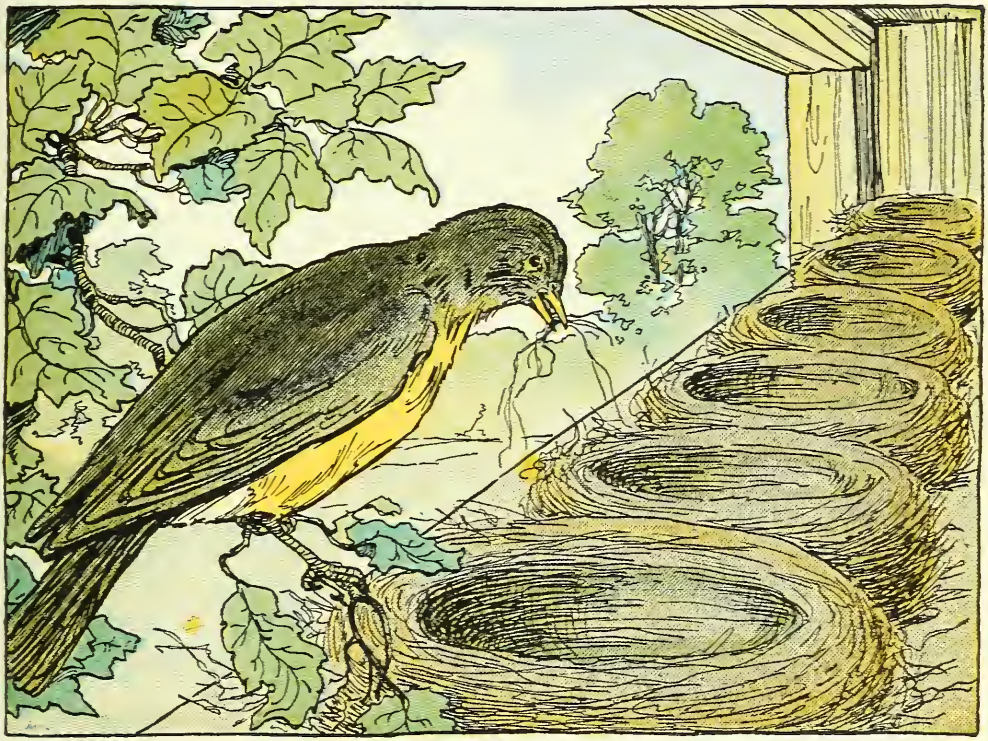
The robin invented pottery before men did; his nest is always a clay pot set in a little pile of straws. Sometime, get a robin's nest after the bird is done with it. Dry it well and put it on the fire very gently; leave it till all the straws are burned away, and then if it does not go to pieces, you will find that you have a pretty good earthen pot.

The robin loves to make these pots. I have known a cock robin to make several which he did not need, just for the fun of making them.

A friend of mine said to me once, "Come, and I will show you the nest of a crazy robin." We went to the woodshed and there on a beam were six perfectly good robin nests all in a row, all of them empty.

"There," said my friend. "All of these six were built by a cock robin in about ten days or two weeks. He seemed to do nothing but sing and build nests. Then after finishing the last one, he went away. Wasn't he crazy?"

"No," I said, "not at all. He was not crazy; he was industrious. The hen robin was sitting on the eggs; the cock bird had nothing else to do, and so he put in the time at the two things he did the best and loved the most—singing and nest-building. Then after the young were hatched in the home nest, he had plenty to do caring for them; so he stopped building for that season.



I have often heard of such things. Indeed, they are rather common, but not often noticed, because the robin seldom builds all the extra nests in one place.

Do you know the lovely shade called robin's-egg blue? The next time you see a robin's nest with eggs in it you will understand why this color was so named. You will feel for a moment, when first you see it, that you have found a casket full of jewels.

The songs that the robin sings are full of joy. He says, "Cheerup, cheerup, cheerily cheer-up"; and he means it, too.

—*Ernest Thompson Seton.*

A VIREO AT HOME

Read to Remember.—Read the story carefully to see how many facts about the vireo you can learn.

I. WHY THE BIRDS LOVE MERIDEN

Among the blue hills of New Hampshire there is a little green village where everyone is kind to the birds. On the maps its name is given as Meriden, but we call it "The Bird Village," because so many birds love it and come to it. And it is no wonder that they come, for we feed them in winter, offer them nest-boxes and water in the summer, and, best of all, we have given them a farm all to themselves where they may do just as they like without fear that anyone will disturb them.

Perhaps I should say that *once* it was a farm; now we call it a "bird sanctuary," because all birds are safe there. In the sanctuary we plant crops for them and put up food-houses and bird-baths, to make our feathered friends feel quite at home.

One morning in early summer a slender lady in a blue dress was walking along a grassy road which runs through the bird sanctuary. From the ground in front of her a little green bird picked up a long blade of dried grass and flew off to a small maple tree by the side of the path. She followed it quietly

and found it on a low branch of the maple, busily weaving a nest in a forked twig.

Now there was something peculiar about this nest. It was not above the twig, as so many nests are built, but hung below it like a small basket or cradle. Then the lady knew that she was watching a vireo, and because the top of its head was gray, bordered with black, she could tell that it was a red-eyed vireo, known to children everywhere as "the preacher."

The next time I visited the sanctuary I was shown the nest, but I did not go near until it was completed and the eggs were laid. Then, as the mother bird seemed to be settled in her new home, I thought that I would call upon her. And I wondered what nice little thing I could take as a gift to please her. I decided that she would probably like a few ants' eggs; and so I went to a dry pasture and turned over the largest stones that I could move, until I found some. Then I broke off a tall dead weed stalk, stuck the thin sharp end of it through an ant's egg, and went to the nest.

II. CALLING ON A VIREO

The little mother was sitting on her eggs, and I held out the weed stalk at arm's length until the ant's egg was so close that she could reach it with her bill. But as no one ever had brought her food in this way before, she seemed rather surprised and also a little

afraid. She turned her head away as if she didn't want to be bothered. But I was patient and very quiet, and by and by, she turned her head. Then, as much as to say, "Why, that *is* an ant's egg, isn't it?" she reached out and took my offering from the end of the stalk. For a moment she held it in her bill and then she swallowed it and settled down in the nest again, looking quite pleased that she had found the food just as good as it looked. I gave her another egg or two and then left her to think it over.

The next time I went to see Madam Vireo she seemed to know me, and even when I walked right up to the nest she did not fly away. She took ants' eggs from between my thumb and finger, and did not

seem to mind it when I stroked her on the head and back. When first I touched her throat and breast she seemed afraid, but soon she became quite fearless and even allowed me to lift her off the nest and look at her eggs.

After that I used to take my boy and girl friends to see her, and usually I would not tell them anything about her until we were close to the nest. Then I would point her out to some little boy perhaps and say: "Madam Vireo, allow me to introduce Duncan H." Then Duncan, very much surprised and pleased, would walk up and almost shake hands with the little bird. She would take food from his fingers and allow him to stroke her on the back.

One hot day after she had flown off to a bird pool to take a bath, I put my hand lightly over the nest. When she came back, she hopped along the twig, pushed her way between my fingers, and went on to her eggs. The next time she left the nest, I put my hand more firmly over it and closed my fingers tight. Back she came, and after trying in vain to push her way into the nest, she flew to a twig above me and told me in very vigorous bird language what she thought of my rudeness. A moment later she was joined by her mate, and from what he said I am sure he fully agreed with her opinion of me. Of course I soon took my hand away, and she returned to her eggs.

Once when she sat with her bill parted and seemed to be very thirsty, I sent to a bird fountain for some water, which I offered her in a spoon. She sipped it daintily, and when she had had enough she tipped the spoon over and watched the rest of the water as it dripped to the ground. Then she showed great interest in the spoon itself, perhaps because it was so bright and shining. She took the end of it in her bill and hopped off the nest on to the branch behind it, and for a little while we just played tug-of-war with the spoon. Finally she became so excited that she flew into the air, still holding on to the spoon. If it had not been too heavy, I think she would have flown away with it.

Now I am hoping that she will come back next spring, for I very much wish to meet this little friend again.

—*Ernest Harold Baynes.*

RED RIDING-HOOD

On the wide lawn the snow lay deep,
Ridged o'er with many a drifted heap;
The wind that through the pine-trees sung
The naked elm boughs tossed and swung;
While, through the window, frosty-starred,
Against the sunset purple-barred,
We saw the somber crow flap by,
The hawk's gray fleck along the sky,
The crested blue jay flitting swift,
The squirrel poising on the drift,
Erect, alert, his thick gray tail
Set to the north wind like a sail.

It came to pass, our little lass,
With flattened face against the glass,
And eyes in which the tender dew
Of pity shone, stood gazing through
The narrow space her rosy lips
Had melted from the frost's eclipse;
"Oh, see," she cried, "the poor blue jays!
What is it that the black crow says?
The squirrel lifts his little legs,
Because he has no hands, and begs;
He's asking for my nuts, I know;
May I not feed them on the snow?"

Half lost within her boots, her head
Warm-sheltered in her hood of red,
Her plaid skirt close about her drawn,
She floundered down the wintry lawn;
Now struggling through the misty veil
Blown round her by the shrieking gale;
Now sinking in a drift so low
Her scarlet hood could scarcely show
Its dash of color on the snow.

She dropped for bird and beast forlorn
Her little store of nuts and corn,
And thus her timid guests bespoke:
"Come, squirrel, from your hollow oak—

Come, black old crow—come, poor blue jay,
Before your supper's blown away!
Don't be afraid; we all are good;
And I'm Mamma's Red Riding-hood!"

—*John Greenleaf Whittier.*

THE WHIPPOORWILL

Oh, don't you hear them calling from the valley and the hill—
"Whip-poor-will!"
When the twilight shadows gather and the world is hushed and still,
And the stars are just like torches on the tip-top o' the hill—
Whippoorwill, o' the meadows!

Don't you know what he is saying in the rosy twilight still,
With his "Whip-poor-will"?
It's all about the little boy who wouldn't go to mill—
He heard it in the sunshine, from the ripple of a rill;
And they whipped poor Will o' the meadows!

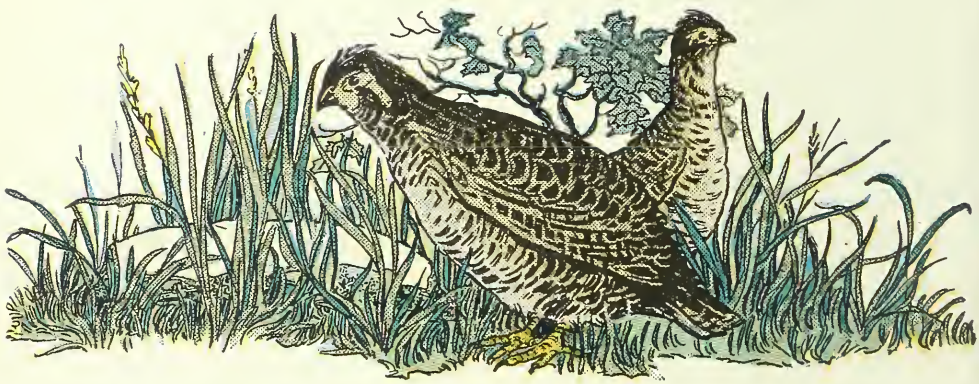
—*Frank L. Stanton.*

BOB WHITE! WHEAT'S RIPE!

When May's sweet flowers and happy hours
Have melted into June;
And o'er the hills the farmer trills
His happy harvest tune;
Then pure and clear, and sweet, we hear:
"Bob White, wheat's ripe!
Bob White, wheat's ripe!"

The sun sails high, and crisp and dry
The meadow grasses grow;
Ripe waving wheat, for barn is meet,
And this is why we know—
For sweet and clear, and pure, we hear:
"Bob White, wheat's ripe!
Bob White, wheat's ripe!"

—*W. T. Whitsett.*



THE ANTICS OF AN ANT HILL

Read to Remember.—Read the story carefully to see how many facts about ants you can learn.

I. THE BOY WHO STEPPED ON AN ANT HILL

My first close acquaintance with a large colony of ants was not pleasant. I was a small boy at the time and had gone to the pasture to pick raspberries. My mother had promised me a quarter of a dollar if I filled my pail, and so I was very busy picking berries.

I was very eager to reach some tempting berries which were unusually large and highly colored. There was a friendly little hillock that would help me to reach them, and so I stepped upon it. It was the front gate of the ants' fort. I suppose I broke down the gate and perhaps crushed in the entrance to their central chamber.

Anyhow, several hundred ant soldiers rushed out to punish me. The ants really do have soldiers trained and well drilled. They certainly were active on my legs. A score or two ran up each of my legs and began stinging and biting me. With a howl of pain I fled for the brook, which luckily was near by. Here I thrust my legs into a pool and drowned all the attacking army. When I went back for my pail I found that several

regiments of ants were drawn up about the gate of their fort ready to defend it. But I had had enough, and so I quickly took my berry-pail to another clump of bushes.

II. SOME INTERESTING HABITS OF ANTS

Not only do the ants have soldiers which make war upon other ants and bring back captives as slaves, but they also have other ants which do all the work. They build the underground tunnels, bring the food, feed the young, and do all sorts of work. And speaking of food, I must not forget to tell you two very strange things about the food of ants. We all know that the ants' tunnels are well supplied when the winter comes, but I do not think many of you know that certain ants are bakers, and that they make bread.

They gather a certain seed which is their favorite food. Then the slave ants grind it up fine by chewing it. Finally it is kneaded into dough, formed into small cakes, and placed in the sun to bake. When it is baked, it is put away in the underground storehouse for use in the winter.

Not only do the ants have soldiers and slaves, but they also have guests in their large underground houses. These are certain small crickets which they invite into their tunnels. They feed the crickets, wait upon them, and give them the best that they have. They also sometimes invite small beetles to come and live with

them. These guests they treat with great kindness. Perhaps the main reason why the ants entertain the beetle is that he gives off a pleasant perfume which they enjoy. When the ant tunnel does not smell sweet, one of the ants will go up to Mr. Beetle and gently stroke his head. At once he will take out the stopper of his scent bottle and the chamber is filled with the sweet perfume.

Still another very strange thing is the fact that the ants keep cows. Or at least they keep little creatures which give them a sort of milk. These are a certain kind of green fly.

The ants will catch these little flies and herd them in one of their ant pastures. Whenever the ant wants

some milk he will tickle the fly until it gives up a sweet, sticky milk, of which the ant is very fond. In the autumn the ants will drive large herds of these cows into their underground stables where they will keep them and milk them all winter long.

III. RED ANTS AND BLACK ANTS

It is the red ants which make slaves of the black ants. The red ants are more warlike, and so, when they fight the black ants, they always win.

A red queen will go into a black ant colony. Here she will live in her cradle, and lay a great many eggs. These will of course all hatch red ants. She will make the black ants take care of her eggs and feed the young red ants until there are a great many red ants in the black ant hill.

When the red ants are full grown they will make slaves of all the black ants. They will send the black ant army away to war and it will come back with scores of black ant prisoners, which will all be added to the slaves and workers of the red ant hill. So this hill, which was at first a black ant hill, will in time become a red ant hill, or nest. All of which shows that we should be very careful as to whom we admit to our homes.

These are a very few of the interesting facts about ants. With their armies and soldiers and slaves, their

cows and their strange guests, their wonderful building skill and their industry, I think that the ants are the most interesting little people in the world. They certainly put to shame the efforts of man, when we consider how small they are and what they are able to do.

—*Clarence Hawkes.*

TO A BUTTERFLY

I've watched you now a full half-hour,
Self-poised upon that yellow flower;
And, little butterfly! indeed
I know not if you sleep or feed.
How motionless!—not frozen seas
More motionless! and then
What joy awaits you when the breeze
Hath found you out among the trees,
And calls you forth again!
This plot of orchard-ground is ours;
My trees they are, my sister's flowers;
Here rest your wings when they are weary;
Here lodge as in a sanctuary!

—*William Wordsworth.*

THE OLD PEAR-TREE

Read to Remember.—Read the story carefully to see how many facts about trees you can learn.

I. HOW A TREE TELLS ITS STORY

Uncle Paul had just cut down a pear-tree in the garden. The tree was old, its trunk eaten by worms, and for several years it had not borne any fruit. It was to be replaced by another. The children found their Uncle Paul seated on the trunk of the pear-tree. He was looking carefully at something. "One, two, three, four, five," said he, tapping with his finger upon the end of the tree trunk. What was he counting?

"Come, children!" he called; "come! The pear-tree is waiting to tell you its story. It seems to have some curious things to tell you."

The children burst out laughing.

"And what does the old pear-tree wish to tell us?" asked Jules.

"Look here, at the cut which I was careful to make very clean with the ax. Don't you see some rings in the wood, rings which begin near the center and keep getting larger and larger until they reach the bark?"

"I see them," Jules replied; "they are rings fitted one inside another."

"They look a little like the circles that come just after a stone has been thrown into the water," remarked Claire.

"I must tell you," continued Uncle Paul, "that those circles are called 'annual layers.' Why 'annual,' if you please? Because one is formed every year; one only, understand; neither more nor less. Those who spend their lives studying plants tell us that there is no doubt on that point. From the moment the little tree springs from the seed to the time when the old tree dies, every year there is formed a ring, a layer of wood. Now that you understand this, let us count the layers of our pear-tree."

Uncle Paul took a pin to guide his counting; Jules and Claire looked on closely. One, two, three, four, five—they counted thus up to forty-five, from the center to the bark.

"The trunk has forty-five layers of wood," said Uncle Paul. "Who can tell me what that shows? How old is the pear-tree?"

"That is not very hard," answered Jules, "after what you have just told us. As it makes one ring every year, and we have counted forty-five, the pear-tree must be forty-five years old."

"Ah! what did I tell you?" cried Uncle Paul. "Has not the pear-tree talked? It has begun its history by telling us its age. Truly, the tree is forty-five years old."

"What a singular thing!" Jules exclaimed. "You can know the age of a tree as if you saw its birth. You count the layers of wood; so many layers, so many years. One must be with you, Uncle, to learn those things. And the other trees—oak, beech, chestnut—do they do the same?"

"Absolutely the same. In our country every tree counts one year for each layer. Count its layers and you have its age."

"Oh! how sorry I am I did not know that the other day," put in Jules, "when they cut down the big beech which was on the edge of the road. Oh, my! What a fine tree! It must have been very old."

"Not very," said Uncle Paul. "I counted its layers: it had one hundred seventy."

"One hundred seventy, Uncle Paul! Honest and truly?"

"Honest and truly, my little friend, one hundred seventy."

"Then the beech was a hundred seventy years old," said Jules. "Is it possible for a tree to grow so old? And no doubt it would have lived many years longer if the road-mender had not had it cut down to widen the road."

"For us, a hundred seventy years would certainly be a great age," said his uncle; "no one lives so long. For a tree it is very little. Let us sit down in the shade. I have more to tell you about the age of trees."

II. SOME VERY OLD TREES

"They used to tell of a chestnut whose trunk was more than thirteen feet around. Its age must have been three or four hundred years. Don't cry out at the age of this chestnut, children. My story is just beginning.

"Much larger chestnuts are known; for example, one on the borders of the Lake of Geneva. It is forty-two feet around at the base of the trunk. From the year 1408 a hermitage has stood near it. Since then lightning has struck it at different times. Yet it is still full of leaves. To tell the age of this giant

is hardly possible. Perhaps it is a thousand years, and still the old tree bears fruit; it will not die."

"A thousand years! If Uncle had not said it, I should not believe it," cried Jules.

"Sh! You must listen to the end without saying anything," said his uncle.

"A yew-tree in Scotland measured ninety-five feet around. Its age was probably two thousand five hundred years. Another yew-tree in the same country was, in 1660, so huge that the whole country was talking about it. They reckoned its age then at two thousand eight hundred twenty-four years. If it is still standing, this tree is more than three thousand years old.

"Enough for the present. Now it is your turn to talk."

"I like better to be silent, Uncle Paul," said Jules. "You have upset my mind with your trees that will not die."

"I am thinking of the old yew-tree in Scotland. Did you say three thousand years?" asked Claire.

"Three thousand years, my dear child; and we might go still further back, if I were to tell you of certain trees in other foreign countries. Some are known to be almost as old as the world."

—*Jean Henri Fabre.*

A FAMOUS OLD TREE IN CALIFORNIA

THE WIND'S SONG

O winds that blow across the sea,
    What is the story that you bring?
Leaves clap their hands on every tree,
    And birds about their branches sing.

You sing to flowers and trees and birds
    Your sea-songs over all the land.
Could you not stay and whisper words
    A little child might understand?

The roses nod to hear you sing;
    But though I listen all the day,
You never tell me anything
    Of father's ship so far away.

Its masts are taller than the trees;
Its sails are silver in the sun;
There's not a ship upon the seas
So beautiful as father's one.

With wings spread out it flies so fast
It leaves the waves all white with foam.
Just whisper to me, blowing past,
If you have seen it sailing home.

I feel your breath upon my cheek,
And in my hair, and on my brow.
Dear winds, if you could only speak,
I know what you would tell me now.

My father's coming home, you'd say,
With precious presents, one, two, three;
A shawl for mother, beads for May,
And eggs and shells for Rob and me.

The winds sing songs where'er they roam;
The leaves all clap their little hands;
For father's ship is coming home
With wondrous things from foreign lands.

—*Gabriel Setoun.*

THE WIND IN THE CHIMNEY

The wind is in the chimney!— *W-h-e-w! W-h-e-w!*
Roaring down the flue!
What an eery noise he makes;
How he quavers! How he quakes!
How the house he shakes
With his loud to-do!
W-h-e-w! W-h-e-w!

The wind is in the chimney!— *W-h-e-w! W-h-e-w!*
That's his high hulloo!
Hear him call and call and call!
Strongest he when shadows fall,
And flicker on the wall.
Who's afraid? Are you?
W-h-e-w! W-h-e-w!

The wind is in the chimney!— *W-h-e-w! W-h-e-w!*
Hear him in the flue,
With his merry shrills and trills,
Which he got behind the hills
From the woods and rills!
Can it be he's through?
Yes, he's gone, away—away—
Far beyond the end of day!
W-h-e-w! W-h-e-w!

—Clinton Scollard.

CLOUDS

The sky is full of clouds today,
And idly, to and fro,
Like sheep across the pasture, they
Across the heavens go.
I hear the wind with merry noise
Around the housetops sweep,
And dream it is the shepherd boys—
They're driving home their sheep.

The clouds move faster now; and see!
The west is red and gold.
Each sheep seems hastening to be
The first within the fold.
I watch them hurry on until
The blue is clear and deep,
And dream that far beyond the hill
The shepherds fold their sheep.

Then in the sky the trembling stars
Like little flowers shine out,
While Night puts up the shadow bars,
And darkness falls about.
I hear the shepherd wind's good-night--
"Good-night and happy sleep!"
And dream that in the east, all white,
Slumber the clouds, the sheep.

—*Frank Dempster Sherman.*

PART I
THE OUTDOOR WORLD

HELPS TO STUDY

The Old Possum and Her Kittens

Questions to Test Silent Reading. 1. How did the possum carry her young ones? 2. What did she see in the pawpaw tree? 3. Tell how she first tried to get the eggs. 4. What did the orioles do? 5. How did the possum next try to reach the nest? 6. How did she show her anger at her failure? 7. How did the orioles show their joy?

General Notes and Questions. 1. What were the men looking for in the woods? 2. Why did they want the moss? 3. Look up "possum" in the Glossary to find another name for the animal. 4. To what family of animals does the possum belong? 5. Do you know any other animal in that family?

Another Possum Story You Will Enjoy. "The One with a Pocket," Schwartz (in *Wilderness Babies*).

Caspar, the Snow-King

Questions to Test Silent Reading. 1. Who was Caspar, and where did he live? 2. Why is traveling in the Alps dangerous? 3. Why did Paolo go up the mountain in the storm? 4. How was he separated from the other travelers? 5. Tell how Caspar saved the boy's life.

General Notes and Questions. 1. What are the "Alps"? 2. What is an avalanche? 3. If you know of any other dog that saved a life, tell the class about him.

Some Other Dog Stories You Will Enjoy. *Our Dog Friends Retold from St. Nicholas,* Carter; *Stories of Brave Dogs Retold from St. Nicholas,* Carter; "Fido's Little Friend," Eugene Field (in *A Little Book of Profitable Tales*); "The Story of Fido," Lang (in *The Animal Story Book*).

The Storm-King

General Notes and Questions. 1. The poet calls the storm a "storm-king"; what "cloak" does he "fling over the world"? 2. What does the pine-tree sing to the vine? 3. In the last stanza, what does the mother sing to her baby? 4. What does she call the baby? 5. Read the poem aloud in such a way as to bring out the music in it.

Some Other Poems You Will Enjoy Reading. "Wynken, Blynken, and Nod" and "The Sugar-Plum Tree," Field (in *The Home Book of Verse for Young Folks*, B. E. Stevenson).

Old Major, the Faithful Horse

Questions to Test Silent Reading. 1. Why was Old Major to be killed? 2. Why was Major afraid of everyone at first? 3. How did Ned and Posy win his friendship? 4. What did Ned offer to give up if his mother would let him have the horse? 5. How did the horse show his joy when he was led into the pasture? 6. What did Ned do when the shower came up? 7. How was the old horse taken care of after this?

General Notes and Questions. 1. What do you think of Major's first owner? 2. How did Ned show that he was kind-hearted? 3. Tell how the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals is a friend of all animal life.

Some Other Horse Stories You Will Enjoy. *Black Beauty*, Sewell; "Taming the Colt," Alcott (in *Little Men*).

The Bird That Makes Clay Pots

Questions to Test Silent Reading. 1. Describe the appearance of the robin. 2. When does the robin begin to sing? 3. What kind of birds hop? 4. What kind of birds walk or run? 5. Why does the robin both hop and run? 6. What does the author say the robin does to tell you that he is a robin? 7. What kind of nest does the robin make? 8. Why did Seton's friend think the robin he had seen was "crazy"? 9. How did Seton explain the action of this robin? 10. Describe the robin's eggs.

Some Other Bird Stories You Will Enjoy. "Why the Chicka-

dee Goes Crazy Twice a Year," Seton (in *Woodland Tales*); "The Industrious Flickers," Pierson (in *Dooryard Stories*); "Uncle Sam," Patch (in *Bird Stories*); "A Cradle in the Tree-Top," Hawkes (in *The Way of the Wild*).

A Vireo at Home

Questions to Test Silent Reading. 1. Why do birds like to stay in Meriden? 2. What is a "bird sanctuary"? 3. What is peculiar about the vireo's nest? 4. How did the lady know that the bird she saw was a red-eyed vireo? 5. What did the author get to feed the vireo? 6. Describe the way in which he fed her. 7. What did he do to the vireo the next time he called on her? 8. What did the vireo do when Mr. Baynes placed his hand over her nest? 9. How did he give her a drink? 10. How did she show him that she did not want any more water?

General Notes and Questions. 1. This is a true story by a man who has learned how to make birds his friends; why do you think he is successful? 2. If you have ever tried to be friendly with birds, tell of your experiences.

Some Other Bird Stories You Will Enjoy. "Taking Lunch with a Wild Grouse," Baynes (in *The Elson Readers, Book Four*); "My Chickadee Guests," Baynes (in *The Elson Readers, Book Three*); "The Fir-Tree Neighbors," Pierson (in *Dooryard Stories*); "The Bird Who Carries a Pickaxe," Miller (in *Feathers and Fur*).

Red Riding-Hood

General Notes and Questions. 1. Why does the poet say that the window was "frosty-starred"? 2. What does he mean when he calls the sunset "purple-barred"? 3. What is meant by the "frost's eclipse," in the second stanza? 4. In the third stanza, what is meant by "misty veil"? 5. What did the kind-hearted girl do for the birds and the squirrel? 6. Why should we feed the birds when there is snow on the ground? 7. Name any other poems by Whittier that you have read.

Some Other Bird Poems You Will Enjoy. "The Building of the Nest," Sangster; "Bob White," Cooper; "Answer to a Child's

Question," Coleridge; "The Owl," Tennyson; "The Brown Thrush," Larcom (all in *The Home Book of Verse for Young Folks*, B. E. Stevenson).

The Whippoorwill

General Notes and Questions. 1. What does the poet say this bird calls? 2. What does the poet say the stars are like? Is this a pleasing fancy? 3. How did the bird find out that the boy was to be whipped?

The Antics of an Ant Hill

Questions to Test Silent Reading. 1. What is the work of the ant soldiers? 2. Tell what kind of work the slave ants do. 3. How do ants make "bread"? 4. Why do the ants keep beetles as guests? 5. What kind of "cows" do the ants keep? 6. What is the difference between red ants and black ants? 7. Where does the red ant queen go to lay her eggs? 8. Who takes care of her young ones?

General Notes and Questions. 1. The author says that ants "put to shame the efforts of man"; why do you think this is true? 2. If you have ever watched ants at work, tell what you saw.

Some Other Ant Stories You Will Enjoy. "Stories about Ants," Lang (in *The Animal Story Book*); "Ants and Their Slaves" (in *Stories of Childhood and Nature*, E. V. Brown); "Moving Day" (in *Short Stories of Our Shy Neighbors*, Kelly).

The Old Pear-Tree

Questions to Test Silent Reading. 1. Why are the rings in trees called "annual layers"? 2. How many rings did the pear-tree have? 3. How old was the tree? 4. How old was the beech-tree that is mentioned in this story? 5. What did Uncle Paul say about the age of the chestnut-tree near Lake Geneva? 6. How old were the two yew-trees in Scotland? 7. What did Uncle Paul say about other trees that were even older?

General Notes and Questions. 1. The author of this story was a famous Frenchman who spent his life studying Nature;

name some Americans who have written about Nature. 2. The picture on page 71 shows one of the great trees in California; name as many different kinds of American trees as you can. 3. In what ways are trees useful?

The Wind's Song

General Notes and Questions. 1. What song does the child wish the wind would sing to her? 2. What gifts does the child hope that her father will bring home? 3. The poet says the leaves "clap their hands"; find other fancies like this in the poem.

Five Famous Wind Poems You Should Know. "The Wind" and "Windy Nights," Stevenson (in *A Child's Garden of Verses*); "The Night Wind," Field (in *Love Songs of Childhood*); "Who Has Seen the Wind?" Rossetti (in *The Home Book of Verse for Young Folks*, B. E. Stevenson); "Sweet and Low," Tennyson (in *A Child's Own Book of Verse, Book Two*, Skinner and Wickes).

REVIEW QUESTIONS AND PROJECTS FOR PART I

Questions. 1. The stories in Part I have told you many things about the Outdoor World that you did not know before; which animal story did you like best? 2. Which story or poem about birds interested you most? 3. Which poem in Part I do you like best? 4. Which picture in Part I was the most useful in helping you *see* the story?

Projects. 1. Make a list of things you can do to help the Outdoor World. (For example, feeding birds, leaving wild-flowers unplucked, etc.) 2. Nature-lovers like Baynes, Seton, and Fabre, when they are in the woods, notice many things about birds and flowers and trees and animals; report to the class some interesting things you have noticed in the Outdoor World. 3. Make a list of birds you know by sight and by their songs. 4. Tell to the class the most interesting story you have read from the lists given in the Helps to Study. 5. Make a booklet of twelve sheets, one for each month of the year. Each month write in it some fact or facts that you have noticed about the birds,

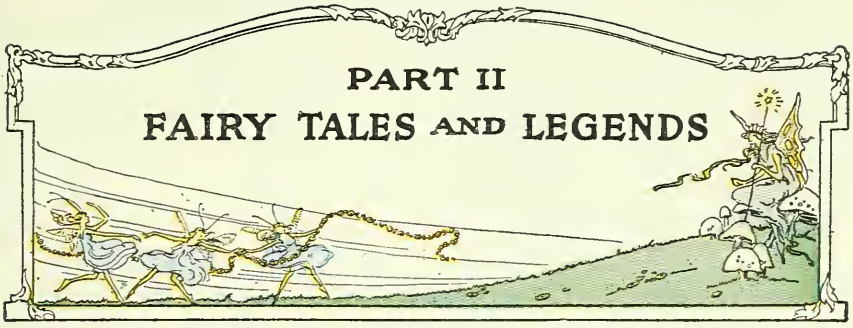
animals, insects, flowers, trees, rains, snow-storms, winds, sunsets, etc. See who will have the most interesting booklet at the end of the year. 6. Make a bird-feeding table for your school grounds or your home. Keep plenty of food on it, and make a record of the different kinds of birds that come to it.

Silent Reading Test. It is interesting to know that when you increase the speed at which you read, at the same time you are likely to increase the number of facts that you remember. It is therefore important that you should try to gain the habit of rapid reading. But when you read selections that contain many new facts, such as "The Bird That Makes Clay Pots," be careful not to read so fast as to lose the full understanding of the text. Probably you will find that you can read such a story as "Old Major" more rapidly. A good way to find how you compare with your classmates in rate of reading and in ability to remember important facts in a story, is to keep a record from time to time. The form given below will show you a plan for making such a record. Your teacher will select five questions on the story to see how well you remember what you have read.

PUPIL'S RECORD

Name..... Grade.....

Date	Story	Speed	What I Remembered
	Old Major, the Faithful Horse Total number words, 1862	1. Number of minutes needed for reading the story..... 2. Number of words read per minute....	Twenty points for each of five questions correctly answered.
	The Bird That Makes Clay Pots Total number words, 624	1. Number of minutes needed for reading the story..... 2. Number of words read per minute....	Twenty points for each of five questions correctly answered.



PART II
FAIRY TALES AND LEGENDS

When at home I sit
And am very tired of it,
I have just to shut my eyes
To go sailing through the skies—
To go sailing far away
To the pleasant Land of Play;
To the fairy land afar
Where the Little People are;
Where the clover-tops are trees,
And the rain-pools are the seas,
And the leaves like little ships
Sail about on tiny trips;
Through the grasses,
High o'erhead the bumblebee
Hums and passes.

—Robert Louis Stevenson.

THE GOBLIN OF THE WOOD

Some Things to Find Out.—(*a*) Why the Goblin wanted to help Kitty; (*b*) Why Kitty did not let the Goblin give her his knapsack full of gold.

I. THE STRANGE VISITOR

Many, many years ago when our great-great-grandmothers were living, it was said that a Wood Goblin lived in every big forest. He made his home underground, and only appeared above the ground occasionally, at which time he took the form of an old, old man. He was supposed to possess great riches, and it was said that he owned a silver ax with which he marked the trees that the woodmen would be allowed to cut down. Every honest woodman, when he chopped down a tree, left a pile of neatly cut wood for the Goblin to use in his underground palace. When he appeared above ground he always wore a bunch of maple-keys somewhere about him, so that people with sharp eyes could tell who he was.

When this story begins, a young woman, her husband, and a lovely blue-eyed baby were living in a little log cottage at the edge of a wood. One evening as the young mother, whose name was Kitty, sat before the fire rocking her baby, she began to make

wishes. "How fine it would be," she said to herself, "if we were only rich."

As she watched the glowing logs on the hearth she wished that they would turn to gold. Often she sat thus before the fire and made wishes, while waiting for her husband to come to his supper. She wasn't unhappy; but neither was she quite contented. Besides, it was so much fun to sit and wish.

Just as she was thinking how late her husband was, she heard a tapping at the door, and in walked an old, old man.

"Good mistress," said he, "will you give a poor man a bit of warmth from your fire?"

"Come in and welcome," said Kitty, placing a big chair for him beside the hearth. He sat down as close to the fire as he could get, and spread out his thin hands to the flames. He had a knapsack with him, which made Kitty think that he was an old soldier.

"You have some fine hawthorn trees around here," said the old man. "Just now they are as white as snow. And what a splendid forest you have behind your cottage!"

As he spoke he looked rather wistfully at the tea-kettle which was singing upon the hearth.

"Why, I shouldn't wonder if you were hungry," said Kitty, laying the laughing baby in the cradle, and spreading a cloth on the table. "My husband

will be home soon, and if you will sup with us, you will be very welcome."

The old man's eyes sparkled with happiness as he answered, "I shall be much pleased, kind mistress." He watched her hungrily while she placed a loaf of brown bread and a plate of honey on the table, and fried some strips of bacon.

Then he said, "I never knew Will to be so late before. He must be carrying logs to the saw-mill."

"Will!" said Kitty, in surprise. "I did not know that you knew my husband. I thought you were a stranger around here."

"Oh, I have passed through this part of the country several times," said the old man; "and so I have seen your husband at work."

Just then the door opened, and the woodman entered.

"Will," said his wife as she kissed him and hung up his hat, "here is an old soldier who is going to have supper with us." As she spoke she nodded her head toward the stranger by the fireside.

"Kindly welcome, sir," said the woodman. "I'm starving, wife, and our friend looks hungry, too. Let's sup at once."

Kitty took some hot potatoes from the ashes, and they all drew up to the little table. The woodman's wife watched the stranger's plate and kept it well filled. The husband, after looking at the old man earnestly for a few minutes, kept very quiet, and let Kitty do all the talking.

When they had finished supper, and the dishes had been put into the cupboard, Kitty said to the old man, "Good master, where might you be going to sleep tonight, if I may be so bold as to ask?"

The old man sighed, as he answered, "Out in the forest, my kind friend."

"Ah!" said Kitty. "That would be a great pity, for the forest leaves do not make a very warm bed." As she said this she looked at her husband and nodded her head toward the old man.

"My wife, good master, would like to offer you a bed," said the woodman; "that is, if you don't mind sleeping on the kitchen floor by the fire. I'm sure we could make something for you that would be warmer and softer than a bed in the forest."

"I'm deeply grateful for your kindness," said the stranger, looking at them with shining eyes.

So they made him a soft bed on the floor and put on it fresh, white sheets of the wife's own spinning. After they had put several big logs on the fire, they wished the stranger good-night, and climbed up the ladder to their own little bedroom, where the baby was already sound asleep.

When they were snugly tucked in their warm bed, Kitty whispered to her husband, "How glad I am that we could make the old man so comfortable for the night. I'm sure he has never before slept in such a neat and pretty kitchen as ours."

The woodman said nothing, but Kitty heard him laughing softly to himself.

"Now, Will, why are you laughing?" she said.

"Why, you funny little woman," answered her husband, "didn't you see those green maple-keys in his cap? And don't you know that nobody would dare to wear them except the Goblin of the Wood? As I was going to the saw-mill this morning I saw him picking those maple-keys from a tree in the forest, and I knew at once who he was."

"Bless me!" cried Kitty. "Is the Goblin of the Wood really in our cottage? How frightened I am! I wish I hadn't put the candle out."

Will laughed more and more. But when he saw that poor Kitty was really frightened he said, "There's nothing to fear, my good little wife. He will do us no harm. I have never cut down a tree that he hasn't marked with his silver ax, and I've always left him his share of the wood, cut and stacked in a neat little pile. Besides, my dear, you know he is very rich and always pays handsomely for a good supper or a night's lodging. I've no doubt his knapsack is full of shining gold."

After calming his wife's fears the tired woodman fell asleep. But Kitty lay awake a long time thinking of the strange old man and the knapsack full of gold.

II. KITTY'S DREAM

At last she fell asleep, and it seemed to her that she had been sleeping only a few minutes when she thought she heard her husband's voice from the kitchen below.

"Come down quickly, Kitty," he said, "and see what the Goblin of the Wood has left for us."

Kitty hastily slipped on her clothes and ran down the ladder. There she saw her husband kneeling over the knapsack which the old man had left behind him. Kitty knelt down, too, and saw the knapsack bursting open with gold coins. Such good fortune! Kitty was breathless with joy.

"What shall we do with all this gold?" she said, her eyes dancing.

Then the woodman and his wife sat down on the floor and talked it over. They decided to bury most of the gold in the garden, keeping out twenty pieces to spend at once. So they buried the knapsack, and as soon as breakfast was over, the woodman started to town. How his mouth watered as he thought of all the goodies he would buy!

He soon returned, laden with many things; among them a leg of mutton, tea, sugar, muffins, a velvet

dress, a silver watch, a red silk cloak, two fine pairs of shoes, a hat with a feather in it, and a rattle for the baby.

Oh, how happy they were! Kitty cooked all the good things for dinner; then, dressed in their fine new clothes, they both sat down to eat. They ate, and ate, and ate. But since they were not used to such rich food, they soon became sick, and went to bed very cross.

The next day they both felt miserable. The woodman had such a headache that he scarcely spoke a word all day. The day following, however, he felt better, and so, digging up some more of the gold, he again set off for town. This time he bought so many things that he had to bring them home in a wagon. His wife helped unload the wagon, but it took all the afternoon to empty it. There were mirrors and tea-trays and red silk curtains and two large sofas and three cribs for the baby. Besides these, there were hams and beefsteak, tarts, cakes, pies, roast goose, sugarplums, and cheese. There were also three clocks, some pictures, a big round table, a four-poster bed, silks, laces, and jewels.

Of course there wasn't room enough in the little kitchen for all the furniture. The woodman and his wife stumbled over each other whenever they tried to walk around. However, Kitty cooked a wonderful dinner, and they both sat down and ate greedily.

After dinner was over they felt so miserable again that they began to quarrel. Then the baby, who had eaten sugarplums and cakes, became ill and screamed with pain. Such an unhappy family as they were!

The next day the woodman was pale and sick, and so ill-tempered that Kitty was afraid of him. He had always been so good-natured before, too. It all seemed terrible to his wife. He didn't go to work, and just sat by the fire waiting for his meals to be

cooked. Kitty wished that she could see him as well and cheerful and happy as he had been in the days before they were rich.

By and by the time came when there was very little money left in the knapsack. Then they quarreled again as to what should be done with the coins. They quarreled almost every day, and Kitty cried herself to sleep every night. At last she decided that she would be happy if only she had a coach; so she went to the garden and dug up the knapsack, taking out the last of the coins. Then she took the money to the town and bought a yellow coach and two cream-colored horses to draw it.

But trouble was in store for poor Kitty. A man had seen her dig up the gold, and had run to the mayor of the town with the news.

"She must be a witch," he said; "for nobody except witches can dig in the ground and find money."

When Kitty drove up to her own door she saw the mayor standing in the kitchen waiting for her. He told her he had come to search the house. Poor Kitty rushed upstairs to save her baby, and at the same time called loudly to her husband. At her call the woodman came quickly, and seeing the mayor in the kitchen he boxed his ears and shook him until his head fell off and rolled under the table.

Just then Kitty gave a loud scream, and opened her eyes. What was her surprise to find herself lying

in her own bed with her baby in his cradle beside her, crowing and sucking his fingers!

"So, then! I have never been rich, after all," said Kitty, "and it was only a silly dream. I am very glad that Will is not ill-tempered and quarrelsome. I am, oh, so glad that we are poor, and that Will goes to work every day. Indeed I am as happy as a queen."

III. THE GOBLIN'S GIFTS

At that moment she heard her husband whistling merrily as he went down the ladder.

"Kitty, Kitty!" he said, "Come, get up, my little woman. It is late, and our visitor will want his breakfast."

"Oh, Will, do come here, please," said Kitty; and at once her husband came up the ladder again, looking good-tempered and happy.

"Oh, Will, I've had such a frightful dream!" said Kitty. "We are not going to quarrel, are we?"

"No, indeed," said Will; "not if I can help it. Now jump up, dear. Remember that the Goblin of the Wood is still downstairs."

Kitty made haste to dress and soon was down in the sunny kitchen.

"Good-morning, mistress! How have you slept?" said the old man in a kind voice.

"Not very well, master," said Kitty. "I had a bad dream."

"I am sorry, mistress. *I* slept very well," said the Goblin. "The supper was good, and kindly given, without thought of reward."

"And that is the truth, sir," said Kitty. "I never had the least thought who you were until my husband told me."

The Goblin of the Wood smiled at her kindly and said, "Here is my knapsack. Shall I leave it behind me in payment for my bed and board?"

"Oh, no, no, no!" said Kitty. "Please don't, I beg of you. You are very welcome to all you've had."

"Why not, mistress?" said the Goblin. "It is as full of gold pieces as it can be, and I have plenty more at home."

"Oh, no," said Kitty, pushing away the knapsack. "We are very happy. We do not need gold."

Just then the woodman, who had been out cutting some fresh cress for his guest's breakfast, came in.

"I have been thanking your wife for her kind care of me," said the Goblin. "If there is anything that I can give either of you, you are more than welcome to it."

Kitty looked anxiously at her husband, fearing that he might take the knapsack of gold.

"I won't deny," said the woodman, "that there are one or two things I should like to give my wife, but I've not been able yet to get them for her."

"Speak, friend," said the Goblin. "What are they?"

"One is a spinning-wheel," answered the woodman. "She used to spin a good deal when she was at home with her mother."

"She shall have a spinning-wheel," said the Goblin; "and is there nothing else, my good man?"

"Well," said the woodman, "since you are so obliging, we should like a hive of bees."

"The bees you shall have, also. And now a good-morning to you both, and a thousand thanks."

Then the old man bowed and left them at the door, saying that he had no need of breakfast.

"Well," said Kitty, when her husband had gone to work, "a spinning-wheel and a hive of bees are just what I want! But if anybody had told me at this time yesterday morning that I would be offered a knapsack full of money and would refuse it, I couldn't possibly have believed it."

—*Jean Ingelow—Adapted.*

THE WILD SWANS

Something to Find Out.—How Elsa saved her brothers.

I. HOW THE PRINCES BECAME WILD SWANS

Far, far away, there once lived a king who had eleven sons and one daughter. Of course the sons were princes, and the daughter was a princess. She was a very charming princess, too, and her name was Elsa. She loved her brothers dearly, for they were always kind and loving to her.

One day when Elsa's brothers went hunting in the forest, one of their horses happened to kick a toad that was hopping along the roadside. At once a wicked fairy appeared and stood before them.

"You rude princes," she said, "see how you have bruised my pet toad! As a punishment, you shall not be princes any more in the daytime. You shall be wild swans and fly far away. Each day, when the sun sets, you shall be princes again, but you shall never return to the king's palace."

As soon as the wicked fairy had spoken, the princes were changed into eleven beautiful white swans. Because they were king's sons they had tiny golden crowns on their heads. With a strange cry they arose in the air and flew away over the tree-tops to the sea. Their horses returned slowly to the palace.

When Elsa, who had been waiting for her brothers, saw their horses return without them, she was very much frightened. The king, too, was greatly worried. He offered a hundred gold pieces to anyone who would find his sons. But no one could give him any news of them.

Poor Elsa! She grieved and grieved for her brothers. At last she could stand it no longer. One morning she stole out of the palace grounds and walked all day until she came to the forest where her brothers had been hunting. When night came, she lay down on some soft moss and went to sleep. In the morning she washed her face in a cool stream.

While she was sitting there wondering which way she should go, a kind old woman came along with a basket of red berries. She gave Elsa some of the fruit, and then said, "Maiden, are you not lost in this deep forest?"

"I may be lost," said Elsa, "but I shall not leave the forest until I find my eleven brothers. Did you see them anywhere as you came along?"

"No," said the old woman, "but I saw eleven white swans with golden crowns on their heads swimming on the river near by. I believe the wicked fairy has been at work again."

Then she led Elsa to a river which wound round and round through the forest. Elsa thanked the kind old woman, and then started to follow the river.

II. HOW ELSA WENT WITH HER BROTHERS

On and on she walked, until at last the river flowed into the blue sea. Elsa sat down upon the shore, looking at the water, the beautiful pebbles, and the clouds sailing across the sky. Just at sunset she heard a rushing of wings over her head. Looking up, she saw eleven white swans, with golden crowns on their heads, flying toward her. Elsa knew at once that they were her brothers. The swans landed on the beach, and, as the sun had just gone down, their feathers quickly dropped off. There stood Elsa's

brothers! Oh! how happy they all were to see each other again. The young princes told Elsa about the wicked fairy, and why they had been changed into swans.

"We can stay here with you tonight," they said. "But tomorrow at sunrise we shall be changed again into swans, and must fly to our home far across the sea. The wicked fairy will not let us stay here. What shall we do? We cannot leave you here alone."

"Oh, take me with you," said Elsa. "It is so lonely without you."

"Our wings will be strong enough to carry you," her brothers said. "But will you not be frightened when we are flying over the deep sea?"

"Oh, no!" said Elsa. "I am not afraid of anything when I am with you."

Then Elsa went to sleep. While she slept, the brothers worked all night long, making a strong net out of seaweed and tough grass which grew near. When the sun arose they were swans again. They placed Elsa in the net, and took hold of it with their bills. Off they went, flying high in the air over the sea. One brother, the youngest of all, flew just above Elsa's head, shading her from the hot sun with his wings.

It was all very wonderful to Elsa. Far below her she could see the white ships on the sea. They were so far away that they looked as small as sea-gulls.

On and on the swans flew all day. Toward evening they landed on a rocky shore, which was now their home. Near the shore they showed her a warm cave where she could live, and where they could see her every day at sunset. Elsa was very happy indeed.

III. WHAT THE BEAUTIFUL FAIRY TOLD ELSA

That night while her brothers slept, Elsa lay awake, wondering how she could save them from the power of the wicked fairy. Suddenly a beautiful fairy appeared by her side. She looked a little like the kind old woman Elsa had met in the forest.

"I will tell you how to save your brothers, Elsa, if you are willing to work very hard," said the fairy. "You will have to be very brave, too. Do you see this plant in my hands? It has little prickles on it, but you must not mind that. Gather eleven big bundles of this plant, and tread on them with your bare feet. Then they will turn into flax. Twist this flax into thread, and wind it into eleven balls. With this flax you must knit each of your brothers a shirt. Here are some needles for your work. When the shirts are finished, throw one over each swan, and you will have your own good brothers back again. They will be free from the power of the wicked fairy. But remember this: No matter how long the work takes, you must not speak a word until the shirts have been made."

Elsa thanked the kind fairy with all her heart. Then she slept until morning.

As soon as the swans had flown away, Elsa set to work. For three days she gathered the prickly plants, though they made her hands burn like fire. She did everything just as the fairy had told her to do. When at last she had eleven big balls of thread, she started to knit. Her brothers, seeing what she was doing, knew that she had some plan for helping them, and so they worked hard to bring her berries and other fruits for food. Sometimes Elsa worked all day and all night, too. In a short time she had nine shirts finished.

IV. HOW ELSA SAVED HER BROTHERS

One day as Elsa was knitting before the door of the cave, a king rode by with his party of hunters. When the king saw the young girl, he went up to her and said, "How did you come to this wild place, my beautiful maiden?"

Elsa only shook her head. She did not dare to speak, for if she did her brothers could not be saved.

"Come with me," said the king. "You must not stay here alone. Come to my palace. I will dress you in silks and velvets, and make you my queen."

Still Elsa shook her head, and then began to cry.

"Do not cry," said the king. "I will do you no harm."

When Elsa saw him leading up a horse for her to ride, she gathered the nine shirts and the thread and the knitting needles, and rolled them up in her skirt.

"You will not need to knit and hurt your fingers when you get to my palace," said the king. Then he lifted her upon a fine horse, and away they went galloping to the king's palace.

At the palace Elsa was given a beautiful room and many dresses made of velvet, silk, and satin. The king tried his best to make her happy, but still the young girl would not speak one word.

For several days she sat alone in her room knitting and knitting. At last the eleven shirts were finished. But how could she find her brothers?

One evening just before sunset, as Elsa was sitting by her window, she heard a rustling of wings, and the eleven swans flew by. With a cry of joy, she waved her hand to them, and knew that they saw her. What happiness came into her heart!

"Tomorrow I will stay out in the palace garden all day," she said to herself. "I am sure my brothers will come by again."

Early the next morning Elsa took the eleven shirts and went into the garden. She sat near a fountain, where she knew she could be seen.

In the afternoon the king went into the garden to see the beautiful girl. "Oh! If I could only make her speak to me!" he said.

Suddenly, as he came near her, he saw eleven snow-white swans with golden crowns on their heads circling around Elsa. Quickly she threw a shirt over each swan, which at once turned into a handsome young prince. Their feathers were gone forever. How glad the brothers and Elsa were to see each other again! They thought that she was a wonderful sister to save them from the power of the wicked fairy.

When the king heard the whole story, he thought that Elsa was wonderful, too, and asked her to become

his queen. He told her and her brothers that he knew the king, their father, and that he would send a messenger to tell him that his children were safe and happy.

Elsa married the good king, and never since that day has there been such a beautiful wedding.

—Hans Christian Andersen—Adapted.

I'D LOVE TO BE A FAIRY'S CHILD

Children born of fairy stock
Never need for shirt or frock,
Never want for food or fire,
Always get their heart's desire;
Jingle pockets full of gold,
Marry when they're seven years old.

Every fairy child may keep
Two strong ponies and ten sheep;
All have houses, each his own,
Built of brick or granite stone;
They live on cherries; they run wild—
I'd love to be a fairy's child.

—Robert Graves.

THE MONKEY AND THE TURTLE

Something to Find Out.—How the turtle saved his life.

I. HOW THE MONKEY LOST HIS LIFE

Once upon a time, long ago, a monkey and a turtle were talking together on the bank of a river. As they stood there a banana stalk came floating along on the water.

"Don't you think it would be a wise thing for us to get that banana stalk?" said the monkey. "We could plant it, and when it grew we would have all the bananas we could eat."

"That is a very wise plan, indeed," answered the turtle. "You swim out and get the banana stalk, while I am finding a good place to plant it."

"I cannot swim," said the monkey. "You must go out and bring the stalk to shore. Then we will divide it, and each can plant his part wherever he wishes."

"I will swim out for it," said the turtle, "if you will let me have the upper part with the green leaves, while you keep the lower part."

When the monkey agreed to this plan, the turtle swam out into the stream to bring the banana stalk to the shore. But while he was swimming in with it, the monkey said to himself, "I think I will keep the

green leaves for myself. The bananas grow on the upper part of the stalk, where the leaves are. Surely that is the best part for me to plant."

So as soon as the turtle had come ashore, the monkey took the upper part of the banana stalk with all the green leaves, and left only the lower part for the turtle. Of course the turtle was very angry, but he could not fight the monkey, and so he crawled off into the woods to plant his part of the stalk.

At the same time, the monkey planted his part in another spot in the woods. "These green leaves will soon grow up," he said to himself, "and then I shall have plenty of fine, ripe bananas. That foolish turtle is planting only a stalk without leaves. I am very sure that it will not grow."

But the lower end of the stalk that the turtle planted had roots clinging to it, and soon a tall banana tree grew up, full of ripe fruit. As for the monkey's part, the green leaves died, for they had no roots.

One day the turtle was standing near his banana tree, wondering how he would ever be able to get the nice, ripe fruit. Just then the monkey happened to come along.

"Good morning, Friend Monkey," said the turtle. "I suppose you would like some of my bananas, since the leaves you planted did not grow into a tree. Well, I will give you half the fruit on my tree if you will only climb up and throw the other half down to me."

"I will climb up very gladly," said the monkey; and in less than a minute he was high up in the tree. There he sat for a long, long time, eating the rich fruit. Now and then he would throw down a banana peel to the turtle.

"There is your half of the fruit, Friend Turtle," he said with a laugh. "I am enjoying *my* half more than I can tell you."

Of course the turtle was as angry as he could be when he saw the trick that the monkey was playing on him. But there was nothing he could do, for he was not able to climb the tree. For a long time he sat at the foot of the banana tree, thinking and thinking. At last he thought of a trick to play on the monkey.

Suddenly the turtle called out, "The hunters are coming, Friend Monkey! The hunters are coming!"

The monkey was so frightened that he fell out of the tree and was killed.

II. HOW THE TURTLE FOOLED THE MONKEYS

The next day all the monkeys in the woods found out about the turtle's trick. They were so angry at the poor turtle that they caught him and brought him before the monkey-chief for punishment.

When the chief had heard the story, he cried out in a loud voice, "He must be burned to death! Throw him into the fire."

"Ho, ho!" laughed the turtle. "Don't you know that fire cannot hurt me? I have been in a fire many times before now without harm. Can't you see the red spots on my back?"

"Very well," said the monkey-chief, angrily; "if fire cannot harm him, we will find some other punishment. Cut him to pieces! Surely that will put an end to him."

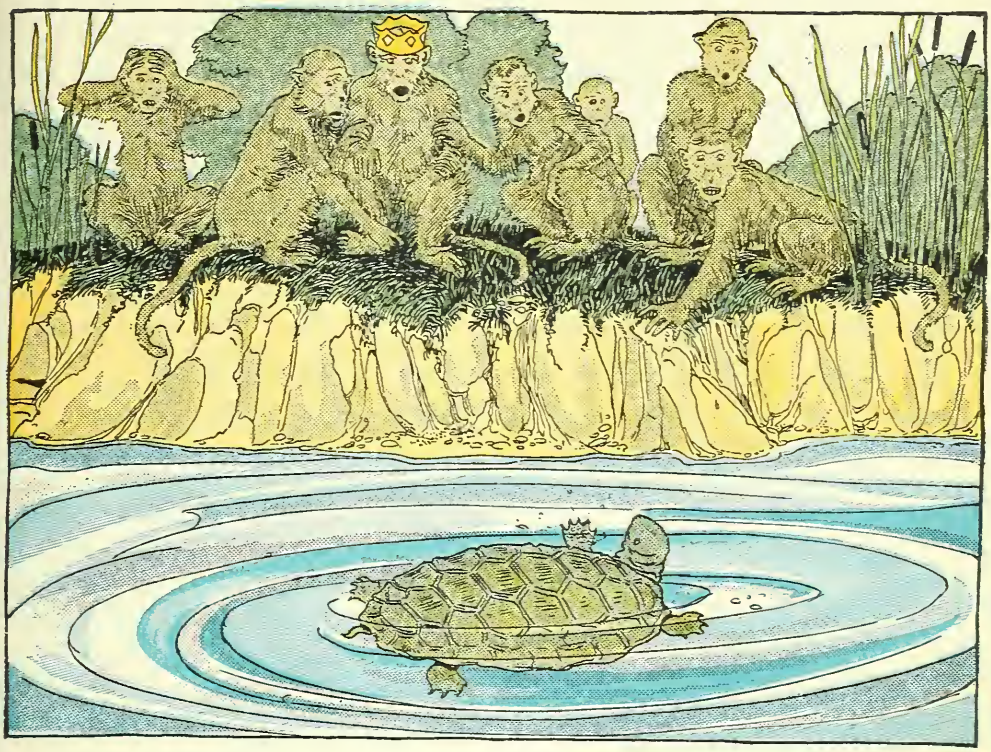
But the turtle laughed even louder than before. "You will never harm me that way, either," he said. "I have been cut many times. Don't you see that my back is full of scars? My shell is so hard and thick that cuts never hurt me."

Then all the foolish monkeys tried to think of some punishment that would really put an end to the turtle. At last one old monkey said, "I know the best way to get rid of him. We will throw him into the river and drown him!"

When the turtle heard this plan, he felt very happy indeed, for he knew that a strong swimmer like him could not drown. But he pretended to be greatly frightened. "Oh, please do not drown me!" he cried. "Give me any punishment except that!"

"Off to the river with him!" said the monkey-chief. "Now we know just what punishment he fears."

At once the monkeys carried him to the bank of the river and tossed him out into the stream. Then they all sat on the bank to watch him drown.



Down into the river the turtle dived. Backward and forward through the water he swam, so that the monkeys could see what a wonderful swimmer he was. A moment later he raised his head above the water and laughed at them until his sides ached.

"Ho, ho, ho!" he laughed. "Didn't you foolish monkeys know that a turtle lives half his life in the water? You might as well try to drown a fish!"

And with another chuckle he climbed up on a little island in the river and went to sleep.

—Philippine Tale.

SALT

Some Things to Find Out.—(*a*) Why Ivan's father called him a "ninny"; (*b*) How Ivan showed that he was not a foolish fellow.

I. OLD PETER BEGINS A STORY

One evening, when they were sitting around the table after their supper, old Peter, the Russian, asked the children what story they would like to hear. Vanya asked whether there were any stories left which they had not already heard.

"Why," said old Peter, "you have heard scarcely any of the stories, for there is a story to be told about everything in the world."

"About everything, Grandfather?" asked Vanya.

"About everything," said old Peter.

"About the sky, and the thunder, and the dogs, and the flies, and the birds, and the milk?"

"There is a story about every one of those things."

"I know something there isn't a story about," said Vanya.

"And what's that?" asked old Peter, smiling.

"Salt!" said Vanya. "There can't be a story about salt." He put the tip of his finger into the little box of salt on the table, and then he touched his tongue with his finger.

"Of course there's a story about salt," said old Peter.

"Tell it to us," said Maroosia; and presently, when his pipe had been lighted twice and had gone out, old Peter began.

* * * * *

II. IVAN AND HIS TWO BROTHERS

Once upon a time there were three brothers, and their father was a great merchant who sent his ships far over the sea. Well, the names of the two elder brothers do not matter, but the youngest was called Ivan the Ninny, because he was always playing and never working; and if there was a silly thing to do, why, off he went and did it.

When the brothers grew up, the father sent the two elder ones off, each in a fine ship laden with gold and jewels, and laces and silks. But he made Ivan the Ninny stay at home. Ivan saw his brothers go sailing off to make their fortunes and come back rich men; and then, for the first time in his life, he wanted to work and do something useful. He went to his father and kissed his hand, and he kissed the hand of his little old mother; and he begged his father to give him a ship so that he could make his fortune, as his brothers were doing.

"But you have never done a wise thing in your life," said his father; "and no one could count all the silly things you've done if he spent a hundred days in counting."

"True," said Ivan; "but now I am going to be wise, and sail the sea and come back with something in my pockets to show that I am not a ninny any longer. Give me just a little ship, father mine—just a little ship for myself."

"Give him a little ship," said the mother. "He may not be a ninny after all."

"Very well," said his father. "I will give him a little ship; but I am not going to waste good money by giving him a rich cargo."

"Give me any cargo you like," said Ivan.

III. HOW IVAN FOUND THE MOUNTAIN OF SALT

So his father gave him a little ship, a little old ship, and a cargo of rags and scraps and things that were not fit for anything but to be thrown away. And he gave him a crew of old, old sailormen; and Ivan went on board and sailed away at sunset.

The fourth day after they had set sail, there came a great wind over the sea. The feeble old men did the best they could with the ship; but the old sails tore from the masts, and the wind threw the ship on an unknown island away off in the middle of the sea.

"Well, children," said Ivan, for he knew how to talk to sailors, "you may stay here and mend the sails, and make new ones out of the rags we carry as cargo, while I go inland and see if there is anything that might be of use to us."

So the old, old sailormen sat on deck with their legs crossed, and made sails out of rags and torn scraps of old silks. You never saw such sails. The tide came up and floated the ship, and the old men threw out the anchor, and sat there in the sunlight, making sails and patching them and talking of the days when they had been young. While they were working with the sails, Ivan the Ninny went walking off into the island.

Now in the middle of that island there was a high, snow-white mountain. All around were many green trees, but there was nothing growing on the mountain at all. It was just a great white mountain, rising up into the sky in the middle of a green island. Ivan walked a little way up the white slopes of the mountain, and then, because he felt thirsty, he thought he would let a little snow melt on his tongue. He took some in his fingers and stuffed it into his mouth. Quickly enough it came out again, I can tell you, for the mountain was not made of snow, but of good Russian salt.

Ivan the Ninny did not stop to think twice. The salt was clean and shone brightly in the sunlight. He just turned around and ran back to the shore, and called out to his old, old sailormen and told them to empty everything they had on board over into the sea. Over it all went, rags and tags and rotten timbers, till the little ship was as empty as a soup

bowl after supper. And then those old men were set to work carrying salt from the mountain and taking it on board the little ship, and stowing it away below deck till there was not room for another grain.

IV. HOW IVAN SOLD THE SALT

Then they hoisted the new sails they had patched together out of the rags and scraps, and away they sailed once more over the blue sea.

After many days' sailing they came to a town, with towers and churches and painted roofs, all set on the side of a hill that sloped down to the sea. At the foot of the hill was a quiet harbor. Into this they sailed, and when they had anchored the ship they hauled down their patchwork sails.

Ivan the Ninny went ashore, taking with him a little bag of clean white salt to show what kind of goods he had for sale. He asked his way to the palace of the Czar. When he came to the palace, he went in and bowed to the ground before the Czar.

"Who are you?" said the Czar.

"I, great lord, am a Russian merchant, and here in a bag is some of my goods," said Ivan.

"Let me see what is in the bag," said the Czar.

Ivan the Ninny took a handful from the bag and showed it to the Czar.

"What is it?" said the Czar.

"Good Russian salt," answered Ivan the Ninny.

Now in that country they had never heard of salt. The Czar looked at the salt, then he looked at Ivan, and laughed. "Why!" said he, "this is nothing but white dust, and we can pick that up for nothing. You must be a ninny."

Ivan grew very red, for he knew what his father used to call him. He was ashamed to say anything. So he bowed to the ground, and went out of the palace.

But when he was outside he thought to himself, "I wonder what sort of salt they use in this country if they do not know good Russian salt when they see it. I will go to the kitchen."

So he went around to the back door of the palace, and putting his head into the kitchen, said, "I am very tired. May I sit down here and rest a little while?"

"Come in," said one of the cooks. "But you must sit just there, and not put even your little finger in our way; for we are the Czar's cooks, and we are in the midst of making ready his dinner."

Then the cook put a stool in a corner, and Ivan sat down and looked about him. There were seven cooks at least, boiling and baking, and stewing and toasting, and roasting and frying.

Ivan the Ninny sat on his stool, with his legs tucked under him and the bag of salt on his knees. He watched the cooks, but he did not see them put anything into the dishes which he thought could take

the place of salt. The meat was without salt, the soup was without salt, and there was no salt in the potatoes. Ivan nearly turned sick as he thought how tasteless all this food must be.

Finally there came a moment when all the cooks ran out of the kitchen to get the silver trays on which to place the dishes. Ivan slipped down from his stool, and running from stove to stove, from saucepan to frying pan, he dropped a pinch of salt into each dish. Then he ran back to the stool in the corner, and

watched the dishes being put on the silver trays and carried off to be the Czar's dinner.

Soon the Czar sat down at the table and took his first spoonful of soup.

"The soup is very good today," said he, and he finished it to the last drop.

"I've never known the soup so good," said the Czar's wife; and she finished hers.

"This is the best soup I ever tasted," said the Princess; and she, you know, was the prettiest princess in this world.

It was the same with the potatoes and the same with the meat. The Czar and his wife and the Princess wondered why they had never had so good a dinner in all their lives before.

"Call the cooks!" said the Czar. And the cooks were called, and they all came in, bowing to the ground as they stood in a row before the Czar.

"What did you put into the food today that you never put into it before?" asked the Czar.

"We put nothing unusual into it, your greatness," said the cooks, bowing to the ground again.

"Then why does the food taste better than ever before?"

"We do not know, your greatness," said all the cooks except one.

That one cook bowed again, and kept on bowing, and then he said, "Please, your greatness, there is

usually nobody in the kitchen except ourselves; but today there was a young Russian merchant, who sat on a stool in the corner and said that he was tired."

"Call the merchant," said the Czar.

So they brought in Ivan the Ninny, and he bowed before the Czar, and stood there with his little bag of salt in his hand.

"Did you do anything to my dinner?" asked the Czar.

"I did, your greatness," said Ivan.

"What did you do?"

"I put a pinch of Russian salt into every dish."

"That white dust?" asked the Czar.

"Nothing but that."

"Have you any more of it?"

"I have a little ship in the harbor that is laden with nothing else," answered Ivan.

"It is the most wonderful dust in the world," said the Czar, "and I will buy every grain of it that you have. What do you want for it?"

Ivan the Ninny scratched his head and thought. He thought that since the Czar liked it so much, it must be worth a good price. So he said, "We have put the salt into bags; for every bag of salt you must give me three bags of the same weight—one of gold, one of silver, and one of precious stones. Cheaper than that, your greatness, I could not possibly sell good Russian salt."

"Agreed," said the Czar. "And a cheap price it is, too, for dust so full of magic that it makes dull food tasty, and tasty food so good that there is no looking away from it."

So all day long, and far into the night, the old, old sailormen bent their backs under sacks of salt, and bent them again under sacks of gold and silver and precious stones. At last all the salt had been put into the Czar's treasury, and twenty soldiers stood guarding it, their great swords shining in the moonlight. When the little ship was loaded with riches, so that even the deck was piled high with precious stones, the old, old men lay down among the jewels and slept till morning.

Then Ivan the Ninny went to bid good-by to the Czar.

V. WHAT HAPPENED TO THE PRINCESS

"And whither shall you sail now?" asked the Czar.

"I shall sail back to Russia in my little ship," said Ivan.

Then the beautiful Princess, who was standing near, said, "Is it a little Russian ship?"

"Yes," answered Ivan, bowing low.

"I have never seen a Russian ship," said the Princess. And she begged her father to let her go to the harbor, to see the little Russian ship before Ivan set sail.

So the Princess went with Ivan to the harbor, and the old, old sailormen took them on board. She ran all over the ship, looking now at this and now at that, while Ivan told her the names of everything—deck, mast, and rudder.

"May I see the sails?" she asked. The old, old men hoisted the ragged sails, and the wind filled the sails until the ship tugged at the anchor.

"Why doesn't the ship move when the sails are up?" asked the Princess.

"The anchor holds her," answered Ivan.

"Please let me see the anchor," said the Princess.

"Haul up the anchor, my children, and show it to the Princess," said Ivan to the sailormen.

The old men hauled up the anchor, and showed it to the Princess, who said it was a very good little anchor, indeed. But of course, as soon as the anchor was up, the ship began to move. With a fair wind behind her, the little vessel slipped out of the harbor and away to the blue sea. When the Princess looked round, thinking it was time to go home, the ship was far from land. Away in the distance she could see the gold towers of her father's palace, glittering in the sunlight.

Then the Princess sat down on a heap of jewels, put a handkerchief to her eyes, and cried and cried and cried. But Ivan the Ninny comforted her, telling her of the wonders of the sea that he would show her, and

of the wonders of the land. She looked up at him while he talked, and his eyes were so kind that she felt quite happy again.

The end of the matter was that they were both very well content, and agreed to have a marriage feast as soon as the little ship should bring them to the home of Ivan's father. Merry was that voyage. All day long Ivan and the Princess sat on deck, and at twilight they sang songs, and drank tea, and told stories.

VI. HOW THE WICKED BROTHERS ROBBED IVAN

When they had been sailing many days, the Princess was looking out over the sea one afternoon. Suddenly she cried out, "See, over there, far away, are two big ships with white sails!"

"Why, those are the ships of my elder brothers," said Ivan. "We shall all sail home together."

He made the old, old sailormen give a hail in their cracked old voices. The elder brothers heard them, and came on board to greet Ivan. When they saw that a Czar's daughter was on the ship, and that the decks were heaped with precious stones, they said one thing to Ivan and something else to each other.

To Ivan they said, "We are glad that you have had such good fortune!"

But to each other they said, "How can this be? Ivan the Ninny brings back a rich cargo, while we in our fine ships have only a bag or two of gold. And why should such a foolish fellow have a princess on board his ship?"

Then they made a wicked plan, and coming suddenly upon Ivan when he was alone in the twilight, they picked him up by his head and his heels, and threw him overboard into the dark blue sea.

Not one of the old men had seen them, and the Princess was not on deck. In the morning the wicked brothers said that Ivan the Ninny must have walked overboard in his sleep. Then they drew lots. The

eldest brother took the Princess, and the second brother took the little ship laden with gold and silver and precious stones. And so the brothers sailed home very well content. But the Princess sat on deck and wept and wept all day long, looking down into the blue water.

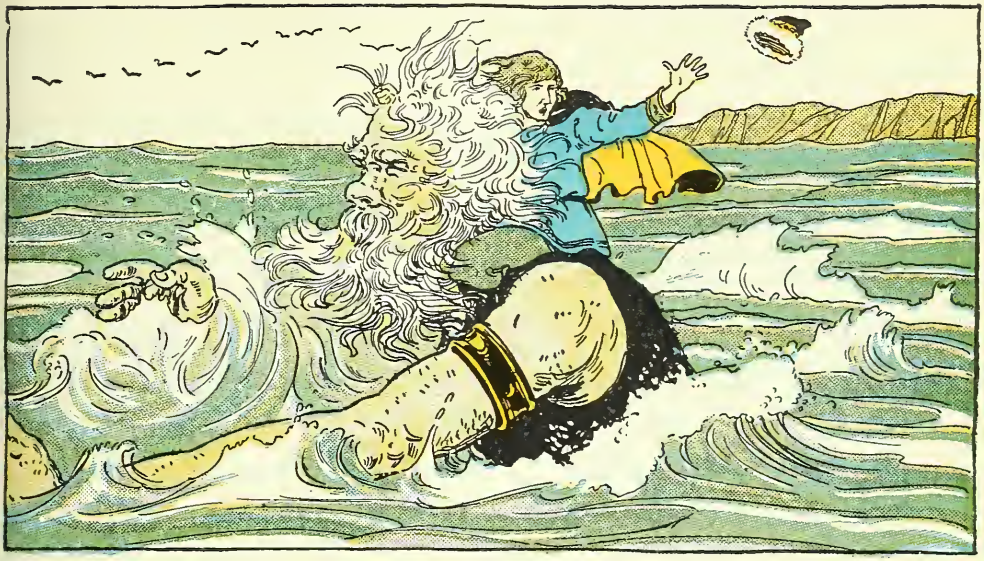
But Ivan was not dead. As soon as he splashed into the water, he crammed his cap a little tighter on his head, and began swimming in the sea. He swam about until the sun rose, and then, not far away, he saw a floating log; and he swam to the log, and climbed upon it.

There was a strong current in the sea that carried him along, until at last, after floating for some time, his feet touched land. As this happened late at night, he walked up out of the sea, and lay down on the shore to wait for morning.

VII. HOW IVAN MARRIED THE PRINCESS

When the sun rose, Ivan stood up and saw that he was on a bare island. He could see nothing at all on the island except a huge house as big as a mountain. As he was looking at the house, the great door opened with a noise like that of a wind-storm among the pine forests. A giant came out and walked to the shore, where he stood looking down at Ivan.

"What are you doing here, little one?" said the giant.



Ivan told him the whole story, just as I have told it to you.

The giant listened to the very end, pulling at his long whiskers. Then he said, "Listen, little one. I know more of the story than you do, for I can tell you that tomorrow morning your eldest brother is going to marry your Princess. If you want to be there, I will carry you and set you down before the house in time for the wedding. And a fine wedding it is sure to be, because your father thinks well of those brothers of yours for bringing back a shipload of precious stones, and silver and gold enough to buy a kingdom."

With that he picked up Ivan the Ninny and setting him on his shoulders, started off through the sea. So fast did he go that the wind blew off Ivan's cap.

"Stop a moment," shouted Ivan; "my cap has blown off!"

"We can't turn back for that," said the giant, "if we are to be in time for the wedding." And he rushed on, splashing through the water. Soon the sea was up to his waist. He rushed on, and the sea reached almost to his shoulders. He rushed on and on, until, just before the sun had climbed to the top of the blue sky, he came near the shore of Russia, and splashed up out of the sea with the water about his ankles. Then he lifted Ivan from his shoulders and set him down upon the ground, not far from his old Russian home.

"Now, little man," said he, "off you run, and you'll be in time for the feast."

Ivan the Ninny thanked the giant for carrying him through the sea, and then ran off to his father's house. Long before he got there he heard the musicians in the courtyard playing as if they wanted to wear out their instruments before night. The wedding feast had just begun. When Ivan ran in, there at the great table sat the beautiful Princess, and beside her his eldest brother. And there were his father and mother, his second brother, and all the guests. Every one of them was as merry as could be, except the Princess. She was as white as the salt he had sold to her father, and her eyes were full of tears.

Suddenly the blood flushed into her cheeks, for she saw Ivan in the doorway. Up she jumped, crying out, "There! There is my brave prince, who I thought was dead! I will not marry this man who sits beside me at the table!"

"What is this?" asked Ivan's father, and in a few minutes he knew the whole story.

He turned the two elder brothers out of doors, gave their ships to Ivan, and married him to the Princess. Then the wedding feast began again, and this time they sent for the old, old sailormen.

The old, old sailormen wept with joy when they saw Ivan and the beautiful Princess sitting side by side.

* * * * * * *

"That is the story about salt, and how it made a rich man of Ivan the Ninny, besides giving him the prettiest wife in the world, and she a Czar's daughter," said old Peter, as he relighted his pipe.

—Arthur Ransome—Abridged.

SEA SHELL

Sea Shell, Sea Shell,
Sing me a song, O please!
A song of ships, and sailormen,
And parrots, and tropical trees;

Of islands lost in the Spanish Main,
Which no man ever may find again,
Of fishes and corals under the waves,
And sea-horses stabled in great green caves.

Sea Shell, Sea Shell,
Sing of the things you know so well.

—*Amy Lowell.*

HOW FAIRIES CAME TO THE INDIANS

Something to Find Out.—How the birds in the silver cage were changed into fairies.

Once long ago there lived an Indian hunter who had ten beautiful daughters. Oweenee, the youngest, was the fairest of them all. All of these maidens except Oweenee married warriors who were brave and handsome. But she, the youngest and fairest, married Osseo, who was old and ugly.

Now it happened that Osseo was really a wonderful young warrior, and the son of the Evening Star. A wicked magician had changed him into a poor and bent old man. The fair Oweenee cared not for his looks, for she knew that his heart was kind and true.

But her cruel sisters and their husbands made fun of Osseo until the forest rang with their laughter.

Once they were all invited to a great feast. When they were seated at the banquet, all were making merry except Osseo, who was sad and weary. Suddenly a voice like music was heard coming down from the sky. It was the voice of his father, the Evening Star. "Osseo, my son," it said, "the wicked magician has lost his power over you. Come to me, Osseo. Bring only the kind Oweenee with you."

Up, up into the sky went Osseo and Oweenee, until they reached the beautiful home of the Evening Star.

Osseo was changed back into a brave and handsome warrior, but the cruel sisters and their husbands were changed into chattering, noisy birds. Some became blue jays and some magpies. They were hung in a silver cage outside the door of Osseo's wigwam near the Evening Star.

Osseo and Oweenee lived happily for many years in their new home. In time a son was born to them, who grew to be as kind as his mother and as brave as his father.

Once, while playing, the little boy shot an arrow into the air. By accident it happened to strike one of the birds in the silver cage. Then a wonderful change took place. Down through the evening air the birds fell until they reached an island in the Big-Sea-Water. There they were changed to the Little

People, or the Indian Fairy-folk; and there they live to the present day. Often the Indian fishermen see them on the island, laughing and dancing in the moonlight.

—*Adapted from Longfellow's "Hiawatha."*

HOW THE BLUEBIRD WAS CHOSEN HERALD

Some Things to Find Out.—(*a*) Why Springtime wanted a bird for a herald; (*b*) Why the bluebird was chosen herald.

I. SPRINGTIME'S PLAN TO HAVE A HERALD

Long, long ago, when Springtime began to visit the earth every year, he thought it would be a wise plan to have a herald—someone to go ahead of him and tell of his coming. He wanted a herald whose beautiful colors and sweet music would give joy to everyone.

At first he thought he would choose one of the flowers, because he knew their bright petals would show wonderful colors. But he remembered that the flowers were always silent. Then he decided that the very best herald, one that had both color and song, would be a bird.

Springtime thought that it would be a good plan to ask a committee of the birds to choose the herald for him. So that very morning he selected six birds, Mr. Crow, Mr. Parrot, Mr. Blue Jay, Mr. Robin, Mr. English Sparrow, and Mr. Bluebird. He asked them to meet him by the great rock under the great tree by the great bend in the river. Springtime sat on the great rock, while the birds stood listening to him.

He told them that he wanted them to choose a herald to go before him with flashing color and sweet songs. Of course the bird to be chosen should be

beautiful and musical. But it must be a good, kind bird, too—in fact the very best bird that could be found. He ended by saying that his herald should be:

"Both handsome and happy, gentle and good,
And as modest as modest can be.
The very best bird that flies in the wood,
I would that my herald be he."

Then Springtime pulled a handful of grass and held it between his fingers, so that the ends would just stick out. "Each of you may come up and draw one blade," he said. "The bird that pulls out the shortest blade will be chairman of the committee."

One by one they walked up, and drew. Mr. Crow pulled out the shortest blade, and so was chairman.

That very evening the six birds met in a corner of Mr. Farmer's orchard upon a dead branch of an old apple tree. They talked about all the birds that they knew, speaking of their good points and their bad ones.

At last, as it grew late, very late—almost eight o'clock—and as they had not decided the matter, Mr. Crow said that each one should write the name of his choice on the under side of a leaf. Each bird, therefore, took a leaf, and wrote a name upon it, and Mr. Bluebird counted the votes. There was one vote for Mr. Crow, one vote for Mr. Parrot, one for Mr. Blue Jay, one for Mr. Robin, one for Mr. English Sparrow, and one for Mr. Bobolink. Would you believe it?—every bird except the bluebird had voted for himself. Mr. Bluebird knew, because he knew the foot-writing of all the birds. He had seen it in the soft sand by the water.

It was certain that they were not going to be able to decide among themselves who should be chosen.

II. HOW THE COMMITTEE WENT TO MR. OWL

"I think," said Mr. Bluebird, "that we should go to old Mr. Owl. We can find him by the light of the moon, in the hollow trunk of a great gray tree over the hill. He is the wisest of birds, and knows everything.

I think we should go at once, and let Mr. Owl decide for us who is to be the herald."

"It seems to me," said the crow, "that this is a good plan. By all means, let us go."

It was decided then and there that they should go that very night, just as soon as the moon rose. Mr. Bluebird was to give the signal for them to start.

At the proper moment Mr. Bluebird shook them all by the wing to wake them up, and off they went. They flew and they flew and they flew, for it was a long way and a hard way to find, and not one of the six birds had ever been out so late before. When they reached the wood they were obliged to fly very carefully, so that they would not bump their heads against the trees, and so that they might be able to read the signs along the way. At length they spied a great gray tree, with a dimly lighted window in it, far up the trunk. Mr. Crow read the name on the door-plate and told them that they had reached the right house. Then Mr. Crow scratched three times—scratch, scratch, scratch.

"Who-who?" came from within.

"Friends," said the crow; "six friends, who have come to ask Mr. Owl's advice."

The latch was promptly lifted, and the six birds walked in and up the stairs.

They found themselves in a little round, dark room with seats against the sides. Mr. Owl sat over on one

side, his great fluffy coat turned up at the neck. He had his spectacles on and was reading by the light of the moon, which was shining very brightly through a knot-hole.

"It is very late," said the owl. "It must be most important business that brings you to me at this hour of the night."

"It is," replied the crow, "very important business, indeed."

Then he told Mr. Owl what their errand was. He repeated as nearly as he could the speech that Springtime had made to the bird committee, especially the last words:

> "Both handsome and happy, gentle and good,
> And as modest as modest can be.
> The very best bird that flies in the wood,
> I would that my herald be he."

He told Mr. Owl that the birds on the committee had not been able to agree on the herald, and that they had decided to leave the choice to him.

III. WHAT EACH BIRD THOUGHT OF HIMSELF

Then the owl looked as grave as a judge and remarked, "It seems to me that the first thing to be done is to get the opinion of each of you as to who is the best bird to be chosen. Mr. Crow, will you be so good as to give us your opinion?"

Mr. Crow stood up, cleared his throat, and said, "To speak quite frankly, it seems to me that I, myself, should be chosen. It is scarcely possible to find a better bird."

"What makes you think so?" asked the owl.

"My wife," said the crow. "Only today Mrs. Crow said to me, 'Mr. Crow, my dear husband, you are a perfect bird, except—' "

"Except what?" asked Mr. Owl.

"I don't remember," replied the crow. "In fact, I didn't hear distinctly, but I am sure it was not anything important." Then he sat down.

"Mr. Parrot," said the owl, "give us your opinion, if you please."

"It is my opinion," said Mr. Parrot, "that I am the bird who should be chosen. I have often heard myself talk, and I am sure that I speak very wisely."

"Mr. Blue Jay!" called Mr. Owl.

"Since you ask me, Mr. Owl, for my honest opinion," said Mr. Blue Jay, "I must say that I am the only bird for this position. I have been looking in the brook today; in fact, I see myself in the brook very often, and I have never yet noticed a single fault in myself. There is no bird who can say more."

"Mr. Robin, if you please," called the owl.

Mr. Robin arose. "I am quite sure, Mr. Owl, that I should be made the herald. I am very handsome, if I do say it myself. Besides, I live in the best of

society; I dwell in the Bishop's orchard. This very day I heard the Bishop say, 'That robin is a fine, handsome bird.' "

"Mr. English Sparrow," called the owl.

"I am sure, Mr. Owl," said the sparrow, speaking very rapidly and excitedly, "that while I am not so big as some of these who have spoken, I have a better right than any of them to be herald. I have carefully noticed the faults of all the other birds, and I am certain that I have none of their failings."

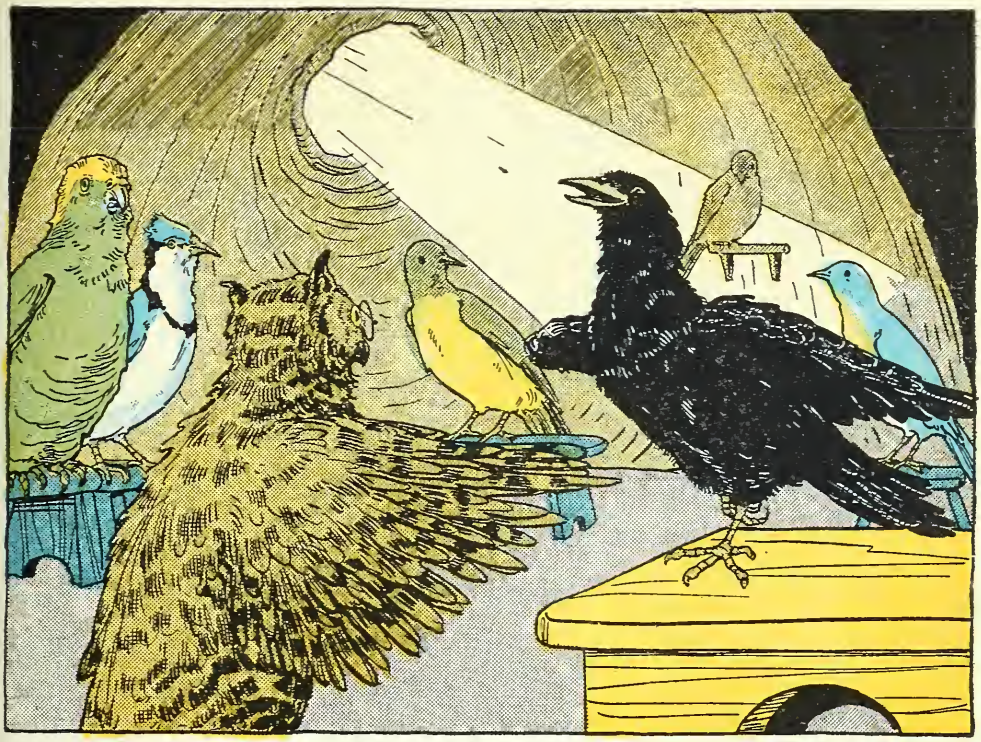
"Mr. Bluebird," said the owl, "what have you to say?"

"Nothing, Mr. Owl," said the bluebird. "I have not made up my mind. I leave the matter entirely to your wisdom." Then he sat down.

"Well," said the owl, after a moment's thought, "the next thing to do is to read your characters, by the light of the moon. I shall ask you, one by one, to step up on this seat near me, where the light can fall on you and where I can see you plainly. Mr. Crow, will you be the first?"

While the owl was putting on his spectacles, Mr. Crow stepped up to the seat very proudly, so that the light of the moon fell upon his black, glossy feathers.

"A fine bird," said Mr. Owl, very slowly, as if thinking aloud; "a perfect bird, except—except what?—let me see—ah, a sly look in the left eye—in *both* eyes—



very sly—very cunning—a thief, in fact; steals Mr. Farmer's corn and peas—especially in the early morning when nobody is around—a *very bad* fault—one of the worst. I am quite sure, Mr. Crow, that Springtime would not choose you for his herald—he could not trust you. That will do. Mr. Parrot!"

Mr. Parrot walked up very slowly and took his place on the seat. The owl gazed at him a long time, and then said, "Fine feathers—green, yellow—fine feathers—rather small head—large tongue—large tongue, small head—talks more than he thinks—talks *very much* more than he thinks—talks often *without* thinking—says what he hears others say. Tongue

rather harsh, too—bad words! bad words! I am sorry to say, Mr. Parrot, that I cannot choose you as herald. People would not be glad to see you year after year. That will do. Mr. Blue Jay!"

The blue jay stepped up very proudly and took the seat.

Mr. Owl looked at him admiringly, for he was dressed in a beautiful suit that fitted him perfectly. "A handsome bird," he said, "a handsome bird—that is, handsome clothes. Eye very good, too—a little sly, a little sly—but on the whole a good eye. Let me see, what is this on the back of the head? These long feathers?—oh, a crest! I see. Just for decoration. A vain bird, vain as a peacock—and like all vain people, hard to get along with—and very unfriendly——likes to be alone—other folks not quite good enough. I am sorry to tell you, Mr. Blue Jay, that Springtime would not wish you for his herald. That will do. Mr. Robin!"

The robin hopped up on the seat, his chest puffed out and his eyes shining. The owl looked at him closely for some time before speaking. "Eye very suspicious—*very* suspicious—always looking, even among your best friends, to see if somebody isn't going to harm you—cannot pull a worm out of the garden without looking around suspiciously all the time. You would hardly do for the herald. That will do. Mr. English Sparrow!"

The English sparrow fluttered up noisily and took his place. "You say," began Mr. Owl, "that you have not the faults of the other birds."

"Yes," said the sparrow talking very fast. "I am not so mean as the crow, and I don't talk such nonsense as old Polly, and I'm not so vain as the jay, and I am not so suspicious as the robin. I haven't any of the faults of the other birds."

The owl pushed his spectacles up on his brow, and looked at the sparrow. "I see," he said. "Sharp bill —sharp tongue—sharp claws, always in a bad temper —very quarrelsome—a very unpleasant neighbor; in fact, a common nuisance. That will do. Mr. Bluebird!"

IV. WHY MR. OWL CHOSE THE BLUEBIRD

"I am sure, Mr. Owl," said the bluebird, rising, "that I need not take your time. I am not the bird to be chosen, for I know that I am far from being perfect. I have many faults."

But the owl insisted that the bluebird should come forward.

"You say that you have many faults," remarked the owl. "That may be, but I see by the light of the moon that they are small, very faint indeed. Besides, seeing one's faults and trying to correct them are very good habits. There may be better birds, but I must say that I do not know them. Mr. Bluebird, you

shall be the herald of the spring. For it seems that you are

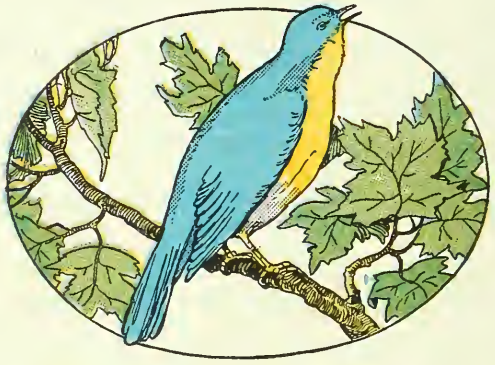
> 'Both handsome and happy, gentle and good,
> And as modest as modest can be.' "

At this Mr. Bluebird blushed, but in his heart he was very happy.

Springtime agreed with Mr. Owl, and placed notices on every tree by the water's edge that Mr. Bluebird should be his herald, the first bird of the spring.

So every year the bluebird comes with his beautiful color and his sweet song. Some people believe that his music says, "Pu-ri-ty, pu-ri-ty," but others think that he sings only, "Spring-is-here, spring-is-here."

—Jay T. Stocking—Adapted.



THE FAIRIES

There are fairies at the bottom of our garden!
It's not so very, very far away;
You pass the gardener's shed and you just keep straight ahead—
I do so hope they've really come to stay.
There's a little wood, with moss in it and beetles,
And a little stream that quietly runs through;
You wouldn't think they'd dare to come merry-making there—
Well, they do.

There are fairies at the bottom of our garden!
They often have a dance on summer nights;
The butterflies and bees make a lovely little breeze,
And the rabbits stand about and hold the lights.
Did you know that they could sit upon the moon-beams
And pick a little star to make a fan,
And dance away up there in the middle of the air?
Well, they can.

There are fairies at the bottom of our garden!
You cannot think how beautiful they are;

They all stand up and sing when the Fairy Queen and King
Come gently floating down upon their car.
The King is very proud and *very* handsome;
The Queen—now can you guess who that could be?
(She's a little girl all day, but at night she steals away.)
Well, it's Me!

—*Rose Fyleman.*

THE MAIDEN WHO BECAME A SPIDER

Something to Find Out.—Why Arachne was changed into a spider.

Long, long ago there lived a young and beautiful girl named Arachne. She was so fond of weaving that she spent hours at her loom every day. She wove cloth so fine and smooth that everyone admired it. At last she became so skillful that she wove pictures of men and women, birds and beasts.

Arachne would have been loved by everyone if she had not had one very sad fault. She thought that no one could weave so well as she, and she often boasted of her skill. Now, no one likes a boaster,

and the other maidens were displeased by her proud words.

One day several of her companions were watching Arachne as she sat at her loom.

"Did you ever see such weaving as mine?" Arachne asked, without turning around. "When my shuttle flies, figures appear as if by magic. I can weave pictures of the gods as well as of men."

"Helena could weave as well as you, if she had practiced as long," said one of the girls.

"Helena?" said Arachne, scornfully. "Not even the goddess Minerva could equal my work."

Scarcely had she spoken when a bent old woman, leaning on a staff, hobbled into the room and stood beside her.

"What have we here?" asked the old woman, looking closely at Arachne's work.

"The finest weaving in all Greece," answered Arachne. "People come from far and near to watch me at the loom."

"Just now she was saying that Minerva herself could not equal her work," remarked one of the girls.

"Have a care, rash girl," said the old woman. "If you offend the goddess, you will surely be punished."

Tossing her head, Arachne turned from her work.

"I only wish that Minerva would give me a chance to prove my words. I would soon show her that I am a more skillful weaver than she is."

Suddenly the old woman straightened up. Her dark cloak fell off, and the maidens saw that the goddess herself was standing before them.

"Arachne, I am here," said Minerva. "Will you, who are only a girl, be so bold as to try your skill against the power of a goddess?"

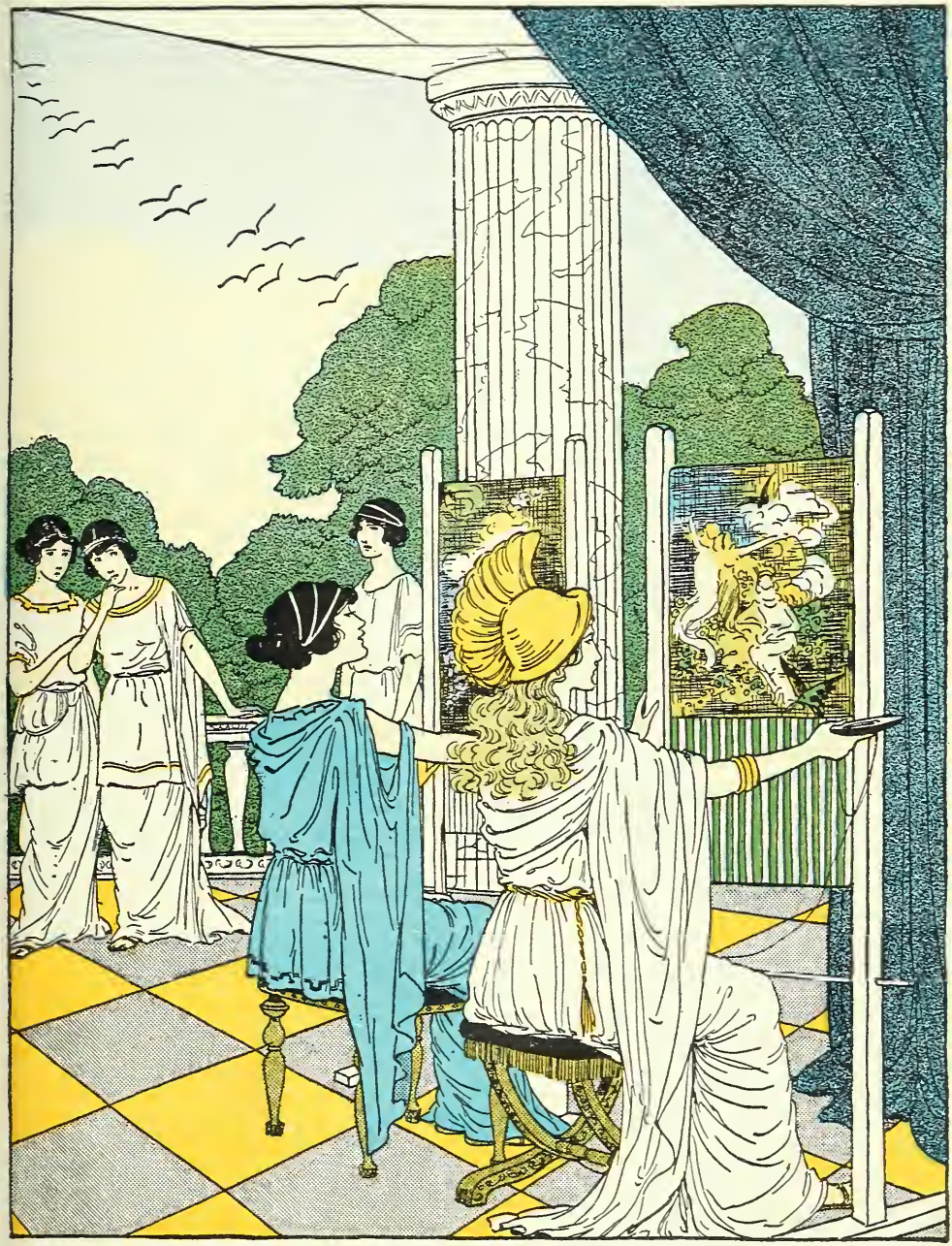
Arachne answered proudly, "Such a chance I have long wished for. If I fail, punish me as you like, O goddess."

At once they set to work—goddess and maiden—at two looms close together.

Silently Minerva worked; her gleaming shuttle flashed back and forth. Gods and men, trees and birds, appeared as if by magic, in the cloth. More and more eagerly the girls watched the picture grow. At last Minerva wove a butterfly which was so naturally colored that the watchers could not help crying out in their admiration.

Then the goddess stopped weaving, and all looked at Arachne's work. She, too, had woven a story, and wonderful indeed was the scene. But one glance at the magic cloth of Minerva showed that the girl was less skillful than the goddess.

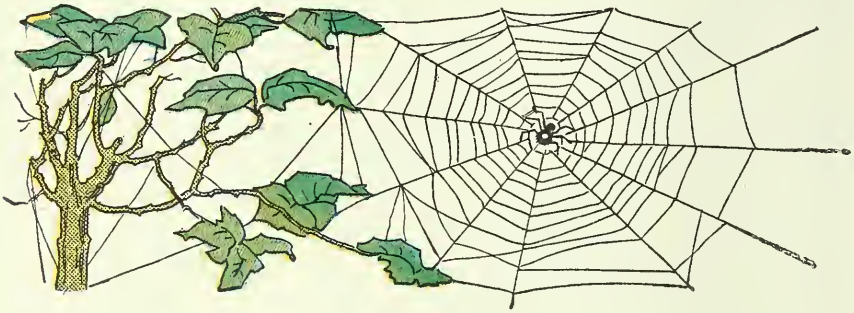
With a cry of shame, Arachne rushed from the room. She could not bear the thought that the other maidens had seen her defeat. In her pride she had boasted before them of her skill, and now she could not have them pity her.



Then Minerva spoke to the maidens who stood beside her, still looking in wonder at the beautiful picture she had woven.

"Never again shall you see your boastful companion, Arachne. As a punishment for her pride, she shall be changed to a spider. For ever and ever she shall spin and weave, spin and weave. Very beautiful webs shall she make, but never again shall she boast of her skill, or dare to say that her power is greater than Minerva's."

—Greek Legend.



THE POMEGRANATE SEEDS

Some Things to Find Out.—(*a*) How Proserpina was carried away; (*b*) Why she had to spend six months of each year with King Pluto.

I. PROSERPINA AND THE SEA NYMPHS

Mother Ceres was exceedingly fond of her daughter Proserpina, and seldom let her go alone into the fields. But just at the time when my story begins, the good lady was very busy, because she had the care of the wheat and the Indian corn and the rye and the barley, and, in short, of the crops of every kind all over the earth.

"Dear mother," said Proserpina, one day, "I shall be very lonely while you are away caring for the crops. May I not run down to the shore and ask some of the sea nymphs to come up out of the waves and play with me?"

"Yes, child," answered Mother Ceres. "The sea nymphs are good creatures and will never lead you into any harm. But you must take care not to stray away from them, or go wandering about the fields by yourself."

The child promised to be very prudent, and soon she was on the shore, calling to the sea nymphs to come and play with her. They knew Proserpina's voice, and

were not long in showing their glistening faces and sea-green hair above the water. They brought along with them a great many beautiful shells; and sitting down on the moist sand, they busied themselves in making necklaces, which they hung round Proserpina's neck. By way of showing her gratitude, the child begged them to go with her a little way into the fields, so that they might gather flowers, with which she would make each of her kind playmates a wreath.

"Oh, no! dear Proserpina," cried the sea nymphs; "we dare not go with you upon the dry land. We are

apt to grow faint unless at every breath we can snuff up the salt breeze of the ocean."

"It is a great pity," said Proserpina. "But do wait for me here, and I will run and gather my apron full of flowers, and be back again before the wave has broken ten times over you."

The young Proserpina ran quickly to a spot where only the day before she had seen a great many flowers, and found some that made her scream with delight. Her apron was soon brimming over with delightful blossoms. But a little farther on, what should she behold! It was a large shrub completely covered with the most magnificent flowers in the world.

"The darlings!" cried Proserpina, "It is really the most beautiful shrub that ever sprang out of the earth. I will pull it up by the roots and carry it home and plant it in my mother's garden."

Holding up her apron full of flowers with her left hand, Proserpina seized the large shrub with the other, and pulled, and pulled, and pulled, but was hardly able to loosen the soil about its roots. What a deep-rooted plant it was! Again the girl pulled with all her might, and the earth began to crack around the stem. She gave another pull; up came the shrub, and Proserpina staggered back, holding the stem in her hand, and gazing at the deep hole which its roots had left in the soil.

II. HOW KING PLUTO CARRIED PROSERPINA AWAY

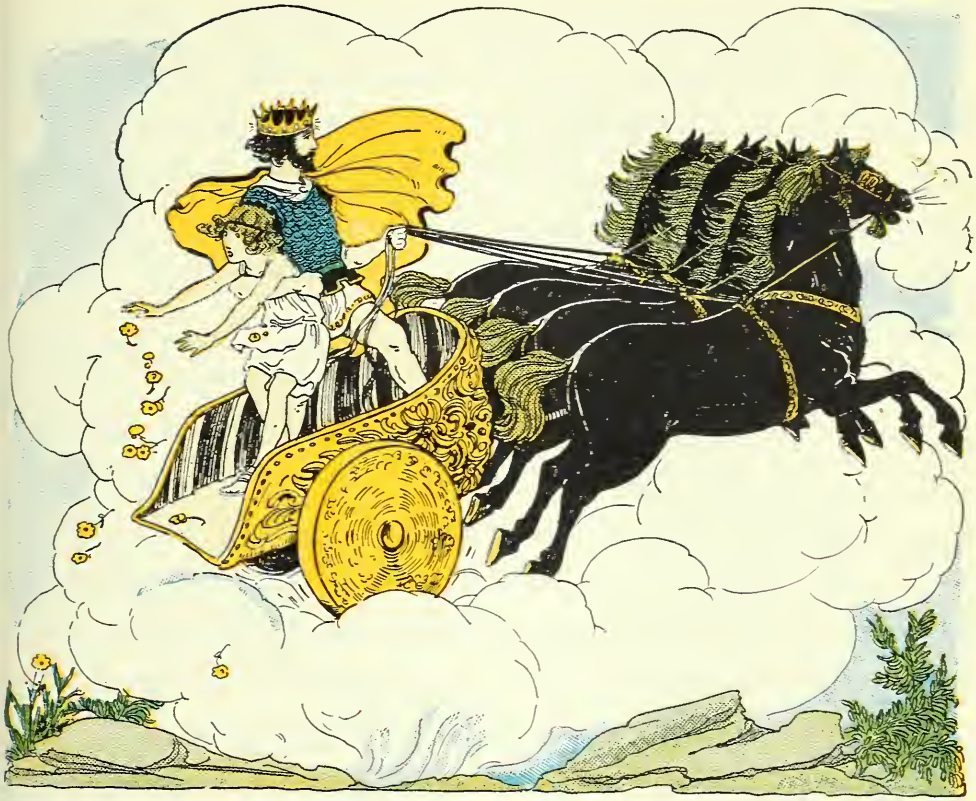
Much to her astonishment this hole kept spreading wider and wider and growing deeper and deeper, until it really seemed to have no bottom; and all the while there came a rumbling noise out of its depths, louder and louder, nearer and nearer. Too much frightened to run away, she soon saw a team of four black horses snorting smoke out of their nostrils and tearing their way out of the earth with a splendid golden chariot whirling at their heels. They leaped out of the bottomless hole, chariot and all; and there they were, tossing their long manes close by the spot where Proserpina stood.

In the chariot was a man richly dressed, with a crown on his head, all flaming with diamonds. He was rather handsome, but looked sullen and discontented; and he kept rubbing his eyes and shading them with his hand, as if he did not live enough in the sunshine to be very fond of its light.

As soon as this person saw the frightened Proserpina, he beckoned her to come a little nearer.

"Do not be afraid," said he, with as cheerful a smile as he knew how to put on. "Come! Will you not like to ride a little way with me in my beautiful chariot?"

But Proserpina was so alarmed that she wished for nothing but to get out of his reach. And no wonder. The stranger did not look good-natured, in spite of his



smile; and as for his voice, its tones were deep and stern. As is always the case with children in trouble, Proserpina's first thought was to call for her mother.

"Mother, Mother Ceres!" cried she, all in a tremble. "Come quickly and save me!"

No sooner did Proserpina begin to cry out than the stranger leaped to the ground, caught the child in his arms, and again mounting the chariot, shouted to the four black horses to set off. They immediately broke into so swift a gallop that it seemed rather like flying through the air than running along the earth. In a

moment Proserpina lost sight of the pleasant valley in which she had always dwelt. The poor child screamed, and scattered her apronful of flowers along the way; but Mother Ceres was a great way off, and could not hear the cry.

As they rode on, the stranger did his best to soothe her.

"Why should you be so frightened, my pretty child?" said he, trying to soften his rough voice. "I promise not to do you any harm. What! You have been gathering flowers? Wait till we come to my palace, and I will give you a garden full of prettier flowers than those, all made of pearls and diamonds and rubies. Can you guess who I am? They call my name Pluto, and I am the king of diamonds and all other precious stones. Every atom of the gold and silver that lies under the earth belongs to me, to say nothing of the copper and iron, and of the coal mines. Do you see this splendid crown upon my head? You may have it for a plaything. Oh! we shall be very good friends, and you will find me more agreeable than you expect, when once we get out of this troublesome sunshine."

"Let me go home!" cried Proserpina. "Let me go home!"

"My home is better than your mother's," answered King Pluto. "It is a palace all made of gold, with crystal windows; and because there is little or no sunshine there, it is lighted with diamond lamps. You

never saw anything half so magnificent as my throne. If you like, you may sit down on it, and be my little queen, and I will sit on the footstool."

"I don't care for golden palaces and thrones," sobbed Proserpina. "Oh, my mother, my mother! Carry me back to my mother!"

But King Pluto only shouted to his steeds to go faster.

"Pray do not be foolish, Proserpina," said he in rather a sullen tone. "I offer you my palace and my crown and all the riches that are under the earth; and you treat me as if I were doing you an injury. The one thing which my palace needs is a merry little maid to run upstairs and down and cheer up the rooms with her smile. And this is what you must do for King Pluto."

"Never!" answered Proserpina, looking as miserable as she could. "I shall never smile again till you set me down at my mother's door."

Just then she happened to cast her eyes over a great broad field of waving grain—and whom do you think she saw? Who but Mother Ceres making the corn grow, and too busy to notice the golden chariot as it went rattling along. The child gave one more scream, but was out of sight before Ceres had time to turn her head.

King Pluto had taken a road which now began to grow very gloomy. The trees and bushes that grew by

the roadside had very dismal foliage; and by and by, although it was hardly noon, the air became darkened like twilight. The black horses had rushed along so swiftly that they were already beyond the reach of the sunshine.

III. KING PLUTO'S WONDERFUL PALACE

Soon they reached King Pluto's palace. He alighted from the chariot, and taking Proserpina in his arms, carried her down a flight of steps into the great hall of the palace. It was splendidly lighted by large precious stones, which seemed to burn like so many lamps. And yet there was a kind of gloom in the midst of this enchanted light. It is my opinion that even King Pluto had never been happy in his palace, and that this was the true reason why he had stolen away Proserpina, in order that he might have something to love.

Pluto now summoned his servants, and bade them lose no time in preparing a banquet.

"I will neither drink, nor taste a morsel of food, even if you keep me forever in your palace," said Proserpina.

"I should be sorry for that," replied King Pluto, patting her cheek; for he really wished to be kind, if he had only known how. "You are a spoiled child, my little Proserpina; but when you see the nice things which my cook will make for you, your appetite will quickly come again."

Then, sending for the head cook, he gave strict orders that all sorts of delicacies such as young people are usually fond of, should be set before Proserpina. He had a secret reason for this, for when persons are carried off to the land of magic, if they once taste any food there, they can never get back to their friends.

Now if King Pluto had been cunning enough to offer Proserpina some fruit or bread and milk—which was the simple fare to which the child had always been accustomed—it is very probable that she would soon have been tempted to eat it. But he left the matter entirely to his cook, who considered nothing fit to eat unless it were rich pastry, or spiced sweet cakes—things which Proserpina's mother had never given her, and the smell of which quite took away her appetite, instead of sharpening it.

IV. HOW CERES SEARCHED FOR HER DAUGHTER

But now we must see what Mother Ceres has been about, since her daughter disappeared. She was half-hidden among the waving grain while the four black steeds were swiftly whirling along the chariot in which her beloved Proserpina was so unwillingly borne away. She heard the loud scream which Proserpina gave, just when the chariot was out of sight.

At the sound of Proserpina's shriek she started, and looked about in every direction, feeling almost certain

that it was her daughter's voice. She quickly left the field in which she had been so busy. Knowing that the child was fond of sporting on the seashore, she hastened thither as fast as she could, and there beheld the wet faces of the sea nymphs peeping over a wave.

"Where is Proserpina?" cried Ceres. "Where is my child? Tell me, you naughty sea nymphs; have you enticed her under the sea?"

"Oh, no! good Mother Ceres," said the innocent sea nymphs, tossing back their green ringlets, and looking her in the face. "We never should dream of such a thing. Proserpina has been at play with us, it is true; but she left us a long while ago, meaning only to run a little way upon the dry land, and gather some flowers for a wreath. This was early in the day, and we have seen nothing of her since."

Ceres scarcely waited to hear what the nymphs had to say, before she hurried off to make inquiries all through the neighborhood. But nobody told her anything that could enable the poor mother to guess what had become of Proserpina.

All night long, at the door of every cottage and farmhouse, Ceres knocked, and called up the weary laborers to inquire if they had seen her child; and they stood, half-asleep, at the threshold, and answered her pityingly, and begged her to come in and rest.

Thus Mother Ceres went wandering about for nine long days and nights, finding no trace of Proserpina,

unless it were now and then a withered flower; and these she picked up and put in her bosom, because she fancied that they might have fallen from her poor child's hand.

After many days of vain search, Ceres decided to seek the sun-god, Phoebus, who always saw everything that was going on all over the earth. At the end of a long journey she found him in the sunniest spot in the whole world.

"Phoebus!" exclaimed she, "I am in great trouble and have come to you for assistance. Can you tell me what has become of my dear child Proserpina?"

"Proserpina! Proserpina, did you call her name?" answered Phoebus, trying to recollect. "Ah, yes, I remember her now. A very lovely child, indeed. I am happy to tell you, my dear madam, that I did see the little Proserpina not many days ago. You may make yourself perfectly easy about her. She is safe and in excellent hands."

"Oh, where is my dear child?" cried Ceres, clasping her hands and flinging herself at his feet.

"Why," said Phoebus, "as the little damsel was gathering flowers she was suddenly snatched up by King Pluto and carried off to his palace. I have never been in that part of the universe; but the royal palace, I am told, is built of the most splendid materials. Gold, diamonds, pearls, and all manner of precious stones will be your daughter's playthings. My dear lady, give yourself no uneasiness. Proserpina, in spite of the lack of sunshine, will lead a very enviable life."

"Hush! Say not such a word!" answered Ceres. "What are all the splendors you speak of without affection? I must have her back again."

V. QUICKSILVER'S TRIP TO PLUTO'S PALACE

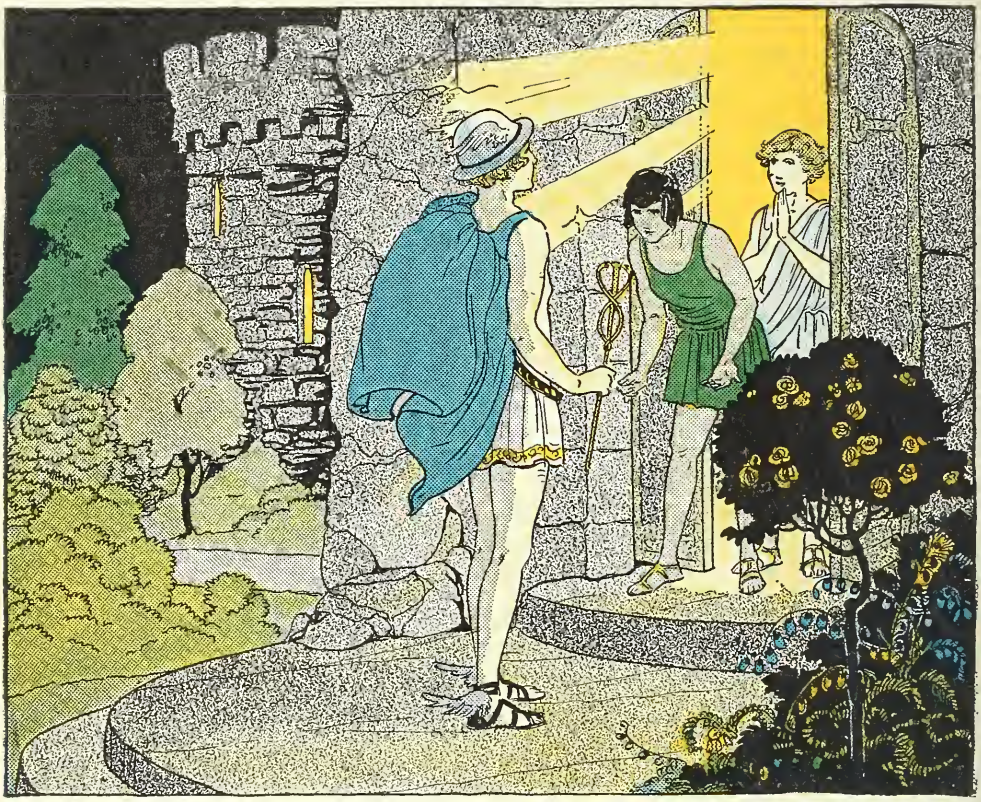
At length in her despair Ceres decided that not a stalk of grain nor a blade of grass nor a potato nor a turnip nor any other vegetable that was good for man or beast to eat should be allowed to grow until her

daughter was restored. She even forbade the flowers to bloom.

Now, as not so much as a head of asparagus ever poked itself out of the ground without the permission of Ceres, you may see what a terrible evil had here fallen upon the earth. The farmers plowed and planted as usual; but there lay the rich black furrows all as barren as a desert of sand. The pastures looked as brown in the sweet month of June as ever they did in chill November. It was really piteous to see the poor, starving cattle and sheep, how they followed behind Ceres, lowing and bleating; and everybody begged her to have mercy on the human race, and, at all events, to let the grass grow.

But Mother Ceres answered, "Never! If the earth is ever again to see anything green, it must first grow along the path which my daughter will tread in coming back to me."

Finally, as there seemed to be no other remedy, Quicksilver, the swift messenger of the gods, was sent in great haste to King Pluto, in hopes that he might be persuaded to undo the mischief he had done, and to set everything right again, by giving up Proserpina. Quicksilver stood at the door of the palace in a short time. The servants knew him both by his winged cap and shoes, and his snaky staff. He requested to be shown immediately into the king's presence; and Pluto, who heard his voice from the top of the stairs and who



loved to hear his merry talk, called out to him to come up. And while they settle their business together, we must inquire what Proserpina has been doing since we saw her last.

VI. HOW PROSERPINA TASTED THE POMEGRANATE

The child had declared, as you may remember, that she would not taste a mouthful of food as long as she should be compelled to remain in King Pluto's palace. How she had managed to do this, and at the same time to keep herself tolerably plump and rosy, is more than

I can explain. At any rate, it was now six months since she left the outside of the earth; and not a morsel had yet passed between her teeth. This was the more to be wondered at since King Pluto had caused her to be tempted, day after day, with all manner of sweetmeats. But her good mother had often told her of the hurtfulness of these things, and for that reason alone, if there had been no other, she would have refused to taste them.

All this time, being of a cheerful disposition, the little damsel was not quite so unhappy as you may have supposed. The immense palace, although somewhat gloomy, had a thousand rooms, and was full of beautiful and wonderful objects. Whenever the girl went among those gilded halls and chambers it seemed as if she carried sunshine along with her. After Proserpina came, the palace was no longer the dismal place that it had been before. The inhabitants all felt this, and King Pluto more than any of them.

"My own little Proserpina," he used to say, "I wish you could like me a little better. We gloomy persons have often as warm hearts as those of a more cheerful character. If you would only stay with me of your own accord it would make me happier than the possession of a hundred such palaces as this."

"Ah," said Proserpina, "you should have tried to make me like you before carrying me off. And the best thing you can now do is to let me go again. Then

I might remember you sometimes, and think that you were as kind as you knew how to be. Perhaps, too, one day I might come back and pay you a visit."

"No, no," answered Pluto, with his gloomy smile, "I will not trust you for that. You are too fond of living in the broad daylight and gathering flowers. What a childish taste that is! Are not these gems which I have ordered to be dug for you, and which are richer than any in my crown—are they not prettier than a violet?"

"Not half so pretty!" said Proserpina. "Oh, my sweet violets, shall I never see you again?"

And then she burst into tears. But young people's tears do not last very long, so that it is not to be wondered at if a few moments afterwards Proserpina was sporting through the hall almost as merrily as she and the sea nymphs had sported along the edge of the wave. King Pluto gazed after her, and wished that he, too, were a child. And little Proserpina, when she turned about, and beheld this great king standing in his splendid hall, and looking so lonesome, was seized with a kind of pity. She ran back to him, and, for the first time in all her life, put her small, soft hand in his.

"I love you a little," whispered she, looking up in his face.

"Do you, indeed, my dear child?" cried Pluto, bending his dark face down to kiss her. "Well, I have

not deserved it of you, after keeping you a prisoner for so many months, and starving you, besides. Are you not terribly hungry? Is there nothing which I can get you to eat?"

In asking this question the king of the mines had a very cunning purpose; for, you will recollect, if Proserpina tasted a morsel of food in his palace she would never afterwards be allowed to quit it.

"No, indeed," said Proserpina. "Your head cook is always baking, and stewing, and roasting, and rolling out paste, and cooking one dish or another which he imagines may be to my liking. But he might just as well save himself the trouble. I have no appetite for anything in the world unless it were a slice of bread of my mother's own baking or a little fruit out of her garden."

When Pluto heard this he began to see that he had mistaken the best way of tempting Proserpina to eat. Wondering that he had never thought of it before, the king now sent one of his trusty servants with a large basket, to get some of the finest and juiciest pears, peaches, and plums which could anywhere be found in the upper world. Unfortunately, however, this was during the time when Ceres had forbidden any fruits or vegetables to grow; and, after seeking all over the earth, King Pluto's servant found only a single pomegranate, and that so dried up as to be not worth eating.

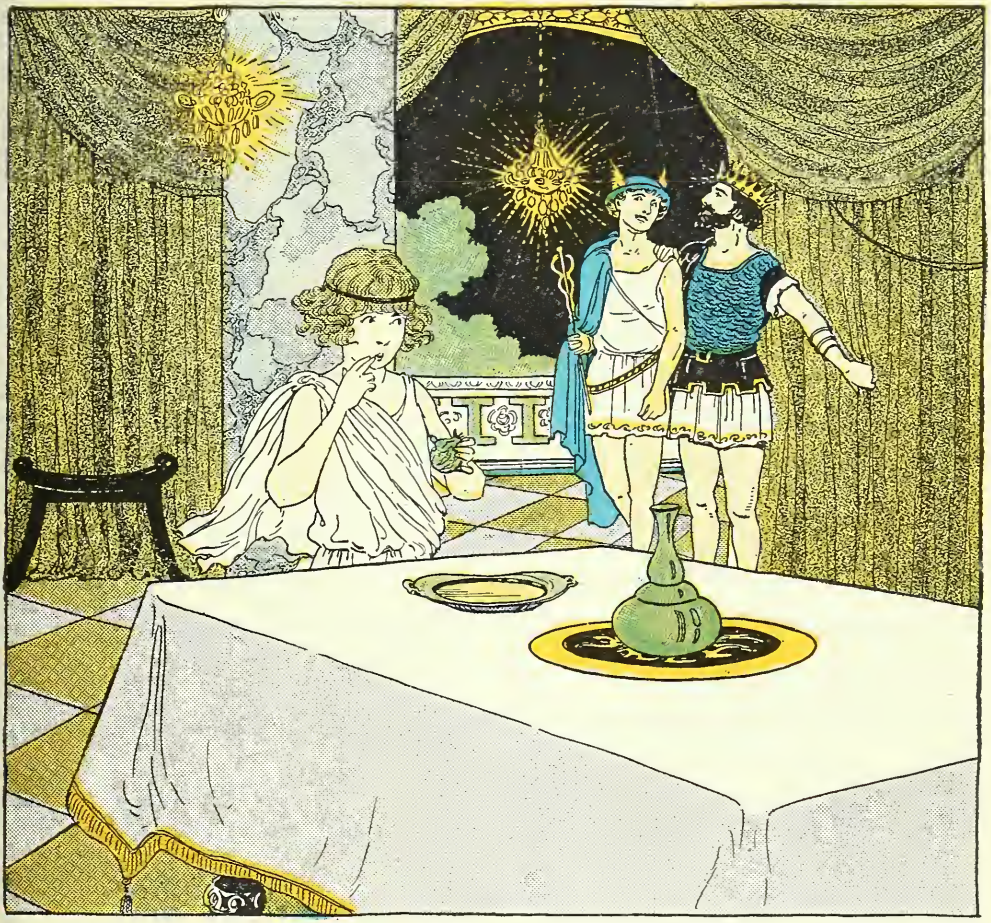
Nevertheless, since there was no better to be had, he brought this dry, old, withered pomegranate home to the palace, put it on a magnificent golden platter, and carried it up to Proserpina. Now it happened, curiously enough, that just as the servant was bringing the pomegranate into the back door of the palace, our friend Quicksilver had gone up the front steps on his errand to get Proserpina away from King Pluto.

As soon as Proserpina saw the pomegranate she told the servant he had better take it away again.

"I shall not touch it," said she. "If I were ever so hungry I should never think of eating such a miserable, dry pomegranate as that."

"It is the only one in the world," said the servant.

He set down the golden platter, with the withered pomegranate upon it, and left the room. When he was gone Proserpina could not help coming close to the table, and looking at this poor dry fruit with a great deal of eagerness; for, to say the truth, on seeing something that suited her taste, she felt all the six months' appetite taking possession of her at once. To be sure, it was a very wretched-looking pomegranate, and seemed to have no more juice in it than an oyster-shell. But there was no choice of such things in King Pluto's palace. This was the first fruit she had seen there, and the last she was ever likely to see; and unless she ate it up immediately, it would grow drier than it already was, and be wholly unfit to eat.



"At least, I may smell it," thought Proserpina.

So she took up the pomegranate and applied it to her nose; and, somehow or other, being so close to her mouth, the fruit found its way into that little red cave.

Dear me! what an everlasting pity! Before Proserpina knew what she was about, her teeth had actually bitten it. Just as this deed was done the door opened, and in came King Pluto, followed by Quicksilver, who had been urging him to let his little prisoner

go. At the first noise of their entrance Proserpina withdrew the pomegranate from her mouth. But Quicksilver, whose eyes were very keen, saw that the child was a little confused; and seeing the empty platter he suspected that she had been taking a sly nibble of something or other. As for Pluto, he never guessed at the secret.

VII. HOW KING PLUTO SET PROSERPINA FREE

"My little Proserpina," said the king, sitting down and affectionately drawing her between his knees, "here is Quicksilver, who tells me that a great many misfortunes have fallen upon innocent people on account of my keeping you in my kingdom. To confess the truth, I myself had already decided that it was a cruel act to take you away from your good mother. But, then, you must consider, my dear child, that this vast palace is apt to be gloomy, and that I am not very cheerful, and that therefore it was a natural thing to seek for the society of some merrier creature than myself. I hoped you would take my crown for a plaything, and me, grim as I am, for a playmate. It was a silly expectation."

"Not so extremely silly," whispered Proserpina. "You have really amused me very much, sometimes."

"Thank you," said King Pluto. "But I can see plainly enough that you think my palace a dusky prison, and me the iron-hearted keeper of it. And an iron

heart I surely should have, if I could detain you here any longer, my poor child, when it is now six months since you tasted food. I give you your liberty. Go with Quicksilver. Hasten home to your dear mother."

Now, although you may not have supposed it, Proserpina found it impossible to take leave of poor King Pluto without some regrets. She even shed a tear or two, thinking how lonely and cheerless the great palace would seem to him after she had departed. I know not how many kind things she might have said to the sad king of the mines, had not Quicksilver hurried her away.

"Come along quickly," whispered he in her ear, "or his majesty may change his mind. And take care, above all things, that you say nothing of what was brought you on the golden platter."

In a very short time they were once more upon the surface of the earth. It was delightful to behold, as Proserpina hastened along, how the path grew green behind and on either side of her. Wherever she set her blessed foot there was at once a dewy flower. The violets gushed up along the wayside. The grass and the grain began to sprout. The starved cattle immediately set to work grazing, after their long fast, and ate enormously all day, and got up at midnight to eat more. But I can assure you it was a busy time of year with the farmers, when they found the summer coming upon them with such a rush. Nor must I forget to say

that all the birds in the whole world hopped about upon the newly-blossoming trees, and sang together in great joy.

Mother Ceres, who had returned to her deserted home, was sitting sadly on the doorstep. Lifting her eyes, she was surprised to see a bright green color flashing over the brown and barren fields.

"What! Does the earth disobey me?" exclaimed Mother Ceres indignantly. "Does it dare to be green, when I have bidden it to be barren until my daughter shall be restored to my arms?"

"Then open your arms, dear mother," cried a well-known voice, "and take your little daughter into them." And Proserpina came running and flung herself upon her mother's bosom. Their great joy is not to be described.

VIII. WHAT CAME OF TASTING THE POMEGRANATE

When their hearts had grown a little more quiet, Mother Ceres looked anxiously at Proserpina.

"My child," said she, "did you taste any food while you were in King Pluto's palace?"

"Dearest mother," answered Proserpina, "I will tell you the whole truth. Until this very morning not a morsel of food had passed my lips. But today they brought me a pomegranate, and having seen no fruit for so long a time, and being faint with hunger, I was tempted just to bite it. The instant I tasted it King

Pluto and Quicksilver came into the room. I had not swallowed a morsel; but—dear mother, I hope it was no harm, but six of the pomegranate seeds, I am afraid, remained in my mouth."

"Ah, unfortunate child, and miserable me!" exclaimed Ceres. "For each of those six pomegranate seeds you must spend one month of every year in King Pluto's palace. You are but half-restored to your mother. Only six months with me, and six with that good-for-nothing king of darkness."

"Do not speak so harshly of poor King Pluto," said Proserpina, kissing her mother. "I really think I can bear to spend six months in his palace, if he will only let me spend the other six with you. He certainly did very wrong to carry me off; but then, as he says, it was but a dismal sort of life for him, to live in that great gloomy palace all alone; and it has made a wonderful change in his spirits to have a little girl to run upstairs and down. There is some comfort in making him so happy; and so, upon the whole, dearest mother, let us be thankful that he is not to keep me the whole year round."

—Nathaniel Hawthorne—Abridged.

PART II
FAIRY TALES AND LEGENDS

HELPS TO STUDY

The Goblin of the Wood

Questions to Test Silent Reading. 1. Where did the Wood Goblin live? 2. What form did he take when he was above ground? 3. How did Kitty and her husband treat the Wood Goblin when he came to their house? 4. Tell the story of Kitty's dream. 5. When she awoke the next morning, what did the Goblin offer her? 6. Why did she refuse the gift? 7. What gifts did Will ask of the Goblin? 8. Was Kitty satisfied with these gifts?

General Notes and Questions. 1. How did Kitty show that she was kind-hearted? 2. How did Will show that he was an honest woodman? 3. Would you know how to use a knapsack of gold wisely? 4. What would you do with it? 5. This story was written by Jean Ingelow, an Englishwoman; do you know any other stories she wrote?

Some Other Fairy Tales You Will Enjoy. "The Golden Bird," "Briar Rose," and "King Thrushbeard" (in *Grimm's Fairy Tales*); "The Story of Fairyfoot," Browne (in *Granny's Wonderful Chair*); *The Adventures of a Brownie*, Mulock; *Lob Lie-by-the-Fire, The Brownies, and Other Tales*, Ewing.

The Wild Swans

Questions to Test Silent Reading. 1. How many sons did the king have? 2. Who changed them into wild swans? 3. Why? 4. Who was Elsa, and what did she decide to do to find the princes? 5. What did the old woman in the forest tell Elsa? 6. Tell what Elsa saw by the sea. 7. How did she know that the

swans were her brothers? 8. Where did Elsa's brothers take her? 9. How did they do this? 10. Where did they find a home for her? 11. What plan did the beautiful fairy give Elsa for saving her brothers? 12. Who found Elsa at the cave? 13. Where did the king take her? 14. Tell how Elsa saved her brothers at last.

General Notes and Questions. 1. This story was written by Hans Christian Andersen, a Danish writer, who was the son of a poor shoemaker. Name any other stories written by him that you have read. 2. How did Elsa show that she was a "wonderful" sister? 3. Which do you think was harder to do—to tread on the prickly plant or to keep silent for so many days? Why?

Some Other Andersen Fairy Tales You Will Enjoy. "The Emperor's New Clothes," "The Princess and the Pea," "The Tin Soldier," and "The Snow-Queen" (in *Andersen's Fairy Tales*).

The Monkey and the Turtle

Questions to Test Silent Reading. 1. Why did the turtle, and not the monkey, swim out for the banana stalk? 2. How had they agreed to divide it? 3. Why did the monkey break his promise? 4. What part of the banana stalk grew? 5. Who owned the part that grew? 6. What trick did the monkey play on the turtle when the bananas were ripe? 7. What trick did the turtle play on the monkey? 8. How did the turtle escape the punishment of being burned or cut to pieces? 9. What did the monkeys finally do with the turtle? 10. What did the turtle think of that kind of punishment?

General Notes and Questions. This story is one that the Filipino mothers tell their children. It is interesting to know that the stories told to children in many different countries are very much alike. The ending of "The Monkey and the Turtle" is very much like the ending of the Tar Baby story from *Uncle Remus*, by Joel Chandler Harris.

Some Other Fables and Folk-Tales You Will Enjoy. *The Talking Beasts,* Wiggin and Smith, and *Uncle Remus,* Joel Chandler Harris.

Salt

Questions to Test Silent Reading. 1. Why did Peter tell a story about salt? 2. Why was Ivan called "the Ninny"? 3. What kind of ships did the father give Ivan's brothers? 4. What kind of ship did he give Ivan? 5. What kind of cargo and sailors did Ivan have? 6. What did the wind do to his ship? 7. What did Ivan find on the island? 8. What did he do with the salt? 9. Where did Ivan sail with the salt? 10. Tell how Ivan sold his "goods" to the Czar. 11. Tell how the Princess sailed off on the ship. 12. How did Ivan comfort her? 13. Whom did Ivan meet on his voyage homeward? 14. What did the brothers do to Ivan? 15. How did he escape drowning? 16. How did Ivan reach home at last? 17. Who won the Princess? 18. How were the elder brothers punished?

General Notes and Questions. 1. "Ninny" means a foolish fellow; do you think Ivan was really a "ninny"? 2. Notice the seven parts into which the story is divided. Be prepared to tell the story with six of your classmates, each telling one of the parts.

Some Other Fairy Tales You Will Enjoy. "Cap o' Rushes," Armfield (in *Wonder Tales of the World*); "Little Daughter of the Snow," Ransome (in *Old Peter's Russian Tales*); "The Enchanted Island," Pyle (in *Twilight Land*).

How Fairies Came to the Indians

Questions to Test Silent Reading. 1. Who was Oweenee? 2. Who was Osseo? 3. How did Oweenee's sisters and their husbands treat Osseo? 4. What did the Evening Star do to Oweenee and Osseo? 5. Who were changed into birds? 6. What made the birds fall down from the sky? 7. What change took place then?

General Notes and Questions. 1. A great American poet, Henry Wadsworth Longfellow, wrote a poem about the Indian hero Hiawatha; this story is told in that poem. 2. Name any other poems written by Longfellow that you have read. 3. If you have memorized any of Longfellow's poems, recite them to the class.

Some Other Indian Stories and Poems You Will Enjoy. "The Star and the Lily" and "Peboan and Seegwun" (in *The Elson Readers, Book Three*); "Hiawatha's Childhood," Longfellow (in *Poems My Children Love Best of All*, Johnson); "Billy Bent and the Echo People," Linderman (in *Indian Old-Man Stories*); "The Fire-Bringer," Austin (in *How to Tell Stories to Children*, Bryant).

How the Bluebird Was Chosen Herald

Questions to Test Silent Reading. 1. What kind of herald did Springtime want? 2. What birds did he choose for his committee? 3. How was the chairman selected? 4. Why could not the committee choose the herald? 5. Which bird did not vote for himself? 6. Why did the committee go to the owl? 7. Tell how each bird except the bluebird praised himself. 8. What did the owl say about the first five birds? 9. What did the bluebird tell the owl about himself? 10. Why did the owl think that the bluebird should be the herald for Springtime?

General Notes and Questions. 1. Which of the birds mentioned in this story do you know by sight? 2. The next time you hear a bluebird, listen to his song to see if he seems to be saying, "Spring-is-here!"

Some Other Stories and Poems about Spring That You Will Enjoy. "How the Flowers Came," Stocking; "The Boy Who Discovered Spring," Alden, and "Why the Ivy Is Always Green," Bingham (in *The Emerald Story Book*, Skinner); "The Year's at the Spring," Browning, and "Robin's Come," Caldwell (in *The Home Book of Verse for Young Folks*, B. E. Stevenson); "A Lesson

of Faith," Mrs. Gatty (in *Parables from Nature*); "The Story of the First Snowdrops," Holbrook (in *The Book of Nature Myths*).

The Fairies

Some Other Fairy Poems You Will Enjoy. "The Little Land," Stevenson (in *A Child's Garden of Verses*); "The Fairies' Shopping," Deland, "The Fairy Folk," Bird, and "Queen Mab," Hood (all in *The Home Book of Verse for Young Folks*, B. E. Stevenson).

The Maiden Who Became a Spider

Questions to Test Silent Reading. 1. In what work was Arachne skillful? 2. What did she think of her own skill? 3. What goddess did she offend by her boasting? 4. Tell the story of the weaving contest. 5. Who won? 6. What happened to Arachne?

General Notes and Questions. 1. Minerva, who was sometimes called Athena, was the goddess of wisdom. 2. Arachne was a great boaster; do you think it is ever wise to boast? Give reasons for your answer.

Some Other Legends You Will Enjoy. "The Girl Who Was Changed into a Sunflower," "The Man in the Moon," and "The Linden and the Oak," Judd (in *Classic Myths*).

The Pomegranate Seeds

Questions to Test Silent Reading. I. *Proserpina and the Sea Nymphs.* 1. What work did Ceres do? 2. Who was Proserpina? 3. With whom was Proserpina playing one day? 4. Why did she leave her playmates? 5. Tell how she pulled up the strange shrub.

II. *How King Pluto Carried Proserpina Away.* 1. How did Proserpina happen to meet King Pluto? 2. Describe his chariot and horses. 3. How did he take Proserpina off with him? 4. How did he try to quiet her fears?

III. *King Pluto's Wonderful Palace.* 1. What food did King Pluto order for Proserpina? 2. What did Proserpina say about the food? 3. Why did King Pluto especially want Proserpina to eat some food?

IV. *How Ceres Searched for Her Daughter.* 1. Where did Mother Ceres first look for Proserpina? 2. What did the sea nymphs tell her? 3. Who finally told Ceres where Proserpina was?

V. *Quicksilver's Trip to Pluto's Palace.* 1. What did Ceres decide to do about the crops while her daughter was kept from her? 2. Why was Quicksilver sent to King Pluto?

VI. *How Proserpina Tasted the Pomegranate.* 1. Tell what you know about Proserpina's life in King Pluto's palace. 2. Why did she begin to feel more kindly toward King Pluto? 3. Tell how the pomegranate was brought to her. 4. Why did she bite it?

VII. *How King Pluto Set Proserpina Free.* 1. Why did King Pluto set Proserpina free? 2. What happened to the crops when she came back upon the earth?

VIII. *What Came of Tasting the Pomegranate.* 1. What happened to Proserpina because she had tasted the pomegranate? 2. How did Proserpina try to comfort her mother?

General Notes and Questions. 1. This is an old, old story which has been retold by Nathaniel Hawthorne, one of our great American authors. When the world was young, people believed that Ceres was the goddess of crops and that when Proserpina was with King Pluto, it was wintertime, and the earth was bare and brown. But when Proserpina came above ground, spring returned, and the world grew beautiful. It is a fanciful story that tells of the life of the seed, and the change of seasons. When next you see a big field of wheat, try to picture in your mind Ceres planting the seeds in the fall—which means the disappearance of Proserpina below ground. Then think of the seeds lying in the ground while Proserpina visits King Pluto.

And last, picture the growth of the seed in the spring, as Proserpina returns to her mother. 2. Why do you like this fanciful story? 3. Can you tell why the grains you eat for breakfast are called "cereals"?

Some Other Stories by Hawthorne You Will Enjoy. "The Sunken Treasure" and "The Miraculous Pitcher" (in *The Elson Readers, Book Four*); "The Paradise of Children" (in *A Wonder Book for Girls and Boys*).

REVIEW QUESTIONS AND PROJECTS FOR PART II

Questions. 1. You have perhaps noticed that the stories in Part II are quite different from those in Part I. Which do you like better, nature stories or fairy tales? 2. Which story in Part II did you like best of all? 3. Read aloud the poem you liked best; can you tell why you liked it best? 4. Choose the best reader in your class to read aloud the poem at the beginning of Part II (page 83). Can you shut your eyes and "go sailing far away"? If you can, you have learned how really to enjoy a fairy tale. 5. Look at the picture of the Indian Fairy-Folk on page 133. Try to write a short fairy tale about the fairies and the big yellow moon. 6. Look at the picture of Proserpina on page 169. Her face tells you something. What do you imagine she is thinking about? 7. Tell to the class the most interesting story that you have read from the lists given in the Helps to Study.

Projects. Have a fairy tale day at school. Be prepared to tell your favorite fairy tale, or to recite a fairy poem. Bring your favorite fairy tale book to school for the other children to see. The child who tells the best story can be crowned as Fairy King or Queen.

Silent Reading Test. The stories in Part II are fanciful tales that you should be able to read rapidly. It will be interesting to notice how much more rapidly you can read the stories in Part II than you were able to read the selections in Part I. (See Pupil's Record, p. 82.) Keep a record of your progress, using the form given below. Your teacher will select five questions on the story to see how well you remember it.

PUPIL'S RECORD

Name.....Grade.....

Date	Story	Speed	What I Remembered
	The Wild Swans Total number words, 1698.	1. Number of minutes needed for reading the story..... 2. Number of words read per minute....	Twenty points for each of five questions correctly answered.

I pledge my allegiance to this flag of the United States and to the Republic for which it stands; one nation, indivisible, with liberty and justice to all.

—The Flag Salute

THE POWDER CANDLE

Something to Find Out.—How the powder candle saved Grandmother.

I. HOW THE POWDER CANDLE WAS MADE

When I was a boy I loved to watch my grandmother make her candles. She always did this work while sitting in a large chair before the open fire in the kitchen. With a big kettle of melted tallow by her, she patiently dipped the wicks into the tallow until the candles grew to the proper size.

The "powder candle" was a very special kind. It was made all by itself and was burned only on Christmas eve. A quill containing a little gunpowder was fastened to the wick, which was dipped into the melted tallow many times, until a very large candle was made.

On Christmas eve this powder candle was lighted. What an exciting time we had, sitting around the big fire-place, telling stories and roasting apples while waiting for it to "go off"! Then *my* grandmother would always tell us a story about *her* grandmother who lived long ago in the days of the Pilgrims.

This is the story as she told it to us.

II. WHY SQUAMMANY WAS ANGRY AT GRANDMOTHER

It was a good thing, one Christmas eve many years ago, that my grandmother's candle went off just when it did. For, as I have told you before, children, a powder candle once saved her life. She was a widow, you remember, and lived in the time of the Pilgrims, in the little village of Swansea. She had two children, named Mary and Benjamin.

My grandmother was a very kind-hearted woman, and was much liked by the friendly Indians, many of whom lived in the woods round about Swansea. She sometimes visited them when they were sick, and did many kind things for them.

One Indian named Squammany came to see her often. Unfortunately, Squammany had become a drinker, and would go from house to house begging for "hard" cider, as old cider was called. He would drink so much that he would become very drunk. Grandmother made up her mind that Squammany should have no more hard cider at her home.

So one day, when he appeared at her kitchen door and asked for his favorite drink, she said, "No, no, Squammany! Hard cider bad. Make Squammany drunk! Very bad!"

Then the Indian became very angry. "Ugh!" he said. "Me pay you. Indian war come soon. Big Indian fight your people. Me pay you. Ugh! Ugh!" And he hurried away through the woods.

Squammany spoke the truth. Soon an Indian war broke out, and the Indians killed many of the settlers; but my grandmother and her children escaped with their lives.

III. HOW THE POWDER CANDLE SAVED GRANDMOTHER

After a year, peace was declared, and once more the Indians became friendly. Nothing had been seen of Squammany for some time, and my grandmother began to feel quite safe.

When Christmas drew near, grandmother said to Mary and Benjamin, "I have made a fine, big powder candle this year, my dears. You may invite all the

other children of the settlement on Christmas eve to see it go off. We will celebrate both our peace with the Indians and the coming of Christmas."

Of course this made Benjamin and Mary very happy. They had not had much fun for a whole year, on account of their fear of the Indians.

Christmas eve came, a clear, still night, with a snow-covered earth, and a starry sky. Twelve or fifteen children were gathered in the great kitchen to see the candle "go off." Grandmother lighted it, and then put out the other candles. Soon Benjamin and Mary and their little guests were having a merry time. Apples were roasting on the hearth, and chestnuts were toasting in the ashes. Every time a chestnut popped, the children all jumped, thinking it was the powder candle. The candle sputtered once or twice, but it did not explode.

Suddenly, while the fun was at its height, a noise was heard outside, and the dog dashed around the room barking loudly. The door flew open, and in walked two Indians. One of them was Squammany.

"Ugh! Ugh!" grunted Squammany. "Me want cider. Go get Squammany cider. Go! Go!"

He sat down by the fire, close to the powder candle, while the other Indian stood by his chair. The frightened children huddled in a corner of the room.

My grandmother was much frightened, too; but,

of course, she didn't let Squammany know it. While she was wondering what to do, she passed apples and nuts to Squammany and his friend.

"Me no want apples," said Squammany, angrily. "White squaw get cider. Go! Go!"

Squammany warmed his big hands at the fire and looked around the room. What did he intend to do? No one knew. Still grandmother made no move to get the cider.

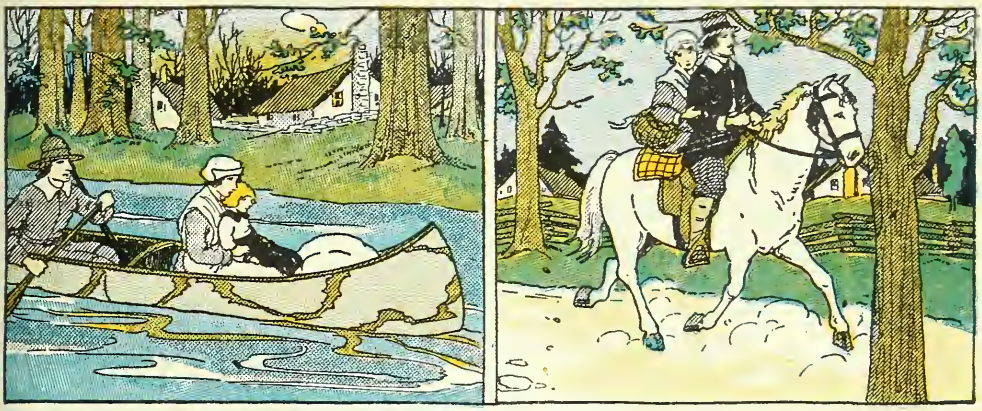
Then the big Indian rose from his chair and looked at my grandmother with a face full of hatred. "Ugh! Ugh!" he said. Then throwing back his blanket he showed his war hatchet. What he

intended to do no one ever knew. For just at that moment the powder candle went off with a loud bang! A stream of fire shot up to the ceiling. The room was filled with smoke and the odor of gunpowder. Even the ashes flew out of the fire-place. Grandmother had put too much powder in the candle!

"White man come! Run!" said Squammany to his companion. There was a shuffling of feet, as the two Indians ran for their lives. They thought that they had been discovered, and that the house was surrounded by white men.

When the smoke cleared away, grandmother relighted the candles, and the frightened children came out of the corner. As for Squammany, he was never seen in that neighborhood again. He had been frightened away by a powder candle.

—Hezekiah Butterworth—Adapted.



TRAVELING IN THE OLD DAYS

Read to Remember.—Read the story carefully to see how many facts about early traveling you can learn.

I. TRAVEL BY HORSEBACK

In the early days of our country, the settlers usually had to walk from one settlement to another. If there was a river, they might paddle in a canoe. Later on, the trails were improved so that horses could be used. Women and children usually rode on a pad or cushion behind a man. Sometimes two or three other horses followed, carrying the household goods of the family, or provisions for the journey.

One way of traveling, when there were not enough horses, was known as the "ride-and-tie" plan. If four men had only one horse, two of the four started

ahead on foot. The other two mounted the horse and rode about a mile past the two who were walking. Then they dismounted, tied the horse, and walked on. When the two travelers who had first started came to the waiting horse, they mounted and rode on about a mile past the two who were walking ahead of them. Then they dismounted, tied the horse, and again walked on ahead. In this way, all four rode half the distance, and the horse had a rest every few miles.

II. TRAVEL BY STAGE-COACH

After the Revolutionary War, the roads were widened and made better than the old trails. Then wagons and stage-coaches came into use. People traveled by stage-coach until the time of the railroads, and even later in some places in the West. The regular stage between New York and Philadelphia made the trip in two days, if the weather was good.

A passenger from Boston to New York thus describes his journey:

"The stage-coach was very old and shaky, and much of the harness was made of ropes. One pair of horses would carry us eighteen miles. We generally reached our resting-place for the night, if no acci-

dent happened, at ten o'clock. After supper we went to bed, with a notice that we should be called at three o'clock the next morning.

"At that early hour, even if it was snowing or raining, we travelers had to rise and make ready, by the help of a lantern or candle, to go on our way. The roads were so bad that we sometimes got out to help the coachman lift the coach out of the mud or a rut. After a week's hard traveling we reached New York."

On good days in the spring and summer, travel by stage-coach was not disagreeable. The horses were generally strong, and the coach rattled along fairly well. The driver had a long horn which he blew when he approached a stopping-place, to let the people know the stage was coming. The stops were frequent, and when the coach drove up to a tavern or inn, the passengers would get out for a meal, or to take a short walk.

Some of the main roads, called "turnpikes," were both smooth and beautiful. The way from Albany to Schenectady, New York, ran in a straight line, between rows of poplars, and there were many taverns along the road. Fresh horses were provided every ten miles; teams were changed in a few minutes; and with blowing of horn the coach would go merrily on its way. It was not unusual,

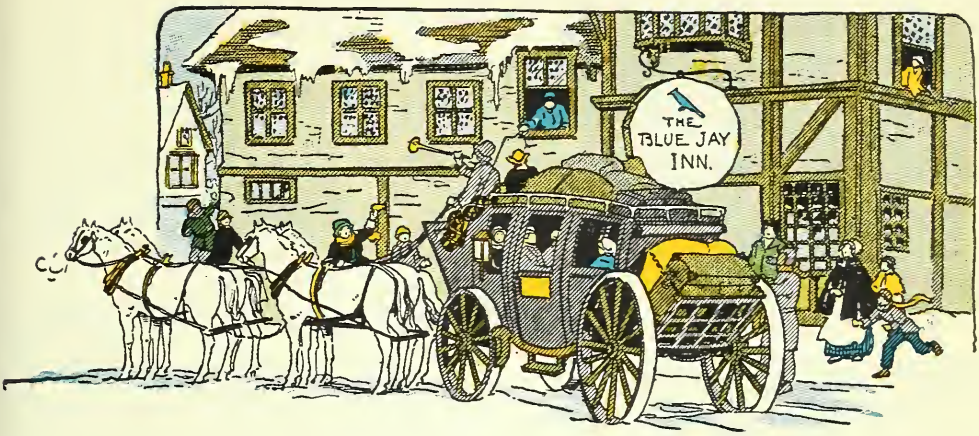
over the fine roads, to make one hundred miles in twenty-four hours.

But all the roads were not good ones; some of them were very bad, indeed. And all the weather was not springtime! In winter, on a rough road, a stage-coach was most uncomfortable. Since there was no way of heating it, the passengers had to endure hours of freezing cold; and there was much jolting over bad places.

Often the driver would call to the passengers to lean out of the carriage, first on one side and then on the other, to prevent it from over-turning. "Gentlemen, to the right," he would shout. Then all would rush to the right and lean out of the windows to balance the coach. "Now, gentlemen, to the left," he would call, and they would do the same thing on the left side.

III. THE INNS AND TAVERNS

There were cheery taverns and inns along the way, where the weary passengers could take their meals, get warm by the fire, or find a bed at night. The taverns furnished meals and light refreshments, but had no sleeping-rooms. The inns gave both food and lodging. The cooking was usually good, the food plentiful, and the beds comfortable. One can well



imagine how welcome these wayside inns were to the cold, hungry, and tired people when they drove up on a winter day and found a blazing fire in the big front room, a hot supper ready on the table, and warm beds to sleep in. What matter if the travelers did have to rise by candle-light, and go on their way!

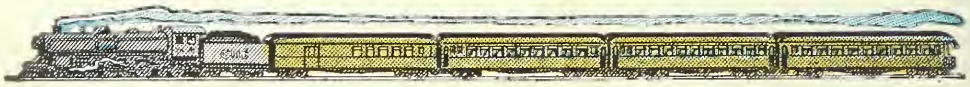
Many of the taverns had signs hanging outside, with very curious names upon them, such as "The Red Horse," "The Bear and Eagle," "The Anchor," and "The Blue Jay." The inn rooms were sometimes named, instead of being numbered as they are in modern hotels. Such names as the "Star Chamber," "Rose Room," "Sunrise Room," and "Blue Room" were common.

As one journeyed south, the roads were not so good and there were not so many inns, because few people traveled by stage-coach in the southern part

of the country. Most of the travelers went in their own carriages, or on horseback. But there were some coaches going over the rough highways, and it was the custom for the owners of plantations to invite the passengers to come into their homes for rest and food.

Gone is the old stage-coach, with its interesting history! Nowadays we speed at the rate of a mile a minute over smooth rails. We lie down to sleep in a Pullman car, and when we awake in the morning find ourselves several hundred miles farther on our journey.

—*Lawton B. Evans.*



LAETITIA AND THE REDCOATS

Something to Find Out.—Why the Redcoats did not destroy the village

I. WHY LAETITIA WAS WORRIED

Dame Wright had just taken the last loaves from the oven and was sweeping the ashes from the hearth. A robin outside was whistling gayly, and a long branch of lilac buds peeped in at the window. Suddenly a patter of flying feet sounded outside, the door was flung hastily open, and a little girl in a long blue cloak and hood burst into the sunny kitchen.

"Oh, oh, Grandmother!" cried the little maiden. "The British soldiers are crossing the valley, and Master Paxton saith they will camp here at nightfall! He saith that thou and Grandfather and I must hasten to leave at once. We shall have two of his horses, and go with him to the huts on the mountain-side!"

"Neighbor Paxton is a kindly man," said the old woman. "Calm thyself, Laetitia. When thou hast thy breath, run to the mill, child, and bid thy grandfather come. Alas, for these unhappy times, when the aged and children fly before the march of strong men!"

With a sad, anxious face, she began to make ready to leave, while Laetitia, hurriedly pulling her hood over her curls, sped down the path toward the mill. On the way she met her grandfather, an old man, feeble and bent.

"Laetitia," he said, when she had told him the news, "vex not thy grandmother this day with foolish terrors, but lend thy help like the willing little maiden that thou art, and remember that all things come from the hand of the Lord."

Laetitia glanced up at his face, as she said, "But will not the Redcoats rob the house of our goods and furniture, and perhaps burn our dear home, Grandfather?"

"I know not, Laetitia. So far my gray hairs have been spared, though this war hath taken the five boys, my five brave lads!" His voice shook. "But thou must be brave, Laetitia. Thou art all we have left."

"I will, then, Grandfather. Not another tear will I shed."

II. LAETITIA'S PLAN TO SAVE HER HOME

They entered the house, and found Dame Wright busily packing what she could into secret places, and piling up household treasures to be buried in the woods. Laetitia flitted about all day, her nimble little feet and clever head saving the old

people much of the work. While she was searching in a big closet upstairs for her grandmother's best cloak, her bright eyes fell on her grandfather's ink-horn and quill pen lying on some writing paper. As she had gone about from room to room, up and down the old house, more and more the fear had grown upon her that it was for the last time.

The thought that her grandparents would become poor and homeless filled her soft eyes with tears and caused her heart to throb. The ink and paper suggested a plan to her. She ran downstairs with the cloak, and finding that neither grandfather nor grandmother needed her just then, she returned upstairs and began to write.

The quill pen was new and the ink good. Slowly and thoughtfully the little fingers guided the goose-feather along the faint lines of one sheet. Then, just as carefully, she wrote the same words on a second sheet. When the task was finished, Laetitia raised her flushed face and looked at the papers with satisfaction, while hope shone in her eyes. This is what she had written:

"To the Redcoats: This letter is from Laetitia Wright, aged fourteen, who lives in this house with her grandparents. They are old and feeble folk, gentle and peaceful to friend and foe. I pray you, dear Redcoats, spare their home to them, and do not

burn or ruin their house. Perhaps thou hast a little maid like me in England, and old parents, too. Thou couldst not burn the roof from over their heads; and so with pity and mercy, spare ours! We leave you much to eat, and would leave you more, if our store of food were larger.

"Respectfully,

"Laetitia Wright."

Laetitia then folded each of the neatly written messages, tucked them into her pocket, and returned to her grandparents with a lighter heart. The last preparations were soon made, and they started off to join the other people in the little village. The plan was for all to go up the side of Orange Mountain to the log huts built there, in readiness for just such a time as this.

"Alas, my geese!" exclaimed Laetitia, when with tearful eyes the little girl and her grandparents had turned their backs on the low, white house. "My geese are still in the pen, Grandmother! Let me hasten back and turn them loose."

Permission was given her, and away she darted across the brook to the goose pen. There were her snow-white geese and the old gray gander. Quickly she opened the gate and drove them, honking and hissing, into the woods. Then pulling the papers from her pocket, she hastily slipped one below the

kitchen door, and fastened the other to the front-door knocker. The next moment she overtook her grandparents, and was soon mounted behind her grandfather in the little procession which wound slowly up the rough mountain road to shelter and safety.

III. HOW THE BRITISH ANSWERED LAETITIA

At sunset the British reached the village and occupied every building. The neat little Wright cottage soon rang with the loud shouts of the soldiers, and the tramp of heavy boots sounded on the clean floor.

At the front door Colonel Ross found Laetitia's note under the knocker, and read it, while a tall,

good-natured soldier spelled out the other in the kitchen. The officer looked long at the simple, childish writing, and his stern face softened.

"Thou'rt a bold little lass and a loving one," he said under his breath. "We should be hardhearted men, indeed, to destroy thy home after reading this."

He glanced at the little cottage so bravely pleaded for, and then across to the mountains, where a faint spring twilight was falling, and the young moon shone out pale and clear.

For a moment his thoughts wandered to his own English home, where that same moon would light up his little Cicely's window. His own little lass! There was a kind heart under the colonel's jacket.

Striding into the kitchen, he found a dozen men laughing at the other letter; and his orders soon went forth that nothing in the village should be taken except necessary food, and that no damage was to be done to goods or furniture.

Just as the men, hungry and tired, were searching for supper, along the brook came Laetitia's geese toward their pen.

A shout welcomed them, and they were quickly seized and killed—all but the gander. One young soldier had a knife raised to kill the squawking fowl, when he paused suddenly. "Mistress Laetitia, since this bird may be thine, I'll spare him out of courtesy," he said gayly, as he popped the old

gander into the open pen. So the gray gander escaped with his life.

The next night, at sunset, the bugles blew the marching-signal, and the sound echoed and reëchoed up the silent valley. It was heard on the mountain-side, where the people watched anxiously, fearing that they would see the red light of burning homes. But night fell, and no flames were seen.

Early the next morning the little band returned to the village. Instead of wailing and tears, shouts of joy and thanksgiving arose from every house. Dirt and disorder were everywhere, but not one broken chair or dish was found. Nothing was missing except some poultry and a few pigs. Even the dooryard flowers still budded unharmed. It would take only the work of a few days to make the village as tidy and pretty as before.

Laetitia's heart beat with thankfulness, but she kept silent. As the little family reached their own door she saw the lonely gander solemnly walking about the yard.

"Alas for the rest of the flock!" cried Dame Wright. "But what has the fowl on its neck? Such a burden I never saw on a gander before."

Laetitia sprang forward, and kneeling down, untied a little bag and a slip of paper from his neck. The bag clinked with coin, and a dimpled smile broke over her anxious face as she read the slip.

"Listen, dear Grandmother and Grandfather!" she cried, gleefully. "Here is a letter left by one of the soldiers."

"Sweet Mistress Wright,
We bid you good-night,
'Tis time for us soldiers to wander.
We've paid for your geese,
A penny apiece,
And left the change with the gander.

"Though Redcoats we be,
You plainly will see,
We know how to grant a petition.

With rough soldier care,
We've tried hard to spare
Your homes in a decent condition."

The note was signed by the colonel and a number of the soldiers. Then, in reply to her grandparents' questions, Laetitia shyly told them about the two letters which she had left at the doors of the cottage.

How grateful all the people of the little settlement were to Laetitia when they had heard the story. And how they praised her for her cleverness! As for Laetitia, she was the happiest person in the village.

"Perhaps," she said, as she tossed some corn to the old gander, "the Redcoats have hearts like ours, after all."

—*Lillian L. Price.*

AMERICA

I love thine inland seas,
Thy groves of giant trees,
    Thy rolling plains;
Thy rivers' mighty sweep,
Thy mystic cañons deep,
Thy mountains wild and steep,
    All thy domains;

Thy silver Eastern strands,
Thy Golden Gate that stands
    Wide to the West;
Thy flowery Southland fair,
Thy sweet and crystal air—
O land beyond compare,
    Thee I love best!

—*Henry van Dyke.*

THE LITTLE BOY WHO BECAME A GREAT SAILOR

Read to Remember.—Read the story carefully to see how many facts about John Paul Jones you can learn.

I. THE SCOTTISH BOY WHO CAME TO AMERICA

Many years ago there lived on the coast of Scotland a little boy whose name was John Paul. John's father was a gardener. He took care of the grounds of a wealthy Scotchman, whose lands sloped down to the sea. Very often the little Scottish boy followed his father as he did his daily work among the flowers and trees and shrubs. But more often John could be found on the seashore, watching the ships that sailed away until they seemed lost in the blue of the sky.

"A sailor's life must be a happy one," the little boy said to himself one day. "I shall ask my father to let me go to sea."

"What!" said the father, when his young son asked permission. "Who ever heard of a ten-year-old boy becoming a sailor?"

But John Paul begged so hard that at last, when he was only twelve years old, his father gave his consent. One summer day the little Scottish

lad sailed away on a ship called the *Friendship*, to become a sailor.

The *Friendship* was bound for America to bring back a load of cotton and tobacco to England. There were no steamboats in those days, and the *Friendship* was a slow sailboat which took eight weeks to cross the ocean. The wide-awake boy of twelve was interested in everything about sailing, and during those weeks he learned many things which he never forgot.

It happened that John's oldest brother, William, had moved to America several years before. He lived on a plantation in Virginia with a cousin whose last name was Jones. Of course John visited his brother while he was waiting for the *Friendship* to be loaded for the return voyage.

During this visit he learned to like plantation life in America, but he liked the life of a sailor still better. So he returned to England on the *Friendship*, and then for twelve years he sailed and sailed. He visited many different lands on many different ships.

At the end of that time he had become a little tired of the sea, and thought he would like to settle down in a home on land. Remembering his happy days in America on his first voyage, he decided to settle on a plantation in Virginia as his brother had done.

II. HOW JOHN PAUL JONES ENTERED THE NAVY

John Paul, who was now a young man of twenty-four, soon learned to love his new country. But he was not allowed to enjoy his home on land very long. It was just at this time that the people of the American Colonies had decided that they would no longer be ruled by the unjust King of England. They determined to be free and to have an independent country. So war was declared with England.

Thousands of soldiers hastened to join the army under General Washington, but there were very few sailors for the navy. John Paul at once decided to offer his services to his country. At this time, he took the name of his cousin, and called himself John Paul Jones. This name clung to him during the rest of his life.

There were only a very few ships in the navy at that time, and they were slow sailing-vessels. John Paul Jones was appointed flag-lieutenant on a sloop-of-war called the *Alfred*. The *Alfred* was the first American ship to have a flag, and John Paul Jones was the sailor who hoisted it. This was not the stars and stripes that we know today. It was probably a white flag with a pine tree in the center of it, which was one of the flags used when our country was young.

The *Alfred* and six other ships set out to sea to capture any English vessels they might happen to meet. In a few weeks' time sixteen vessels were taken—most of them loaded with tents, blankets, saddles, boots, woolen shirts, and guns, which could be used for the American army. The news of this success caused great joy in America, and John Paul Jones became widely known.

Shortly after this he was put in command of a vessel called the *Ranger*, which had just been launched at Portsmouth, New Hampshire. About this time Congress decided that the American flag should be made of thirteen red and white stripes with

thirteen white stars in a field of blue. Mrs. Betsy Ross made the first flag, and it was at once adopted by Congress.

When the *Ranger* was ready to sail, she had no stars and stripes to fly over her. Captain Jones wanted very much to have a flag.

"Well," said the girls of Portsmouth, "if Mistress Betsy Ross can make a flag, we can, too."

So they met for a "sewing bee," to which they brought their best silk gowns. In one afternoon they made from them a beautiful silk flag, of red, white, and blue, which they presented to Captain Jones. He hoisted the new flag on the *Ranger* on the Fourth of July, 1777, and at once sailed away to England to capture more ships.

An English warship called the *Drake* was sent out to fight the *Ranger* and her bold captain. But after a battle of one hour the *Drake* was so badly injured that she surrendered with all on board. This victory made John Paul Jones famous everywhere.

III. THE GREATEST SEA-FIGHT OF THE WAR

After this victory the daring captain was put in command of another warship which he named the *Bon Homme Richard.* When he left the *Ranger* he took with him the silk flag which the girls of Portsmouth had made for him, and hoisted it over his new vessel.

This ship fought the greatest naval battle of the war. One evening late in September, 1779, as Captain Jones was sailing near the coast of England, he met the *Serapis*, an English vessel, commanded by Captain Pearson. When the British leader saw the American warship, he said, "If that is John Paul Jones's boat, there's work ahead of us."

A crowd of people gathered on the shore to see the battle, for the ships were near the land. The *Serapis* was so much larger than the *Bon Homme Richard* that everyone expected to see John Paul Jones sail away. But to their surprise, they heard his voice ring out, loud and clear:

"Ship ahoy! Haul down your flag, *Serapis!*"

The English boat answered with a roar of cannon, and the great sea-fight had begun. The two vessels began to pour shot into each other. As they were close together, both were hard hit.

Soon night came on, and the two warships fought for three hours, side by side in the darkness. The poor old *Richard* was leaking so badly that she looked as if she would sink at any moment.

"Do you surrender?" shouted Captain Pearson.

"I haven't yet begun to fight," answered the bold John Paul Jones.

Not long after this, the two vessels, both much battered, floated side by side. Then the American captain and his brave seamen boarded the *Serapis*,

and forced Captain Pearson to haul down his flag. When the defeated captain gave his sword to John Paul Jones, the American leader said, "You have fought like a hero. I hope your King will reward you."

The next morning, Jones and his men, safe on board the *Serapis,* watched the *Bon Homme Richard* toss from side to side until she sank, with her silk flag still flying as a sign of victory.

After this success Captain Jones was known all over the world, not only as a famous hero, but as one of the greatest seamen in all history. When the war ended, Congress presented to him a gold medal in honor of his services.

The name of John Paul Jones will be remembered as long as the stars and stripes float over an American battleship.

THE OLD FLAG FOREVER

She's up there—Old Glory—where lightnings are sped;
She dazzles the nations with ripples of red;
And she'll wave for us living, or droop o'er us dead—
The flag of our country forever!

She's up there—Old Glory—how bright the stars stream!
And the stripes like red signals of liberty gleam!
And we dare for her, living, or dream the last dream
'Neath the flag of our country forever!

She's up there—Old Glory—no tyrant-dealt scars
Nor blur on her brightness, no stain on her stars!
The brave blood of heroes hath crimsoned her bars—
She's the flag of our country forever!

—*Frank L. Stanton.*

THE PONY EXPRESS RIDER

Read to Remember.—Read the story carefully to see how many facts about the Pony Express you can learn.

I. HOW THE MAIL WAS CARRIED

In the days when California was young, travel was so slow that it took at least a month for supplies from the cities of the Middle West to reach the settlers. The distance was about two thousand miles, and only rough trails marked the way across the plains and mountains. As California grew, the settlers needed some quicker way of sending money and letters back and forth.

About 1860 a company of men made a plan for sending this mail at a much faster rate than it had ever been handled before. The mail was to be carried from St. Joseph, Missouri, to Sacramento, California, by horsemen riding all the way at full speed.

The plan was that a man should mount a strong, swift pony, and dash fifteen miles along the trail. At the end of the fifteen miles there should be a station—a house with men in it who would have another pony ready. The horseman was to ride up to this station, jump to the ground with his bag of letters, mount the fresh pony, and rush along another fifteen miles to the next station.

Some of these stations were in settlements, some were in towns, but most of them were on the bleak prairies or in the hills of the Rocky Mountains. The distance each man carried the mail was about forty-five miles; that is, the man who rode one part of the two thousand miles, rode fifteen miles on one pony, fifteen miles on the second, and fifteen miles on the third. Then he gave his mail to another man and prepared for his return trip of forty-five miles. Within an hour he was ready for the rider who was bringing the mail from the other direction.

Sometimes the country was open and easy for riding. Sometimes it was up rocky mountain-sides or through forests, where the riding was hard. The work required men who had strength and endurance, and ponies that were sure-footed as well as swift. At times the men were obliged to ride twenty-five miles in an hour on flat country, to make up for slower going in the hills.

The letters were carried in mail-pouches, or bags, that hung over the saddle, and no rider was allowed to carry more than twenty pounds. In order to get as much mail within the twenty pounds as possible, letters were written on tissue paper. One Eastern newspaper printed a special edition on tissue paper. So, in the twenty pounds there were hundreds of letters. In fact, the paper was so thin that even a hundred letters made a package no larger than an

ordinary monthly magazine of today. For the trip west, the waterproof mail-pouches were locked at St. Joseph, Missouri, and were not opened until they had been delivered in Sacramento, California, two thousand miles away.

It was an exciting moment when the first pony was ready and saddled at the offices of the Pony Express Company in St. Joseph. A large crowd gathered long before the time set for starting, and when the pony was brought forth he was greeted with cheers. At the exact moment the mail carrier came out of the office, threw the pouch over the saddle, leaped on the pony, and dashed away at top

speed, followed by the cheers of the crowd. This first trip was started April 3, 1860. That journey took ten days for the two thousand miles, which was about two hundred miles a day. But in a short time the trip was regularly made in nine days.

II. BILL CODY'S ADVENTURE

At the time when the Pony Express was started, Bill Cody [afterwards known as "Buffalo Bill"] was only fourteen years of age. He felt that he must do something to earn money for his mother, who was in feeble health and who had all the family to support. Thinking that he would like to enlist as one of the Pony Express riders, he went to an office of the company and asked if he could be one of the mail carriers. They told him that he was too young, but he insisted that he could do the work. Finally they gave him the shortest trip, a ride of thirty-five miles with three changes of ponies.

When the time came for him to start on the first journey the boy stood with his pony ready, looking across the prairie for the rider who was to bring the mail-pouch from the next station. Just on time the man appeared. Drawing up to the station he jumped off, threw the bag to young Bill, who in turn leaped into his saddle and started on his fifteen-mile trip. He reached his first station on time, mounted a fresh pony which was standing ready, and

set out on the second relay. And so he went with the third, until he finished his thirty-five miles and threw the bag to the next man, who was waiting. As soon as he had the mail which was on its way from the opposite direction, he mounted a fresh pony and rode back over the same thirty-five miles.

Thus the boy rode seventy miles every day for three months. There was constant danger of a "hold-up" either from Indians or from white highwaymen, who knew that the bag frequently contained money. It was some time before the boy had any dangerous adventure, but at last he had an exciting experience.

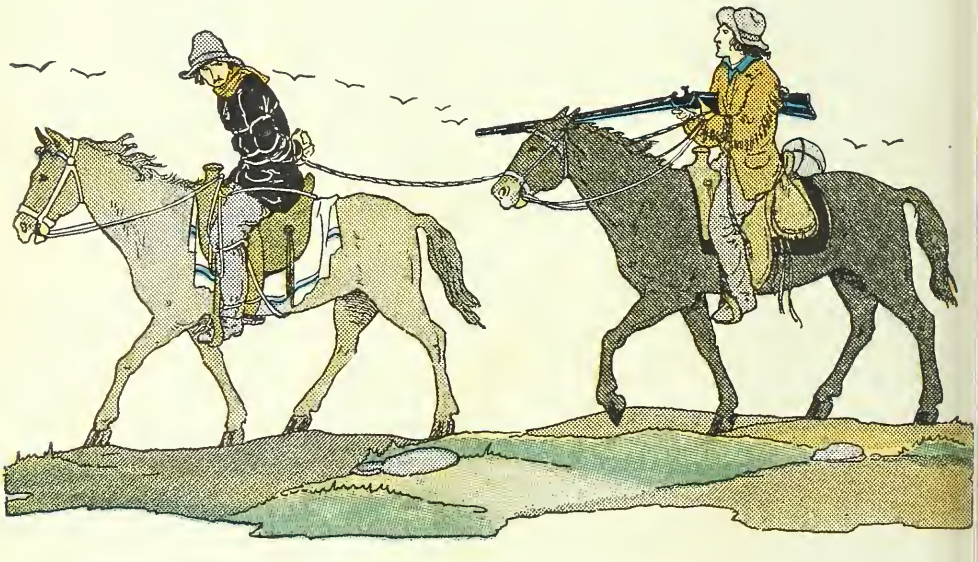
One day he was riding as fast as his pony could go, when there sprang out in front of him in the narrow track a man with a rifle at his shoulder. Young Cody was forced to halt his pony. The man told the boy that he meant him no harm, but that he wanted the money in the bag.

Cody could do nothing but sit quietly on his pony. But he kept a keen eye on the man, hoping for some chance to escape. The robber was careless enough to approach the pony from the front. When he got within reach, young Bill, by a trick well known among good horsemen, made the pony rear so suddenly that one of his forefeet struck the man in the head and knocked him senseless.

Bill knew that, somewhere near, the highwayman

had a horse. The boy dismounted, bound the man hand and foot while he was insensible, and then began to hunt for the horse in the bushes. He found him a short distance away, and when he returned, the highwayman had regained his senses. Unbinding his legs, Bill forced him to mount the horse, strapped him on, and made him ride ahead. Although the young Pony Express rider was late at the next station, the fact that he had brought in a robber and had saved his mail-pouch was a good excuse for the delay of the mail that day.

—*William F. Cody* (*"Buffalo Bill"*).



CHUMS*

Something to Find Out.—How Bob saved his chum.

I. THE FIRE AT THE SCOUT RALLY

In spite of their long and careful training, the members of Troop Five were excited when the night of the big Scout rally arrived. Each boy had dressed with unusual care, and most of them had reached the place of meeting some time before the hour named. From there they marched in good order to the old-fashioned frame building where the performance was to be held.

The entire third floor had been made into a large hall. Another troop was close at the heels of Troop Five, and in their hurry to get there first, the boys pushed and jostled one another on the narrow, twisting stairs. In the hallway above they paused to form in line, and at the word of command from Mr. Curtis, the scout-master, they marched into the brightly lighted room. Here they wheeled to the right and took their places at one side of the doorway.

The program began with a review and an inspection of the entire Scout body. After this, medals were awarded for special acts of merit. Then different

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* From *Under Boy Scout Colors*, by Joseph B. Ames, copyright by The Century Company; used by special permission.

boys showed what they could do in the way of signaling and giving first-aid to the injured.

Bob Gibson's place was directly in front of the closed double doors leading into the hall. He had scarcely taken it before he smelled something burning. For a moment he was uneasy; then he remembered that there was a register behind him, and decided that the janitor had probably thrown some rubbish into the furnace.

Soon he noticed a slight stir among the audience; the people in the front row seemed to be staring at his feet. He was sure that his shoes were polished, but he shot a quick glance downward. To his horror he saw coming through the crack under the doors a thin line of smoke. He thought of the crowd and of the narrow, twisting stairs. What ought he to do?

But others had seen, too. The youngest scout in the troop jerked open the door, letting in a great cloud of thick, black smoke. In a moment an older scout had slammed it shut, but the harm was done. Instantly the hundreds of people in the audience were on their feet and fighting to get to the door.

"Troop Five, prepare to form double riot wedge! One!" It was the voice of the scout-master, high and clear above all the confusion.

The boys formed.

"Two!"

"Three!"

The wedge held. The scouts kept the people back, while lines were formed leading to the windows and the fire-escapes. The firemen could be heard below, and soon a ladder was raised to one window.

The pushing stopped. People were all turning the other way to get to the windows. Bob took a long breath. Then he noticed that Ranny Phelps, whose place was beside his, had disappeared. He remembered that at the time of the greatest excitement Ranny had said something about water buckets. Bob waited with growing alarm, but Ranny did not come back. At last he slipped out of his place and went to seek his friend.

II. HOW BOB SAVED HIS CHUM

Through the smoke he felt his way. He stumbled over a chair; then he touched the wall and felt his way along it.

The smoke grew thicker, but in a moment he reached the coat-room. He remembered that earlier in the evening he had seen a row of red fire-buckets there. These must be what Ranny had come for. It was pitch dark, and the smoke was choking him. Carefully he took one step, then another. His foot struck something, and he fell forward over a body stretched out on the floor.

For a moment he thought it was all over. His head felt dizzy from the deadly smoke. Then the

thought came, "If I don't get out, Ranny won't, either"; and he bent all his strength to the task.

Somehow he got Ranny on his back and tied the unconscious boy's hands together under his chin. The smoke did not seem quite so thick down on the floor.

He reached the door and crawled through, carrying his helpless burden with him. Through the smoke the windows shone dimly. They looked a long way off. Under his body the floor felt hot, and the boards seemed to be moving. What if the fire should break through?

"Bob! Ranny! Where are you?"

It was Mr. Curtis's voice, and Bob's broke a little when he answered. In a moment the scout-master was beside him and lifting Ranny in his arms.

"Are you all right?" he asked as he hurried toward a window. Someone was standing there—someone who stepped out at Mr. Curtis's quick command and took Ranny.

"Now, Bob," said the scout-master, "you—"

The words were drowned in a crashing roar as the doors fell in. There was a sudden blinding burst of flame, a wave of scorching heat that seemed to burn into Bob's very soul. He flung up both hands before his eyes. Then two strong arms grasped him about the body and fairly whirled him through the window to the ladder.

"Catch hold and slide," commanded the scoutmaster. "Quick."

Then, as he had done many times in their fire-drills from the roof of Mr. Curtis's barn, Bob curled arms and legs about the ladder sides, shut his eyes, and slid. Part way down a blast of heat struck his face; but a moment later, hands caught him and held him up. He found himself standing on the ground, with firemen all around and the cool spray from a big hose drifting across him. He had scarcely time to step away when Mr. Curtis shot out of the smoke and came sliding down the ladder. A loud cheer of relief burst from the anxious crowd.

Bob blinked and drew the clean air into his lungs with long, uneven breaths.

"Where's Ranny?" he asked one of the boys.

"Over there."

Bob pushed his way across the street and up to the edge of the circle that some of the scouts had formed about a small group on the sidewalk. The boys opened to let him through, and he stood looking down on the white face of his friend. Two of the scouts were still working over the unconscious boy.

"Is he—" stammered Bob. "Will he—?"

One of the workers looked up and nodded.

"He'll be all right, soon."

Bob knelt down by the side of his chum. Suddenly Ranny's lids lifted, and the blue eyes looked

straight up into Bob's face. For a second there was no expression in them. Then something flickered into the glance that made Bob's heart leap and sent the blood tingling to the roots of his hair. A moment later Ranny's pale lips moved, and Bob bent over to catch the words.

"I knew—you'd come—chum," Ranny whispered.

—*Joseph B. Ames—Adapted.*

PART III
OUR COUNTRY

HELPS TO STUDY

The Powder Candle

Questions to Test Silent Reading. 1. When did Mary, Benjamin, and their mother live? 2. Who lived in the woods around the village? 3. How did their mother treat the Indians? 4. Why did Squammany become angry at her? 5. What did she make for the Christmas celebration? 6. Tell what happened at the Christmas eve party.

General Notes and Questions. 1. Tell how the powder candle was made. 2. Would you enjoy such a simple Christmas eve as the Pilgrim children had? Give reasons for your answer.

Some Other Stories about Early American Times That You Will Enjoy. "Two Brass Kettles," "The Indians and the Jack-o'-Lanterns," and "Two Little Captives," Pumphrey (in *Pilgrim Stories*); "How the Pioneers Kept House," Warren (in *Little Pioneers*); "A Brave Little Pioneer," Maule (in *Courageous Girls Retold from St. Nicholas*); "Little Puritans," Scudder (in *Colonial Stories Retold from St. Nicholas*).

Traveling in the Old Days

Questions to Test Silent Reading. 1. What was the first way the early settlers of our country traveled? 2. Explain the "ride-and-tie" plan. 3. Why could not the settlers use stage-coaches at first? 4. Tell what you can about a stage-coach ride in winter. 5. How was it different in summer? 6. Tell what you can about the inns and taverns. 7. Why is traveling easier now?

Some Other Stories about Traveling That You Will Enjoy. "Traveling Long Ago," (in *The Book of Knowledge*, Volume 19, page 6051); "Travel in Colonial Days," Chamberlain (in *How We Travel*); "Traveling by the Canal" (in *America First*, Evans).

Laetitia and the Redcoats

Questions to Test Silent Reading. 1. Why did Laetitia and her grandparents prepare to leave home? 2. What plan did Laetitia make for saving their home? 3. What did Laetitia do with her geese? 4. Where did the people of the village go, just before the British soldiers reached the village? 5. Tell what the British did when they read Laetitia's letters. 6. In what condition did the people find the village when they returned? 7. What did Laetitia find tied to the gander's neck? 8. What did the villagers think of Laetitia?

General Notes and Questions. 1. Laetitia wrote with a quill pen. How did quill pens differ from the pens we use? 2. Read one of the stories in the list below and tell it to the class.

Some Other Stories of the Revolutionary War That You Will Enjoy. "Belinda in the Fore-Room" and "The Bulb of the Crimson Tulip" (in *Revolutionary Stories from St. Nicholas*); "Lord Cornwallis's Knee-Buckles" (in *The Elson Readers, Book Four*).

The Little Boy Who Became a Great Sailor

Questions to Test Silent Reading. 1. In what country was John Paul Jones born? 2. How old was he when he went to sea? 3. Where did he go on his first voyage? 4. Why did he settle in America when he became tired of the sea? 5. What did he do when the Revolutionary War began? 6. What kind of flag did he hoist over his first ship, the *Alfred?* 7. What success did this ship have in capturing English vessels? 8. How did Captain Jones get a flag for his next ship, the *Ranger?* 9. What victory did Jones win while in command of the *Ranger?* 10. Tell of his greatest victory while commanding the *Bon Homme Richard.* 11. How was he honored by his country?

General Notes and Questions. 1. Bring to class pictures of warships in our present navy and compare them with pictures of ships in the early navy. 2. Bring to class pictures of early American flags and compare them with our present flag.

Some Other Stories of Great Americans That You Will Enjoy. *Stories of Great Americans for Little Americans,* Eggleston.

The Old Flag Forever

Some Other Flag Poems That You Will Enjoy. "The Flower of Liberty," Holmes (in *Flag Day*, Schauffler); "A Song for Flag Day," Nesbit (in *The Elson Readers, Book Four*); "The Flag Goes By," Bennett (in *The Home Book of Verse for Young Folks*, B. E. Stevenson).

The Pony Express Rider

Questions to Test Silent Reading. 1. Why was the "Pony Express" started? 2. Between what two states did the "Pony Express Riders" carry the mail? 3. How great was the whole distance? 4. About how far did each rider carry the mail? 5. How often did he change ponies? 6. How many pounds of mail did each rider carry? 7. How many days did the trip from Missouri to California take? 8. How old was Bill Cody when he became a Pony Express rider? 9. Tell the story of his adventure.

General Notes and Questions. Bill Cody afterwards became famous, and wrote an account of his own life (*The Adventures of Buffalo Bill*). This story is taken from that book. Read some other incident given in it, and tell it to the class.

Some Other Stories of the Pony Express That You Will Enjoy. "The Pony Men," Davis (in *St. Nicholas*, April, 1920); "The Pony Express," Wilson (in *The White Indian Boy*).

Chums

Questions to Test Silent Reading. 1. Where was the scout rally held? 2. Why was the hall a dangerous place for a meeting? 3. Why did the people rush toward the door? 4. How did the boy scouts save the people? 5. Tell how Bob saved Ranny.

General Notes and Questions. 1. Why was Bob Gibson a good scout? 2. Why did he crawl on the floor when he was carrying his chum through the smoke? 3. If you know of any boy scout who has been especially brave, tell the class about him.

Some Other Scout Stories You Will Enjoy. "The Live Wire," Ames (in *Under Boy Scout Colors*); "Boy Scout Life Savers," Perry (in *Boy Scouts' Year Book*, 1916).

REVIEW QUESTIONS AND PROJECTS FOR PART III

Questions. 1. Several stories in Part III are about life in the early days of our country. Name some ways in which life is very different now. 2. Compare the lighting of your home today with the candlelight of Grandmother's home. 3. How would you like to make a trip of twenty miles by the "ride-and-tie" plan? 4. What might you see on such a trip that you might miss if you rode over the same ground in a fast automobile? 5. How long does it now take to send a letter from New York to California? 6. Which story in the Reading Lists did you like best? 7. Be able to tell what the Flag Salute (page 183) means to you. 8. Explain how the picture on page 184 represents America from its early days to the present time.

Project. With crayons make a picture of three flags that our country has used at different times: (1) the Pine Tree Flag; (2) the first Stars and Stripes, having thirteen stars in a circle, and thirteen stripes; (3) the Stars and Stripes of the present day with correct number of stars.

Silent Reading Test. Keep a record of your reading ability, using the form given below. Your teacher will select five questions on the story to see how well you understand it.

PUPIL'S RECORD

Name.....Grade.....

Date	Story	Speed	What I Remembered
	The Pony Express Rider Total number words, 1187.	1. Number of minutes needed for reading the story..... 2. Number of words read per minute....	Twenty points for each of five questions correctly answered.

When the greenwoods laugh with the voice of joy,
And the dimpling stream runs laughing by;
When the air does laugh with our merry wit,
And the green hill laughs with the noise of it;

When the meadows laugh with lively green,
And the grasshopper laughs in the merry scene;
When Mary and Susan and Emily
With their sweet round mouths sing "Ha, ha, he!"

When the painted birds laugh in the shade,
Where our table with cherries and nuts is spread—
Come live and be merry and join with me
To sing the sweet chorus of "Ha, ha, he!"

—William Blake.

NAIL BROTH

Something to Find Out.—How nail broth is made.

I. THE TRAMP AND THE SELFISH OLD WOMAN

Once there was a tramp who was too lazy to work; so he thought he would walk around the world. He felt in his pockets and found a nail—nothing but a nail, and an old one at that.

"Oh, well," said he; "I have no money, but I have good wits. They will get me a meal, at least once a day, and a place to sleep at night, besides."

So he set out on his journey. At the end of the first day he found himself in a deep forest. Luckily he saw, not far ahead, a cottage with a light shining through the windows. This cottage belonged to a selfish old woman, who never gave anything to anyone. She always had plenty of food in her pantry, but she would not even keep a cat, because she was too stingy to feed it.

The tramp walked up to the door and knocked. When the old woman opened it, he said, "Good evening, Granny. Will you give a great traveler a bite of supper? I'm on my way around the world."

"Indeed I will not!" said the old woman. "I have scarcely enough food for my own supper. I've only a crust or two."

"Then," said the tramp, "it's very lucky for you that I happened along just at this time. You must be nearly starving, Granny. If you will let me come in and give me a pot of water, I'll make you a very fine broth. A man who is traveling all around the world learns many things that people who stay at home never find out."

"That is true," said the old woman. "If you know how to make fine broth with only a pot of water, you may come in, and welcome."

The tramp stepped into the clean little kitchen, and said, "Now get me a pot of water, Granny."

II. HOW THE TRAMP MADE NAIL BROTH

The old woman gave him a big iron pot, which he filled with water and hung over the fire. Then he took the nail out of his pocket and dropped it into the pot. You may be sure that the old woman stared with all her might.

"What kind of broth is this going to be?" she asked.

"Nail broth," said the tramp, as he began to stir it very rapidly with a big iron spoon.

"Nail broth!" said the old woman. "Who ever heard of such a thing!"

"Yes, nail broth!" said the tramp. "When it is properly made, it is a dainty dish, I can tell you."

"Well, I'm a pretty good cook, but I never heard of nail broth," said the old woman.

"That's because you've never traveled," said the tramp. "Of course, this broth would be much better if it had a few grains of barley in it. But then, I never worry about what I haven't got."

By this time the old woman was very curious. "I think I have a little barley," she said. Running to the pantry, she quickly brought a handful and dropped it into the pot.

The tramp stirred and stirred. By and by he looked at the old woman and said, "This nail broth would be good enough for you and me to eat right now. But of course a piece of salt beef and a few potatoes would make it just a little bit better. It would be fit for a fine company dinner."

The old woman's eyes glistened. "There is a piece of salt beef in the cupboard, and a dish of cold potatoes, too," she said. "We might as well put them into the pot. One doesn't have nail broth every day."

Soon the beef and potatoes were in the pot, and the tramp was stirring faster and faster. The old woman knelt by the fire and stared and stared.

"Dear me!" said the tramp, a few minutes later; "if I just had a bit of onion, this broth would be fit for the king. In fact, I once heard the king's cook say that the king always wanted onion in his nail broth. But then, since there is none in the house, we can do very well without it."

"Did you ever hear the like?" said the excited old woman. "If an onion is all that is needed to make this nail broth fit for the king's dinner, we won't worry about that."

She ran to the pantry and brought back a large onion, which the tramp cut up and threw into the boiling pot. Then again he stirred and stirred and stirred.

At last he said, "Nail broth is really very simple to make. But it takes much stirring. It is surely queer that you have never heard of it before."

Then he took the nail out of the pot, and put it into his pocket. The broth was ready to eat, and what a feast they had! It *was* fit for a king. And just think! It was made with only a nail—and a few other things.

If that tramp hasn't traveled around the world yet, no doubt he is still teaching stingy old women how to make nail broth.

— *Old Tale.*

GODFREY GORDON GUSTAVUS GORE

Godfrey Gordon Gustavus Gore —
No doubt you have heard the name before —
Was a boy who never would shut a door!

The wind might whistle, the wind might roar,
And teeth be aching and throats be sore,
But still he never would shut the door.

His father would beg, his mother implore,
"Godfrey Gordon Gustavus Gore,
We really *do* wish you would shut the door!"

Their hands they wrung, their hair they tore;
But Godfrey Gordon Gustavus Gore
Was deaf as the buoy out at the Nore.

When he walked forth the folks would roar,
"Godfrey Gordon Gustavus Gore,
Why don't you think to shut the door?"

They rigged out a shutter with sail and oar,
And threatened to pack off Gustavus Gore
On a voyage of penance to Singapore.

But he begged for mercy, and said, "No more!
Pray do not send me to Singapore
On a shutter, and then I will shut the door!"

"You will?" said his parents; "then keep on shore!
But mind you do! For the plague is sore
Of a fellow that never will shut the door,
Godfrey Gordon Gustavus Gore!"

— *William Brighty Rands.*

A MAD TEA-PARTY

Something to Find Out.—Why the tea-party is called "mad."

Place—In Wonderland

Persons:

ALICE	HATTER
MARCH HARE	DORMOUSE

[The March Hare's house is seen in the rear. It has chimneys shaped like ears, and a roof thatched with fur. A long table is set out under a tree in the yard, and the March Hare, the Hatter, and the Dormouse are seated at it, having tea. Although the table is laid for many, the Hare, the Hatter, and the Dormouse are crowded close together near one end, with the Dormouse between the other two. The March Hare and the Hatter are talking and resting their elbows on the head of the Dormouse, who is fast asleep. Seeing a big arm-chair at the end of the table next to the March Hare, Alice walks toward it, and starts to sit down. Up jump the March Hare and the Hatter, and shout together.]

MARCH HARE. }
HATTER. } No room! No room!

ALICE. [*Much surprised.*] There's plenty of room! [*She sits down in the arm-chair.*]

MARCH HARE. It wasn't very polite of you to sit down without being invited.

ALICE. I didn't know it was *your* table. It's laid for a great many more than three.

HATTER. [*Looking curiously at Alice.*] Your hair needs cutting.

ALICE. [*Crossly.*] You should learn not to make rude speeches.

HATTER. [*Opening his eyes very wide.*] Why is a raven like a writing-desk?

ALICE. [*Brightly.*] Now we shall have some fun asking riddles. I believe I can guess that.

MARCH HARE. Do you mean that you think you can find out the answer to it?

ALICE. Exactly so.

MARCH HARE. Then you should say what you mean.

ALICE. [*Hastily.*] I do — at least, at least I mean what I say. That's the same thing, you know.

HATTER. Not a bit the same! Why, you might just as well say that "I see what I eat" is the same thing as "I eat what I see"!

MARCH HARE. You might just as well say that "I like what I get" is the same thing as "I get what I like"!

DORMOUSE. [*Waking up for a moment, and talking in a squeaky little voice.*] You might just as well say that "I breathe when I sleep" is the same thing as "I sleep when I breathe"!

HATTER. [*Looking at the Dormouse.*] It *is* the same thing with you.

[They are all silent for a few minutes, drinking their tea. Then the Hatter takes a big watch out of his pocket and looks at it very anxiously. He shakes it hard and then holds it up to his ear.]

HATTER. [*Looking at Alice.*] What day of the month is it?

ALICE. [*After thinking a moment.*] The fourth.

HATTER. [*Looking angrily at the March Hare.*] This watch is two days wrong! I told you butter wouldn't suit the works of a watch.

MARCH HARE. [*Meekly.*] It was the best butter.

HATTER. [*Grumbling.*] Yes, but some crumbs must have fallen into the works, too. You shouldn't have put it in with the bread-knife.

[The March Hare takes the watch from the Hatter and looks at it carefully. Then he dips it into his cup of tea and looks at it again. Next he shakes it and puts it up to his ear. All this time the Hatter seems very angry. Alice then takes the watch from the March Hare and looks at it closely.]

ALICE. What a funny watch! It tells the day of the month and doesn't tell what o'clock it is!

HATTER. [*Rudely.*] Why should it? Does *your* watch tell what year it is?

ALICE. [*Promptly.*] Of course not; but that's just because it stays the same year for such a long time.

HATTER. Which is just the case with *mine.*

ALICE. [*Puzzled, but speaking politely.*] I don't quite understand you.

HATTER. [*Changing the subject suddenly.*] The Dormouse is asleep again! [*He pours a little hot tea on the nose of the Dormouse.*]

DORMOUSE. [*Shaking his head, but without opening his eyes.*] Of course, of course. That is just what I was going to remark myself. [*He goes to sleep again.*]

HATTER. [*Turning to Alice.*] Have you guessed the riddle yet?

ALICE. No; I give it up. What's the answer?

HATTER. I haven't the slightest idea.

MARCH HARE. Nor I.

ALICE. [*Somewhat angrily.*] I think you might do something better with the time than to waste it in asking riddles that have no answers.

HATTER. If you knew "Time" as well as I do, you wouldn't talk about wasting *it*. It's *him*.

ALICE. [*Very much puzzled.*] I don't know what you mean.

HATTER. [*Tossing his head in scorn.*] Of course you don't! I dare say you have never even spoken to Time!

ALICE. Perhaps not; but I know I have to beat time when I learn music.

HATTER. Ah, that explains it. Time won't stand beating. Now, if you'd only kept on good terms with him, he'd do almost anything you liked with the clock. For instance, suppose it were nine o'clock in the morning — just time to begin lessons; you'd only have to whisper a hint to Time, and round goes the clock in a twinkling. Half-past one, time for dinner!

MARCH HARE. [*Whispering to himself.*] I only wish it were.

ALICE. [*Thoughtfully.*] That would be very nice, certainly; but then — I shouldn't be hungry for it, you know.

HATTER. Not at first, perhaps. But you could keep it at half-past one as long as you liked.

ALICE. Is that the way you manage?

HATTER. [*Shaking his head mournfully.*] Not I. Time and I had a quarrel last March — just before *he* [*Pointing at the March Hare.*] went mad, you know. We were at a great concert given by the Queen of Hearts, and I had to sing:

"Twinkle, twinkle, little bat!
How I wonder what you're at!"

You know the song, perhaps?

ALICE. I've heard something like it.

HATTER. It goes on, you know, in this way:

"Up above the world you fly
Like a tea-tray in the sky.
Twinkle, twinkle, twinkle —"

DORMOUSE. [*Singing in his sleep.*] Twinkle, twinkle, twinkle, twinkle —

HATTER.
MARCH HARE. } [*Both punching the Dormouse.*] Stop! Stop! [*Dormouse stops singing, but keeps on sleeping.*]

HATTER. Well, I had hardly finished the first verse when the Queen bawled out, "He's murdering the time! Off with his head!"

ALICE. How dreadfully savage!

HATTER. [*Wiping the tears from his eyes.*] And ever since that, Time won't do a thing I ask! It's always six o'clock now.

ALICE. [*Looking around the table.*] Is that the reason so many tea-things are put out here?

HATTER. [*Sighing.*] Yes, that's it. It's always tea-time now, and so we have no time to wash the things between whiles.

ALICE. Then you keep moving around the table, I suppose?

HATTER. Exactly so; as the tea-things get used up, we move around to the next place.

ALICE. But what happens when you come to the beginning again?

MARCH HARE. [*Giving a loud yawn.*] Suppose we change the subject. I'm getting tired of this. I vote that the young lady tell us a story.

ALICE. [*Looking frightened.*] I'm afraid I don't know one.

HATTER. } Then the Dormouse shall tell us a story. Wake up, Dormouse!
MARCH HARE. } [*They pinch him on both sides at once.*]

DORMOUSE. [*Slowly opening his eyes.*] I wasn't asleep. I heard every word you fellows were saying.

MARCH HARE. [*Shouting at him.*] Tell us a story.

ALICE. [*Politely.*] Yes, please do.

HATTER. [*Rudely.*] And be quick about it, or you'll be asleep again before it's finished.

DORMOUSE. [*In a squeaky little voice.*] Once upon a time there were three little sisters, and their names were Elsie, Lucie, and Tillie, and they lived at the bottom of a well —

ALICE. [*Much interested.*] What did they live on?

DORMOUSE. [*After thinking a moment.*] They lived on treacle.

ALICE. They couldn't have done that, you know. They would have been ill.

DORMOUSE. So they were. Very ill.

ALICE. [*Looking puzzled.*] But why did they live at the bottom of a well?

MARCH HARE. [*Interrupting.*] Take some more tea.

ALICE. [*Crossly.*] I've had nothing, yet. So I can't take more.

HATTER. You mean you can't take *less*. It's very easy to take *more* than nothing.

ALICE. Nobody asked your opinion.

HATTER. [*Laughing at Alice.*] Who's making rude speeches now?

ALICE. [*Taking some bread and butter, and then turning again to the Dormouse.*] But why did they live at the bottom of a well?

DORMOUSE. [*Thinking a long time.*] It was a treacle well.

ALICE. [*Getting angry.*] There isn't any such thing!

HATTER. } [*Pointing their spoons at Alice.*]
MARCH HARE. } Sh! sh! sh!

DORMOUSE. [*Sulkily.*] If you can't be polite, you'd better finish the story for yourself.

ALICE. No, please go on. I won't interrupt you again.

DORMOUSE. And so these three little sisters — they were learning to draw, you know —

ALICE. What did they draw?

DORMOUSE. Treacle.

HATTER. [*In a loud voice.*] I want a clean cup. Let's all move on one place.

[With much noise, they move on. Alice unwillingly takes the place of the March Hare, who has upset the milk jug into his plate.]

ALICE. [*To the Dormouse.*] But I don't understand. Where did they draw the treacle from?

HATTER. [*Crossly.*] You can draw water out of a water-well, and so I should think you could draw treacle out of a treacle-well, eh! stupid!

ALICE. [*Much puzzled.*] But they were *in* the well.

DORMOUSE. Of course they were—well in. They were learning to draw — [*The Dormouse is rubbing his eyes, yawning, and getting sleepier.*] — and they drew — everything that begins with an "M." [*By this time the Dormouse is dozing, but the Hatter pinches him, and he wakes with a squeak and goes on with his story.*] — that begins with an "M" — such as mouse-trap, and the moon, and memory, and muchness — you know you say things are "much of a muchness." Did you ever see such — a — thing — as — a — much — of — a — muchness? [*He puts his head on the table and instantly falls sound asleep.*]

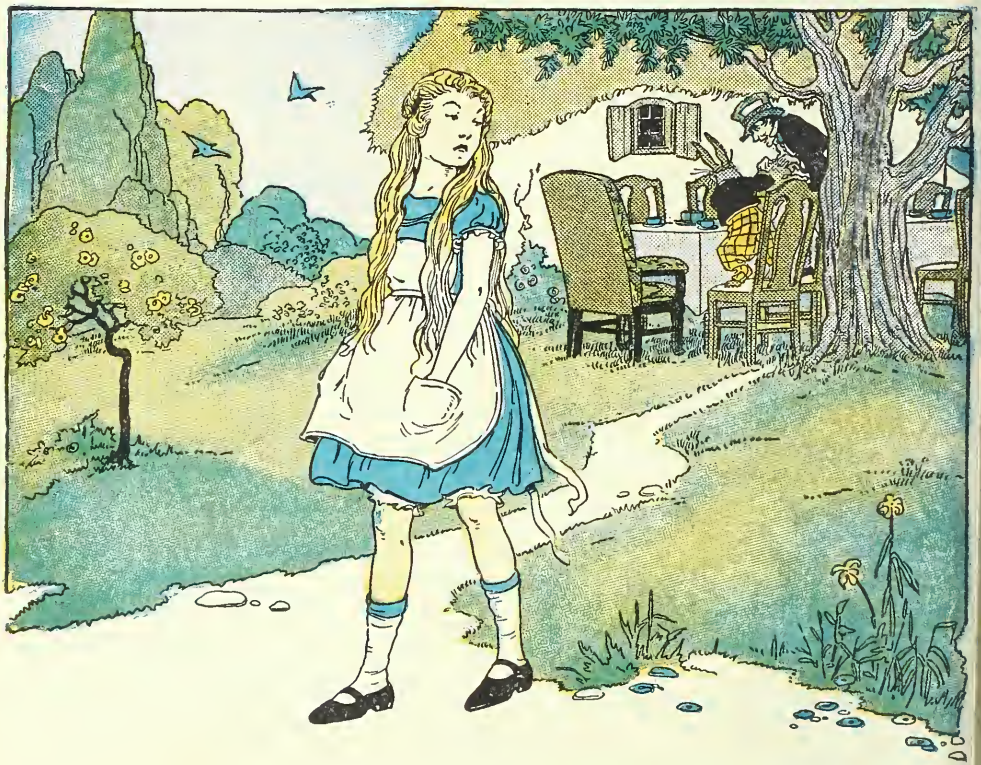
ALICE. [*Much puzzled.*] Really, now you ask me, I don't think —

HATTER. [*Rudely.*] Then you shouldn't talk!

[This rudeness is more than Alice can stand. She gets up and walks off in great disgust, the Hatter and the March Hare taking no notice of her. The last she sees of them, they are trying to put the Dormouse into the teapot.]

ALICE. [*In a disgusted tone of voice.*] At any rate, I'll never go *there* again. It was the stupidest tea-party I was ever at in all my life.

— *Dramatized from Lewis Carroll's*
"Alice in Wonderland."



THE NUTCRACKERS AND THE SUGAR-TONGS

Something to Find Out.—What became of the Nutcrackers and the Sugar-tongs.

The Nutcrackers sat by a plate on the table;
The Sugar-tongs sat by a plate at his side;
And the Nutcrackers said, "Don't you wish we were able
Along the blue hills and green meadows to ride?
Must we drag on this stupid existence forever,
So idle and weary, so full of remorse,
While everyone else takes his pleasure, and never
Seems happy unless he is riding a horse?

"Don't you think we could ride without being instructed,
Without any saddle or bridle or spur?
Our legs are so long and so aptly constructed,
I'm sure that an accident could not occur.
Let us all of a sudden hop down from the table,
And hustle downstairs and jump on a horse!
Shall we try? Shall we go? Do you think we are able?"
The Sugar-tongs answered distinctly, "Of course!"

So down the long staircase they hopped in a minute;
The Sugar-tongs snapped and the Crackers said, "Crack!"
The stable was open; the horses were in it;
Each took out a pony and jumped on his back.
The Cat, in a fright, scrambled out of the doorway;
The Mice tumbled out of a bundle of hay;
The Brown and White Rats and the Black ones from Norway
Screamed out, "They are taking the horses away!"

The whole of the household was filled with amazement;
The Cups and the Saucers danced madly about;
The Plates and the Dishes looked out of the casement;
The Salt-cellar stood on his head with a shout;
The Spoons with a clatter looked out of the lattice;
The Mustard-pot climbed up the gooseberry pies;
The Soup-ladle peeped through a heap of veal patties,
And squeaked with a ladle-like squeak of surprise.

The Frying-pan said, "It's an awful delusion!"
The Teakettle hissed and grew black in the face;
And they all rushed downstairs in the wildest confusion,
To see the great Nutcracker-Sugar-tong race.

And out of the stable with screaming and laughter —
Their ponies were cream-colored, speckled with brown —
The Nutcrackers first, and the Sugar-tongs after,
Rode all down the yard and then all round the town.

They rode through the street, and they rode by the station,
They galloped away to the beautiful shore;
In silence they rode, and made no observation
Save this: "We will never go back any more!"
And still you might hear, till they rode out of hearing,
The Sugar-tongs snap and the Crackers say, "Crack,"
Till, far in the distance, their forms disappearing,
They faded away, and they never came back.

— *Edward Lear.*

HIGH AND LOW

A Boot and a Shoe and a Slipper
Lived once in the cobbler's row;
But the Boot and the Shoe
Would have nothing to do
With the Slipper, because she was low.

But the King and the Queen and their daughter
On the cobbler chanced to call;
And as neither the Boot
Nor the Shoe would suit,
The Slipper went off to the ball.

—*John B. Tabb.*

THE HUSBAND WHO KEPT HOUSE

Something to Find Out.—What the husband learned about housework.

I. THE MAN WHO THOUGHT HOUSEWORK WAS EASY

Once upon a time there was a man who was so cross that his wife could never do anything to please him. He worked in the fields all day, and when he came home in the evening he would say, "Why don't you do some work? You sit around the house all day doing nothing, while I work hard in the fields cutting hay from sunrise to sunset."

His wife was very good-natured, but at last she grew tired of his scolding. One day she said, "My good man, don't be so cross. I will gladly exchange work with you. Tomorrow you may stay at home and do the housework, while I go out into the fields and mow the hay."

The husband agreed to this plan most willingly. He thought he would have a very easy time of it. "Housework is so simple," he said. "Anyone can do it."

The next morning the wife arose early and went out to the fields. She carried her husband's scythe over her shoulder, and sang happily as she walked along the road. "How pleasant it is to work out of doors in the sunshine," she said. "I hope my husband will enjoy the housework."

II. WHAT HE FOUND OUT ABOUT HOUSEWORK

After awhile, the husband rolled out of bed, thinking what an easy time he was going to have. "I wonder what I shall do first," he said. "Of course there is no need to hurry. I have plenty of time. I think I will make the butter for dinner." So he got the sour cream and the churn and set to work. He churned and churned, until his arms grew tired. "It takes a long time to make this butter," he said to himself. "I will rest awhile and drink a little cider, for I'm very thirsty."

He went down into the cellar to get the cider. Just as he had the barrel tipped up so that he could pour out a cool drink, he heard a great noise in the kitchen over his head. Bang! went the churn on the kitchen floor. In his fright he dropped the barrel, which rolled on its side until the cider ran all over the cellar.

This, of course, made him very angry. He did not stop to put the barrel on its end, but ran up the cellar steps as fast as he could. When he reached the kitchen he saw a sight that made him still more angry. The pig had upset the churn, and

was slipping and sliding all over the floor, trying to lick up the sour cream. The man drove the pig out of the door with a stick, and then ran to the cellar to get some more cream.

After he had come up from the cellar, he happened to remember that the cow was still shut up in the barn without food or drink. "It is too late to take her to the meadow," he said; "I'll just put her up on the roof of the cottage."

The roof was covered with sod, and so there was plenty of grass for the cow to eat.

Since the cottage was close beside a hill, the man thought he could lay a plank from the roof to the hill, and then lead the cow across to the roof. This he was able to do very easily, because the cow was hungry and wanted the green grass. "At least I've got her attended to," he said.

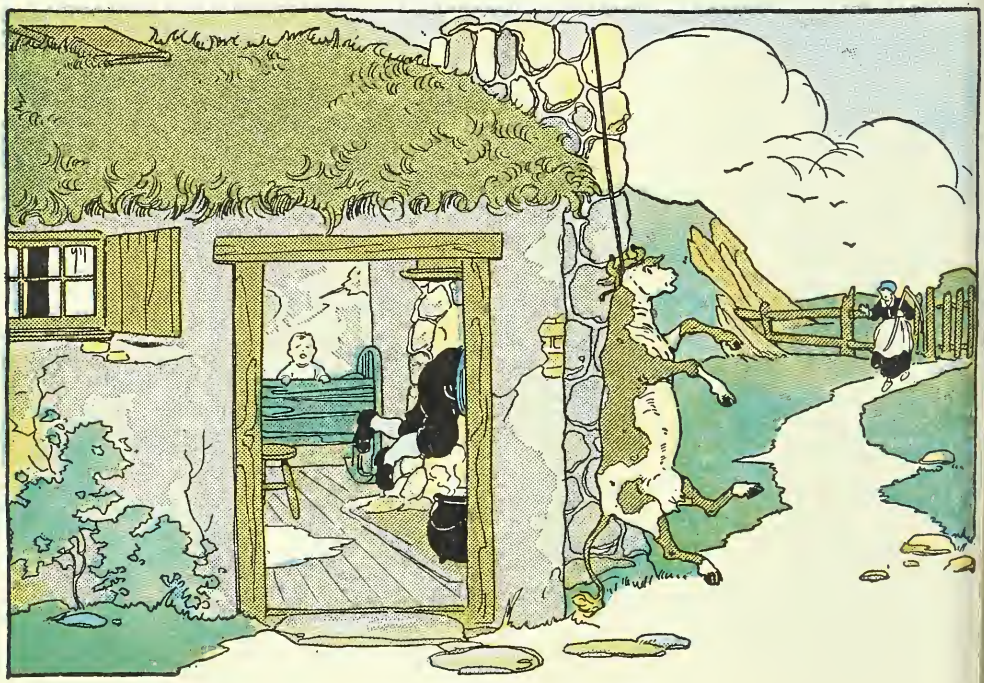
Then the man ran down to the kitchen to finish his churning. He put more sour cream into the churn and began to jerk the handle up and down as fast as he could. Suddenly he remembered that the cow might fall off the roof and be killed, which would be sad indeed.

So the husband left his churning once more and went to the barn, where he found a rope. Then he climbed to the roof of the house. He tied one end of the rope around the cow's horns, and the other end he dropped down the chimney. When he reached the

kitchen he tied the rope that hung down the chimney around his waist.

Scarcely had he done this when he heard a loud splash. The baby, who had been asleep in the corner, had awakened from his nap. Seeing the churn, he had crawled over and upset it. Cream and butter were everywhere!

The poor man did not have time to clean up the floor. It was nearly dinner time, and he knew that he must put the kettle of porridge on to cook for dinner. While he was stirring the porridge, the cow fell off the roof, and, of course, the rope dragged the man part way up the chimney. He dangled in the chimney, and the cow dangled from the roof.



They would have been dangling there yet; but just then the wife came home to dinner. When she saw the cow hanging by the horns, she took her scythe and quickly cut the rope. The cow fell down on her four feet, and the man fell from the chimney and landed with his two feet in the porridge pot.

The next day the husband picked up his scythe and went to the sunny field to mow the hay.

And no one has ever heard him scold since, or say that housework is easy.

— *Old English Tale.*

TIRED TIM

Poor tired Tim! It's sad for him;
He lags the long bright morning through,
Ever so tired of nothing to do;
He moons and mopes the livelong day,
Nothing to think about, nothing to say;
Up to bed with his candle to creep,
Too tired to yawn, too tired to sleep;
Poor tired Tim! It's sad for him.

— *Walter de la Mare.*

GUDBRAND ON THE HILLSIDE

Something to Find Out.—Why Gudbrand's neighbor gave him one hundred silver dollars.

I. GUDBRAND TRIES TO SELL HIS COW

Once upon a time there was a man named Gudbrand, who always made the best of everything. His farmhouse sat peacefully on the side of a sunny hill, and so he was called Gudbrand on the Hillside. There he and his wife and children lived very happily together.

Gudbrand always boasted that he had the best wife in all the world, and, as for his wife, she thought that whatever Gudbrand did was just exactly the right thing to do. There was never a cross word spoken in their house.

They had a small farm, two white cows, and a hundred dollars besides, which were hidden away in the bottom of an old wooden chest.

One summer day the wife said to Gudbrand, "We do not need two cows, my dear, but we do need a few shillings to jingle in our pockets. Of course, we must not touch the hundred dollars in the chest until we are too old to work. Why do you not sell one cow? Then there will be only one left to milk and feed and care for."

"That is wisely spoken," said Gudbrand. "I will go to town this very day."

But when he had driven one of his cows to town, he could not find anyone willing to buy her, though a very fine cow she was. "Ah, well!" said Gudbrand; "if nobody wants her I may as well take her home again. I've had a pleasant walk to town, and it will be just as pleasant going back."

II. GUDBRAND MAKES MANY TRADES

As he strolled whistling along the roadside, he met a man who had a horse to sell. "It is much better to own a horse than a cow," said Gudbrand,

"especially as I have another cow at home, anyway." So he exchanged the cow for the horse, and walked gayly homeward.

Very soon he met a man who was driving a black pig to town. "I really do not need a horse," said Gudbrand, to himself. So he exchanged his horse for the pig.

A little farther on the way he met a man driving a goat before him. "Why!" said Gudbrand, "I've never owned a goat in all my life." So he exchanged the pig for the goat.

He drove the goat along the road until he met a man with a sheep. "Surely a sheep is better than a goat," said Gudbrand, as he exchanged the goat for the sheep.

When he had gone on some distance, he met a man with a fat gray goose. "Well, well a-day!" said Gudbrand. "What a lucky man I am! I've always wanted a gray goose." So he exchanged his sheep for the goose. And when he had gone just a little farther, he exchanged the goose for a cock. "For," said he, "a goose is a stupid bird, after all."

It was then about mid-day, and Gudbrand began to feel hungry. Stopping at a farmyard gate, he sold his cock and bought some food for himself. "Why should I go hungry," he said, "when I can sell this fine cock for a sixpence?"

III. GUDBRAND'S NEIGHBOR MAKES A PROMISE

After eating a good dinner, he again set off homeward. At last he came to a neighbor's house and went in for a little visit.

"What luck in town today?" asked the neighbor.

"Only fair," said Gudbrand; "only fair. But then, one can't expect too much in this world."

In a few words he told the neighbor how he had traded a cow for a horse, a horse for a pig, a pig for a goat, a goat for a sheep, a sheep for a goose, a goose for a cock, and the cock for a sixpence, which he had used to buy himself some dinner.

"Whe-e-e-w!" said the neighbor, blowing out his breath. "I pity you, my good friend. A fine scolding you'll get from your wife, when you reach home tonight."

"Oh, it might have been much worse," said Gudbrand. "I've had a very pleasant day. Then besides, it really makes no difference whether I've had good luck or bad. I have such a kind wife that she never scolds or frets, no matter what I do."

"Tut, tut!" said the neighbor. "You can't make me believe that. I'll give you one hundred good silver dollars from my leather bag if your wife doesn't give you a piece of her mind tonight, and a big piece at that."

"Bring your leather bag to my house, good neighbor, and do you listen outside while I tell my wife of my doings this day," said Gudbrand.

"Aye! that I will," said the neighbor; and soon they stood outside the door of Gudbrand's cottage.

IV. GUDBRAND WINS THE HUNDRED DOLLARS

With a cheerful smile on his face, Gudbrand entered and said, "Good evening, my dear."

"Good evening," said his wife. "How happy I am to see you back safely! And did you fare well or ill in town today?"

"Oh, my luck was not very good," said Gudbrand. "Nobody wanted to buy a cow today, and so I exchanged her for a horse."

"Well, that's good news," said his wife. "Now we can drive to church instead of walking there in rain or shine. You made a good bargain, my dear. Run out, children, and lead this fine horse of ours into the barn."

"Wait a moment," said Gudbrand. "I didn't bring the horse home, for when I had gone on my way a little farther, I exchanged him for a pig."

"You don't say so!" said the woman. "How glad I am of that! There is nothing so good as a bit of bacon for breakfast. And I am sure it is much pleasanter to walk to church than to ride. People would only laugh at us, anyway, and say

that we had become too proud to walk. Run out, children, and drive the pig into the barn."

"Well, I haven't the pig, either," said Gudbrand, smiling sweetly; "I exchanged him for a goat."

"Oh, what a wise man you are," said his wife. "When I really think it over, what do I want with a squealing pig? A goat is far better. Now we can have both milk and cheese; and what fun the children can have with a goat. Go out, little ones, and lead him into the barn."

"Wait just a minute," said Gudbrand; "for I haven't the goat, either. When I met a man with a fine sheep, I exchanged the goat for it."

"Dear me!" said the wife. "How well you do manage everything. Just suppose you had kept the goat. I would have been climbing the hillside all day long, looking for him. Goats are such queer animals. A sheep is so much gentler. It will make a nice pet for the children, and we shall have its warm wool, besides. Run, children, and open the barn door for the sheep."

"Hold on, my dear. The sheep isn't there, either," said Gudbrand. "A little later, I exchanged it for a fine gray goose."

"Well, I do declare!" said the wife. "What a wonderful man you are. Each time you made a better bargain. What do I want with a sheep, when I can have a fat gray goose? I should hate to spin

the sheep's wool and knit it into caps and mittens. Now we can have plenty of goose fat, and a soft feather pillow instead of a straw one. Let us go out, children, and look at the fine goose."

"Well, I haven't the goose now, either," said Gudbrand. "When I was near a farmhouse I exchanged it for a handsome cock."

"Now, that is the best news of all," said his wife. "I couldn't have managed better if I had gone to town myself. I always oversleep in the morning; but now that we have a handsome cock to crow at dawn, I'll never oversleep again. And what is more cheerful than to hear a cock crow at sunrise?"

"Well, my dear wife, I'm sorry to tell you that I haven't the cock, either," said Gudbrand. "At noontime I became so hungry that I had to sell him for a sixpence to buy food. I was nearly starved after my long walk."

"How glad I am, my dear husband, that you were sensible enough to sell the cock for a good dinner," said his wife, with a kind smile. "Whatever you do always seems right to me. Now we can lie in bed as long as we want to in the mornings. I should hate to have a cock telling me just when I should get up. Come, children! Let us get father a nice, warm supper. Isn't it good to have him back with us again? How glad I am that he met with no harm on the way."

Just then the door flew open, and in walked the neighbor. Opening his leather bag, he counted out one hundred silver dollars, and gave them to Gudbrand.

"Well, I never!" said Gudbrand's wife.

— *Old Norse Tale.*

PART IV
JUST FOR FUN

HELPS TO STUDY

Nail Broth

Questions to Test Silent Reading. 1. Why was the tramp walking around the world? 2. What did he find in his pocket? 3. Where did he stop the first evening? 4. What kind of old woman lived there? 5. What did the tramp offer to make for her? 6. How did he begin to make the soup? 7. Name some other things that he put into it. 8. Was the soup a success?

General Notes and Questions. 1. This story is one of the old folk tales which have been told for many, many years. There is also a story of another stingy old woman, who would not give a poor man a cake. Do you remember what kind of bird she was turned into?

Some Other Funny Stories You Will Enjoy. "The Princess Whom Nobody Could Silence" and "The Squire's Bride," Asbjörnsen (in *Fairy Tales from the Far North*); "The Nutcracker Dwarf" (in *Good Stories for Great Holidays*, Olcott); "The Quick Running Squash," Aspinwall (in *Short Stories for Short People*); "The Three Sillies" (in *English Fairy Tales*, Jacobs).

A Mad Tea-Party

Questions to Test Silent Reading. 1. Where was the table set for the tea-party? 2. Who were seated at it? 3. Did they make Alice feel welcome? 4. Who was the rudest person there? 5. Why couldn't the Dormouse tell a good story? 6. What did Alice think of the party?

General Notes and Questions. 1. This story is taken from *Alice's Adventures in Wonderland*, by Lewis Carroll, a college professor who lived in England. He liked to write nonsense stories for children. He tells how Alice dreamed that she had

many wonderful adventures. "A Mad Tea-Party" was one of them. 2. Why was the tea-party called "mad"? 3. You will enjoy reading the whole story of *Alice's Adventures in Wonderland.*

To the Teacher. This story is better adapted for oral than for silent reading. Simple costuming helps the children to get the most enjoyment from it. Let them make a white cap out of cloth and fasten on it a pair of tall white ears for the March Hare, and a brown cap with small brown ears for the Dormouse. A piece of cardboard fastened around the crown of an ordinary hat makes a good headpiece for the Hatter. This simple "dressing up" enables the children to read with much spirit. Perhaps some children can memorize this play and give it before the school.

The Nutcrackers and the Sugar-tongs

General Notes and Questions. 1. This poem was written by a man who liked to write nonsense rimes and stories for children. Do you know any other poems by Edward Lear? 2. First read this selection just for the fun of it; afterwards look up in the Glossary any words or phrases that you do not know.

Some Other Nonsense Poems You Will Enjoy. "The Table and the Chair," Lear; "Mr. Finney's Turnip" and "The Plaint of the Camel," Carryl (in *The Home Book of Verse for Young Folks,* B. E. Stevenson).

The Husband Who Kept House

Questions to Test Silent Reading. 1. What did the husband think about housework? 2. What offer did the wife make? 3. What things did the husband try to do? 4. Tell about the troubles he had before his wife came home. 5. What did the husband learn from this experience?

General Notes and Questions. 1. This is another old folk tale. It was written just to make people laugh. It "pokes fun" at people who think their own work the hardest. 2. In some countries straw, reeds, or sods are used as a covering for the houses. Such roofs are said to be "thatched." Why do you suppose sod is used for roofs?

Gudbrand on the Hillside

Questions to Test Silent Reading. 1. Why was the man called Gudbrand on the Hillside? 2. What kind of wife did Gudbrand have? 3. What did she ask him to do? 4. What success did he have in selling the cow? 5. What did he exchange her for? 6. What were some of the other trades that he made? 7. Where did he stop on his way home? 8. What did the neighbor think of Gudbrand's success as a trader? 9. What did the neighbor think Gudbrand's wife would say? 10. What did Gudbrand think his wife would say? 11. What agreement did they make? 12. Tell how Gudbrand won the hundred silver dollars.

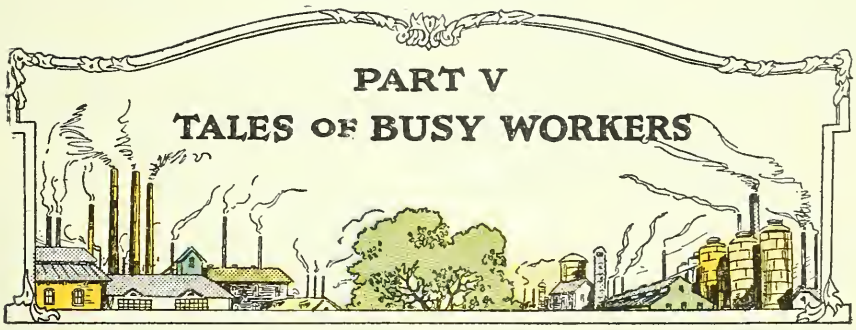
General Notes and Questions. 1. This folk tale is one that the mothers of Norway, Sweden, and Denmark tell their children. 2. Point out a sentence in the story that shows that Gudbrand's wife was wise and thrifty.

Some Other Norse Stories You Will Enjoy. *Popular Tales from the Norse*, Dasent; *Norse Stories*, Hamilton Wright Mabie.

REVIEW QUESTIONS AND PROJECTS FOR PART IV

Questions. 1. Which of the stories in Part IV did you think the funniest? 2. Who was the funniest character at the Mad Tea-Party? 3. Look at the picture on page 248; what does the expression on Alice's face tell you? What do you imagine she is thinking? 4. Which of the poems did you like best? 5. Why do you think "Tired Tim" was so unhappy? 6. Tell to the class the most interesting story you read from the list given in the notes.

Projects. 1. Let every child bring a funny joke, story, or poem to school. Get a large sheet of paper and make a "funny page" for your school-room. 2. Make a "funny book" of pictures, jokes, and amusing poems to give to a sick child.



If a task is once begun,
Never leave it till it's done;
Be the labor great or small,
Do it well or not at all.

—Phoebe Cary.

INDUSTRY

WHAT THE BOOTS TOLD DAVID

Read to Remember.—Read the story carefully to see how many facts about rubber you can learn.

I. WHY DAVID THREW THE BOOTS AWAY

One rainy November evening, David Gray, in rubber coat and boots, returned from a long tramp through fields and woodland. He had been looking for rabbit holes, possums, empty birds' nests, and all the other things that boys like to spy out. Dripping and muddy, he went into his father's barn. There he very carefully hung his rubber coat on a hook; but his rubber boots he pulled off and tossed into a corner with other rubbish that was waiting for the junk-man. "You good-for-nothing old boots," he said, "you leak so badly that I'll throw you away."

Then, putting on his old shoes, he dashed across the yard to the house and was soon stretched out before the big fireplace in the living room, to rest and dry off. The fire felt good after his chilly tramp, and in a few minutes David was so warm and comfortable that he fell asleep.

Suddenly, much to his surprise, he heard a soft, muffled tramp, tramp, tramp; and there on the hearth, near his head, stood his old rubber boots.

"Well, fellows!" said David, "how did you get here, and what do you want?"

"We followed you in," said the boots, "as soon as we could scrape off the mud. To tell you the truth, David," they continued, "we felt quite hurt at the way you tossed us aside; and we thought that perhaps if you knew more about us—where we came from and how we were made into boots—you would not throw us into a corner so carelessly."

David noticed that, although both boots seemed to be talking, he heard only one voice. "That's because they're twins," he thought to himself. Then aloud, he said, "Well, fellows, I'm sorry that I hurt your feelings, for you've served me faithfully for two years. Many pleasant tramps we have had together, and you have never complained of rough treatment. Do tell me all about yourselves. I love stories—especially true ones."

II. THE STORY THAT THE BOOTS TOLD DAVID

"Well, this story is true," said the boots, "every word of it. And it's interesting, too. Just take a look at us. We are black enough now, aren't we? But would you believe that the rubber from which we were made was once as white as milk?"

"That sounds surprising," said David. "Please begin at the beginning."

"The beginning goes pretty far back," said the boots. "You remember when Columbus discovered America, no doubt?"

"Oh, yes," said David. "That was in 1492."

"Well, a few years later, on his second trip, he landed on the island of Haiti. While there he saw many Indian boys playing with some queer black balls which they had made from the hardened juice of a tree. Columbus took some of these strange-looking balls back to Spain with him, but no one thought they were of any use. It was not until several hundred years later that the truth about them was discovered.

"Then people found out that in South America and other hot countries there grows a kind of tree which gives out a milky fluid when its bark is cut. This milky fluid is called rubber milk. The natives make little holes in the bark and catch this milk in small cups as it trickles through the holes.

"When they have milked a number of trees and have about a bucketful of rubber milk, they dry it out, because rubber milk, like cow's milk, spoils very easily.

"To keep it from spoiling, the natives make a fire out of doors, and then dry the milk by dipping up a small portion in a little shovel, and holding it in

the smoke of the fire. It quickly turns yellow and becomes hard. Again and again the shovel is dipped into the milk and held in the smoke, until the whole bucketful has been dried. This hardened rubber milk is called 'caoutchouc.' "

"That word sounds like a sneeze," said David, laughing.

"So it does," said the boots, "and many a sneeze would you have had if there were no 'caoutchouc' in the world. For this hardened juice of the rubber tree, with the name like a sneeze, is then shipped to countries all over the world. In big factories it is made into balls, dolls, erasers, rubber bands, garden hose, fire hose, automobile tires, rain coats, rubber boots, and many other things. So you see we are

great travelers, and came all the way from South America to keep your feet dry and comfortable."

"Indeed," said David, "I am very sorry I kicked you so thoughtlessly into the corner. I certainly appreciate all you've done for me, and I hope we shall part good friends."

"We shall always remember you kindly," said the boots. "Many thanks for your apology." Without another word, off they went, tramp, tramp, tramp, through the hall, through the dining-room, through the kitchen, and then bang! went the outside door.

"Well," said David, "they needn't have slammed the door like that."

"They!" said his father's voice behind him. "You must be talking in your sleep, Davy. I left the door open just now, and a gust of wind slammed it."

"Oh!" said David, looking rather foolish.

Then he sat up and gazed thoughtfully into the fire for a few moments. At last he turned to his father and said, "Father, may I have a new pair of rubber boots this year? Mine leak so badly I can't use them any longer."

"Yes, Davy," said his father. "The old ones lasted a long time, didn't they?"

"Yes," said David. "They surely were fine boots. But even good rubber won't last forever."

HOW NILS SAVED THE IRON-WORKS

Read to Remember.—Read the story carefully to see how many facts about iron you can learn.

[There was once a little boy named Nils who was changed into an elf. He was so small that one of his father's ganders carried him off upon his back. The gander flew up and joined some wild geese that were passing by. Nils had many wonderful adventures while traveling with his strange companions. But after a time a strong wind blew the little elf from the back of the gander. Down, down to earth he fell. When he looked about him, he found that he was in a deep hole in the ground. This hole was the home of a family of bears.

When Father Bear came home, he would have eaten the elf-boy at once, but Nils saved himself by his quick wit. How he did it you will learn from the following story.]

I. WHY FATHER BEAR DID NOT EAT NILS

Nils heard Father Bear coming down into the deep hole. A moment later the great beast caught sight of the frightened boy.

"I shall eat you at once!" roared Father Bear, opening his jaws wide.

But Nils was a quick-witted elf, and like a flash he dug into his knapsack for some matches. Then he struck one of the matches on his leather breeches and pushed it into the open mouth of the bear.

Father Bear snorted and put out the flame. The boy was ready with another match, but the bear did not repeat his attack.

"Can you light many of those little blue roses?" asked Father Bear.

"I can light enough to put an end to the whole forest," replied the boy, for he thought that he might be able to frighten Father Bear.

"Could you set fire to houses and barns?" asked Father Bear.

"Oh, that would be no trick for me!" boasted the boy.

"Good!" said the bear. "You shall do me a service. Now I'm very glad that I did not eat you!"

Father Bear carefully took the boy between his teeth and climbed up from the hole. As soon as he was out, he speedily made for the woods. Then he

ran along till he came to a hill at the edge of the forest, where they could see the big iron-works. Here he lay down and placed the boy in front of him, holding him firmly between his forepaws.

"Now look down at that big noise-shop!" he commanded.

II. WHY FATHER BEAR HATED THE "NOISE-SHOP"

The great iron-works, with many tall buildings, stood at the edge of a waterfall. High chimneys sent forth dark clouds of smoke, the furnaces were in full blaze, and light shone from all the windows. Within, hammers were going with such force that the air rang with their clatter. All around the workshops were immense coal sheds, wood piles, and tool sheds.

The boy gazed steadily at the iron-works. The earth around them was black; the sky above them was like a great fiery dome; while the buildings themselves were sending out light and smoke, fire and sparks. It was the grandest sight the boy had ever seen!

"Surely you don't mean to say you can set fire to a place like that?" remarked the bear.

"It's all the same to me," Nils answered. "Big or little, I can burn it down."

"Then I'll tell you something," said Father Bear. "My forefathers lived in this place from the time that the forests first sprang up. They gave me these

hunting grounds and these dens and hiding places, and here I have lived in peace all my life. In the beginning I wasn't troubled much by men. They dug in the mountains and picked up a little iron ore down here by the river; and they had a forge and a furnace, but the hammers sounded only a few hours during the day.

It wasn't so bad then; but these last years, since they have built this noise-shop, which keeps up the same racket day and night, life here has become unbearable. I thought that I should have to move away, but now I have discovered something better!"

Nils wondered what plan Father Bear had hit upon, but had no time to ask, for the bear took him between his teeth again and went on down the hill. The boy could see nothing, but knew by the increasing noise that they were coming near the rolling mills.

When Father Bear reached the work-shops he climbed to the top of a slag heap. There he sat on his haunches, took the boy between his forepaws, and held him up.

III. WHAT NILS THOUGHT OF THE IRON-WORKS

"Try to look into the house!" commanded Father Bear. Nils looked and saw a wonderful sight. Inside the iron-works was a big cylinder, filled with melted iron. Showers of sparks of all colors spurted up

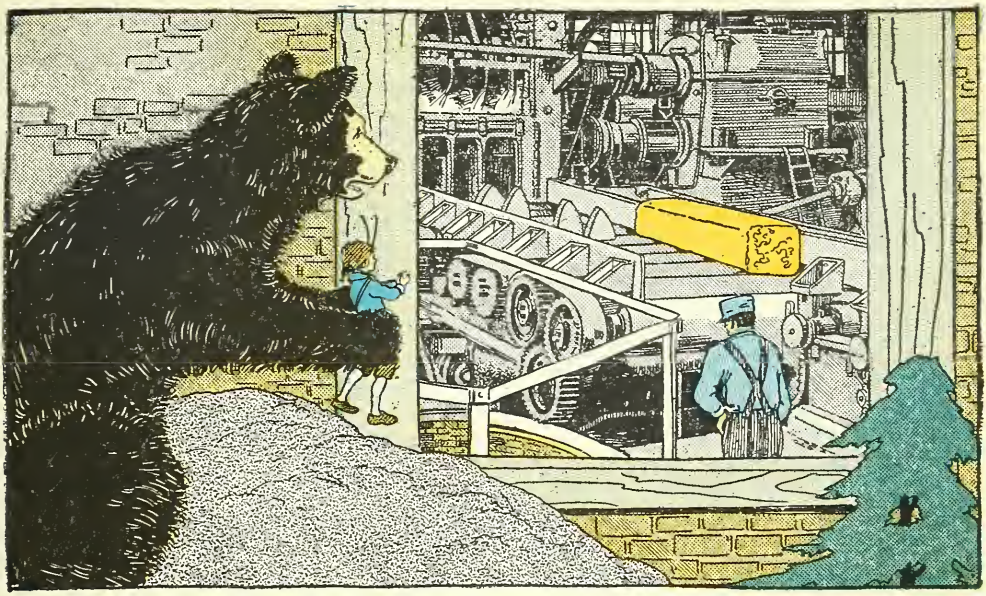
and came splashing down over the whole big room. Father Bear let Nils watch the wonderful sight until the flowing red metal had been poured into molds.

The boy was completely charmed by what he had seen and almost forgot that he was imprisoned between the paws of a bear.

Then Father Bear let him look into the rolling mill. He saw a workman take a short, thick bar of iron at white heat from a furnace and place it under a heavy roller. When the iron came out from under the roller, it was long and thin. At once another workman seized it and placed it beneath a heavier roller, which made it still longer and thinner. Thus it was passed from roller to roller, and squeezed and drawn out, until, finally, it curled along the floor, like a long red thread.

While the first bar of iron was being pressed, a second bar was taken from the furnace and placed under the rollers, and then a third was brought. Every moment, fresh threads of glowing metal came crawling over the floor. The boy was dazzled by the iron. But he found it still more splendid to watch the workmen who skillfully seized the long red threads with their tongs and forced them under the rollers. It seemed like play for these men to handle the hissing iron.

"I call that real man's work!" the boy remarked to himself.



The bear then let Nils have a peep at the furnace and the forge, and the boy became more and more surprised as he saw how the blacksmiths handled iron and fire.

"Those men have no fear of heat and flames," he thought. He fancied they were some sort of fire-folk—that was why they could bend and mold the iron as they wished. He could not believe that they were just ordinary men, since they had such power.

IV. FATHER BEAR'S PLAN TO DESTROY THE NOISE-SHOP

"They keep this up day after day, night after night," said Father Bear, as he dropped wearily down on the ground. "You can understand that one gets rather tired of that kind of thing. I'm very glad that at last I can put an end to it!"

"Indeed!" said the boy. "How will you go about it?"

"Oh, I thought that you were going to set fire to the buildings!" said Father Bear. "That would put an end to all this work, and I could stay in my old home."

The boy was all of a shiver. So it was for this that Father Bear had brought him here!

"If you will set fire to the noise-works, I'll spare your life," said Father Bear. "But if you don't do it, I'll make short work of you! Will you do it or won't you?"

The boy knew that he ought to answer promptly that he would not, but he also knew that then the bear's paws would squeeze him to death; therefore he replied, "I shall have to have time to think it over."

"Very well; do so," said Father Bear. "Let me say to you that iron is the thing that has given men the power over us bears. This is another reason for my wishing to put an end to the work here."

The boy thought he would use the time to plan out some means of escape, but instead he began to think of the great help that iron had been to men. They needed iron for everything. There was iron in the plow that broke up the field, in the ax that cut down the tree for building houses, in the scythe that mowed the grain, and in the knife, which could be turned to all sorts of uses. There was iron in the

horse's bit, in the lock on the door, in the nails that held furniture together. The locomotives steamed through the country on iron rails; the needle that had stitched his coat was of iron; and so were the shears that clipped the sheep and the kettle that cooked the food. The rifle which drove away wild beasts was made of iron. Father Bear was perfectly right in saying that it was iron that had given men power over the bears.

By and by Father Bear growled out again, "Well, what say you? Will you or won't you?"

The boy shrank back. Here he stood thinking about iron and had no idea as to what he should do to save himself.

"It's not such an easy matter to decide as you think," he answered. "You must give me more time."

"I can wait for you a little longer," said Father Bear. "But after that you'll have to make up your mind."

The boy meant to use the last moment to think out some way to save himself, but his thoughts wandered again.

"Just think how poor and desolate this place would be if there were no iron here!" he thought. "This foundry gives work to many, and has gathered around it homes filled with people who have built railways and telegraph lines and —"

"Come, come!" growled the bear. "Will you or won't you?"

The boy swept his hand across his forehead. No plan of escape had as yet come to his mind, but this much he knew—he did not wish to do any harm to the iron, which was so useful to rich and poor alike.

"I won't!" he said. "You'll not get me to destroy the iron-works! The iron is so great a blessing that it will never do to harm it."

"Then of course you don't expect to live very long," said the bear.

"No, I don't expect it," said Nils, looking the bear straight in the eye.

V. HOW NILS WAS SAVED

Just then the boy heard something click very close to them, and saw the end of a rifle a few feet away. Both he and Father Bear had been so interested in their own affairs that they had not seen a man who had stolen right upon them.

"Father Bear! Don't you hear the clicking of a trigger?" cried the boy. "Run, or you'll be shot!"

Father Bear started off in great haste, but first he picked up Nils in his teeth. As he ran, a shot rang out, and the bullet grazed his ear, though luckily, he escaped.

The boy thought, as he was dangling from the bear's mouth, that never had he been so stupid as

he was that night. If he had only kept still, the bear would have been shot, and he himself would have been free!

When Father Bear had run some distance into the woods, he stopped and set the boy down on the ground. "Thank you, little one!" he said. "I dare say that bullet would have caught me if you hadn't told me to run. And now I want to do you a service in return. If you should ever meet with another bear, just say to him this—which I shall whisper to you—and he won't touch you."

Father Bear whispered a word or two into the boy's ear. Then he hurried away, for he thought he heard hounds and hunters coming after him.

As for Nils, he stood in the forest, free and unharmed, and could hardly understand how he had escaped from his great danger.

—*Selma Lagerlöf—Abridged.*

THE GARDENER

The gardener does not love to talk;
He makes me keep the gravel walk;
And when he puts his tools away,
He locks the door and takes the key.

Away behind the currant row
Where no one else but cook may go,
Far in the plots, I see him dig,
Old and serious, brown and big.

He digs the flowers, green, red, and blue,
Nor wishes to be spoken to.
He digs the flowers and cuts the hay,
And never seems to want to play.

Silly gardener! summer goes,
And winter comes with pinching toes,
When in the garden bare and brown
You must lay your barrow down.

Well now, and while the summer stays,
To profit by these garden days
O how much wiser you would be
To play at Indian wars with me!

—*Robert Louis Stevenson.*

COTTON, THE GIFT OF THE SOUTH

Read to Remember.—Read the story carefully to see how many facts about cotton you can learn.

I. HOW NORTH WIND WENT TO THE SOUTH

North Wind and South Wind usually had very little to do with each other. But one spring night North Wind came prowling down into the land of the South and rudely awakened South Wind, who was lying asleep in a cotton field.

South Wind was startled by a loud, cold whistle in his ear. Looking up, he saw his great Wind Brother from the North bending over him with gleaming eyes and snowy white hair.

"Wake up!" cried North Wind, "and let us play together. The game of Whirls is great fun, and I can whirl faster than you can!"

South Wind rose up slowly from the soft field. Usually his eyes were soft and kind, but now they flashed with anger.

"North Wind," he said sternly, "go back to the frozen lands where you can do no harm. Here your icy breath will destroy my cotton fields."

"Cotton! What's that?" asked North Wind curiously.

"If I tell you what cotton is, will you promise to go away and do it no harm?"

"Yes," said North Wind. "If you can prove to me that cotton is something worth saving, I will leave it untouched."

II. SOUTH WIND'S STORY OF COTTON

"That will be easy to prove!" cried South Wind joyfully, "for cotton is the great gift of the South to the whole world. It comes from greenish-gray seeds clothed with silky fuzz, which are planted carefully in long rows and covered with soft earth. Then, through the warm days of spring, the seeds sprout and push upward until they burst out of their dark bed into the air and sunshine. They come up as tiny plants with two leaves, and after many long days of blazing sun, they finally grow into bushy shrubs several feet high. The fringed buds, when they appear, blossom into beautiful flowers that are something like hollyhocks."

"Hollyhocks!" said North Wind. "I have seen them growing on the sunny side of northern homes. A whole field of such blossoms must be a beautiful sight."

"Yes," answered South Wind, "but the blossoms of the cotton plant are different, because they change color. The first day they are a creamy white, the second day they turn a delicate pink, and the third day they deepen into rose or lavender. Then the petals fall. But each flower leaves behind it a bright

green ball, called a cotton boll, and this little green ball is as full of magic power as the magic walnut in the old fairy tale."

"I remember that fairy tale," said North Wind. "It is read to children around our northern firesides, and I sometimes get in through a crack and listen. Out of the magic walnuts came three wonderful dresses, one of gold, one of silver, and one of diamonds."

"True," nodded South Wind, "but out of this little green boll come not only beautiful dresses, but also clothing and comfort for the whole world. If I were to name everything that is made from cotton—"

"Don't!" said North Wind. "I am beginning to feel the heat, and must be going northward soon. But first tell me what happens to the magic boll, as you call it."

South Wind smiled as he saw the water drip from the melting icicles in North Wind's beard, but he went on with his story.

"The little green boll grows until it becomes as large as a walnut or an egg. Its green color changes to brown, and it becomes very hard. Then, when the days of sunshine have done their work, the brown shell splits into five parts and opens like a star, and out bursts the snowy white cotton in a fluffy mass. The cotton seeds are deep in this mass, and so firmly fastened to it that it is hard to separate them. If

you have seen milkweed pods in the fall, you can imagine how cotton looks."

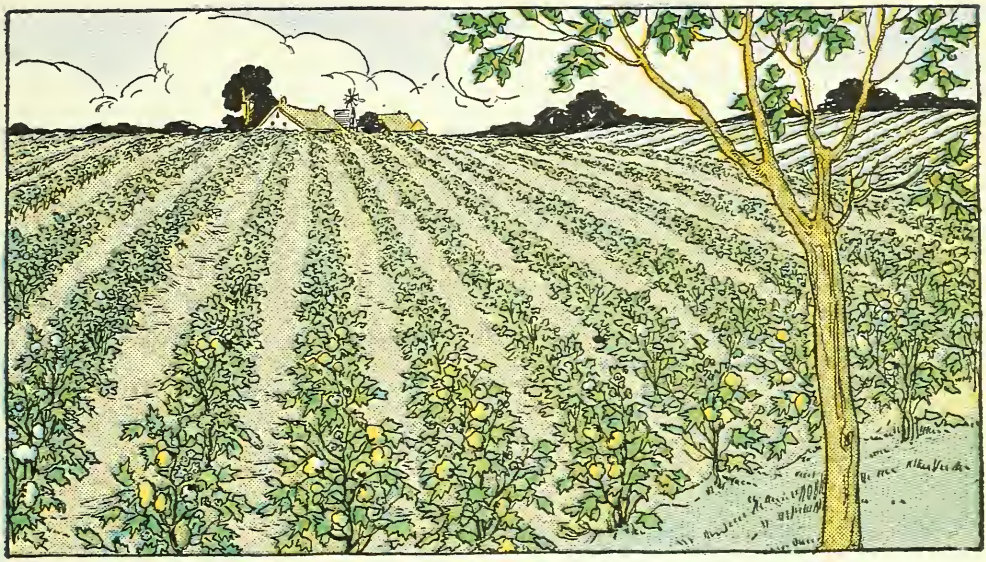
"Ah," cried North Wind. "Milkweed grows beside our northern roads, and it is great fun to play with it. Many a brown seed, plumed with silky white, have I blown to its resting place. Your cotton must be very beautiful. I should like to see it."

South Wind turned to the East, where the morning light was slowly growing bright. "Wait," he said, "and you shall see my cotton fields."

III. WHAT NORTH WIND SAW

The two great winds waited as the sun rose and threw its shining rays out over the land. Then North Wind looked and saw, stretching far away, the broad cotton fields of the South, filled with long straight lines of plants. As South Wind breathed gently on the fields and lifted the green leaves, North Wind saw millions of white fluffs of cotton like great snowballs. And he saw on the same plants, not only the plump brown bolls ready to burst, but also the small green bolls just beginning to swell. For the cotton plant does not ripen all at once. He saw, too, many blossoms of white, pink, and rose, together with the fringed green buds from which other blossoms would later come.

It was a wonderful sight, and as North Wind looked at it he thought of the thing he loved best.



"The cotton looks like snow!" he said.

"Yes," said South Wind, "a snow that does not melt—a snow that can be sent in ships to all parts of the world."

"Give me some of your cotton seed," begged North Wind, "and I will take it to the North, so that we may grow cotton, too."

But South Wind smilingly shook his head. "No," he said gently; "cotton is a child of the sun. It is tender and cannot endure the frosts and cold of the North. It needs long days and weeks of hot sunshine, and therefore it can grow only in the South. As I said at the beginning, cotton is truly the gift of the South to the world."

North Wind looked longingly at the glistening white of the cotton fields. "Well," he said at last,

"it is time for me to go. I have listened to you so long that I have almost melted away. If I don't get back to a sensible climate soon, there will be nothing left of me. But I will never harm your wonderful snow of the South. It is a beautiful and useful gift to the world. Farewell, Brother Wind. Come to my northern prairies soon. They need you, and we can play a fine game of Whirls before the wheat is up. Or if you don't care for that, we can tell stories, like the wonderful story you have just told me."

"Farewell," murmured South Wind softly. "I will come when I am needed, O Brother."

Then North Wind went whistling homeward. But South Wind remained in his beloved cotton fields, rustling the green leaves, refreshing the busy cotton pickers, and playing with the great snowdrifts of cotton piled high in baskets ready to be carried away to the cotton gins. For the yearly gift of the South was starting on its long journey to all parts of the world.

—*Alice Thompson Paine.*

HOW THE FIRST COTTON GIN WAS MADE

Read to Remember.—Read the story carefully to see how many facts about the cotton gin you can learn.

Millions of bales of cotton are now raised in the South every year. This number seems large when we think that cotton was grown only as a garden plant until after the Revolutionary War.

The fluffy, white cotton is made up of lint, which is full of small seeds. In the early days, this lint had to be separated from the seeds by hand, which was slow work. A man and his family could hardly clean more than eight or ten pounds a day. When the crop was large, there were not workers enough to separate the lint from the seed. For this reason, not much cotton was planted.

In 1792, a young man named Eli Whitney was living a few miles from Savannah, Georgia, at the home of Mrs. Nathanael Greene. He was born in Massachusetts, and had just been graduated from Yale College. Whitney had come to Savannah to practice law, hoping to support himself at first by teaching. Mrs. Greene had invited him to live at her plantation, and to help her with the education of her children.

This young lawyer showed much skill in mending broken things, and in making small tools. "Mr.

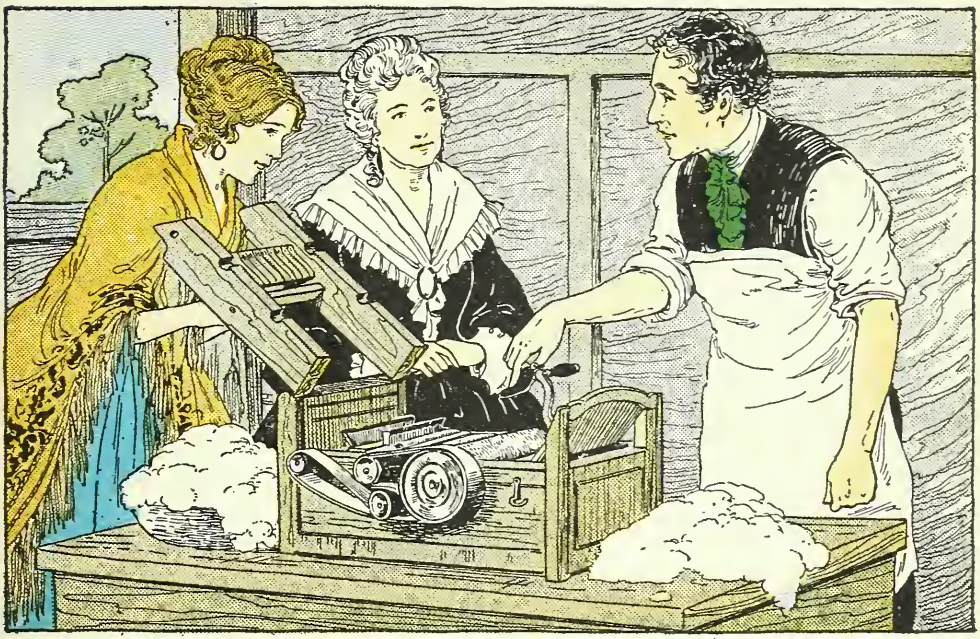
Whitney," Mrs. Greene once said to him, "I believe you can make anything. Sooner or later, you will win a fortune."

One day Mrs. Greene and some visitors were talking about cleaning cotton. "What a pity it is," said one of the men, "that there is not a machine which will separate the seeds from the lint!"

Mrs. Greene replied, "There is a young man here who can make anything. I believe he could invent a machine for cleaning cotton."

Whitney was sent for, and listened to stories of the trouble the Southern planters were having with the cotton seed. He had never seen any cotton cleaned, but he said that he would try to make a machine for the work. So he watched the seed-pickers, and brought some of the ripe cotton bolls into his room, where he began to pick out the seed himself. Before long he planned a machine, and began building a small one. It was a hard task, for he had to make his own tools, wire, and nails.

For several months Whitney worked at his invention, and he finally made a cotton engine, or "cotton gin," as it was called for short. It was a sort of box, having a cylinder covered with short teeth, which turned round and round through a kind of comb. The teeth on this cylinder caught the lint of the cotton, and dragged it through the comb, leaving the seed behind. Whitney's first machine was very crude,



but even this gin could do more work than twenty men. All the machines made since that day have followed the same idea, though the modern ones have been greatly improved.

—*Lawton B. Evans.*

FRANK'S VISIT TO A COAL MINE

Read to Remember.—Read the story carefully to see how many facts about coal mining you can learn.

When Frank was twelve years old he went to visit his grandfather, whose home was in a small town of southern Illinois. This was the first time Frank had ever taken a long journey, for he had always lived on a big farm in Minnesota. He was much excited about the strange and interesting things that he would see.

At breakfast the morning after his arrival, Frank's grandfather said to him, "Lad, how would you like to go down into a coal mine? A big mine lies right under this town, and if you want to see how coal is mined I will take you down this morning."

"There's nothing I would rather do," Frank answered, and he hurried through his breakfast in order that they might make an early start.

I. FRANK LEARNS HOW COAL WAS FORMED

"All under this part of Illinois," Frank's grandfather explained, as they walked down the street to the mine, "there are several 'seams,' or layers, of coal between layers of rock, like filling between the layers of a cake. This coal was once a soft mass of rotted leaves and wood from great forests that

grew here. During thousands of years the beds of decayed matter grew deeper and deeper. Finally, the leaves and trees became packed down; then they hardened into the black layers that we call coal. At length layers of rock were formed on top of the coal, and these pressed the coal still harder and kept it protected for us all these years."

II. GOING FOUR HUNDRED FEET DOWN INTO A MINE

At the end of the street Frank noticed a tall tower. "What is that tower, Grandfather?" he asked.

"That," answered his grandfather, "is called the 'tipple.' It stands over the 'shaft,' or hole, that goes straight down into the mine. All the coal that

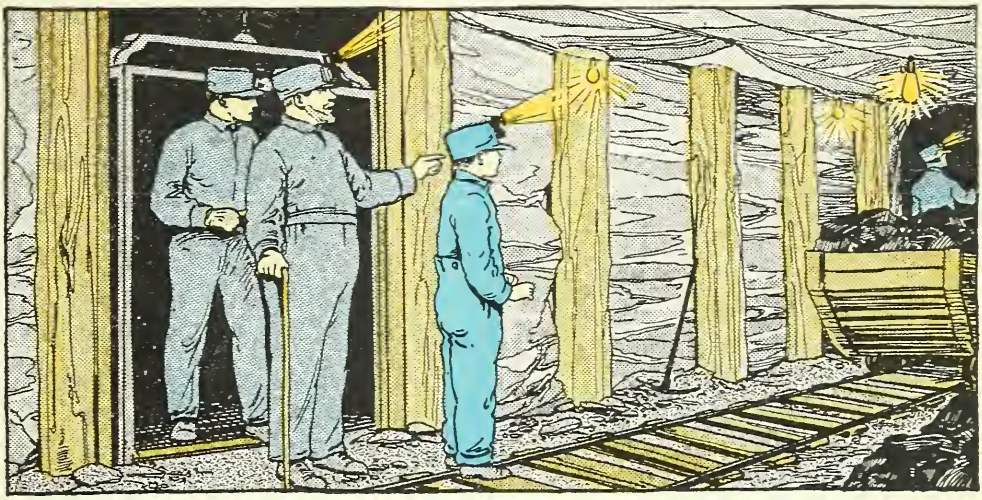
is hoisted through the shaft is carried up into the tipple. It is then passed through screens which separate it into the different sizes."

In a small building close to the tipple, Frank and his grandfather put on overalls and were given strong canvas caps with little lamps in the brims so that they could see in the darkness of the mine. Frank was a little frightened when they finally stepped on to the "skip," or elevator, but he said nothing, and watched to see what would happen next.

"Go ahead!" called out the miner who was going down with them, a big, fine-looking fellow, in spite of the coal dust that completely blackened him. As he spoke, the hoisting engineer who sat at the mouth of the shaft pulled a lever. Down shot the skip, just as an elevator goes down in a high office building. It was completely dark except for the lights in their caps, and the air was cool and damp. Then the skip began to slow down, and finally came to a stop in a long tunnel, lighted with electric lights.

"How far down in the earth are we?" Frank asked.

"About four hundred feet," the miner answered. "The walls of this tunnel in front of you are of solid coal, in many places ten or twelve feet thick. The floor is stone and the roof over your head is stone, too—stone right up to the top of the shaft. It is just the layer of coal that lies between two layers of stone that we dig out, and we have to leave enough coal



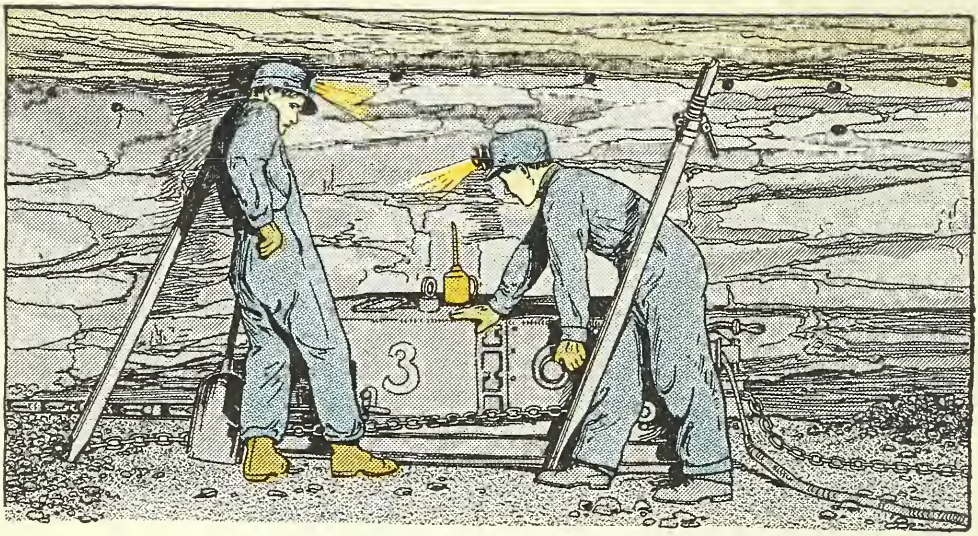
to keep the roof from crashing down on us. That's why we can't mine out all the coal."

III. IN A TUNNEL OF A COAL MINE

They walked down several dark tunnels. There were tracks along the floors and trolley wires along the roofs. Here and there big props made of solid tree trunks were wedged in upright to hold the weight of the stone above them. In most places the props were almost as numerous as the trees in a forest.

"I see lights," Frank called out suddenly.

Far ahead in the tunnel two little points of light were moving about. As Frank came nearer he saw that they were the lights in the caps of miners who were working at the end, or head, of the tunnel. Here the track ended, and on the floor was a big machine operated by an electric motor which the two men were moving up against a layer of the coal.



IV. FRANK SEES HOW COAL IS CUT OUT

"That is what we call an undercutting machine," the miner explained. "See, they are starting it now. Watch closely. Do you see the big arm that is pushed up against the coal, with steel teeth like a saw all around it? As the arm pushes the teeth into the coal, they cut it away and make a long, flat, deep groove right across the tunnel."

"Why is the cutting done?" Frank asked.

The miner pointed to a number of round, deep holes bored into the coal just under the roof and up the sides. "Those holes were bored this morning. When this machine has made its deep groove, or 'undercut,' as we call it, charges of explosive will be stuffed tightly into the holes. Then the explosive will be fired, and the blast will knock down a big

chunk of coal. Of course this coal will fall easily, on account of the deep groove that the machine made under it."

V. HOW THE COAL IS TAKEN OUT OF THE MINE

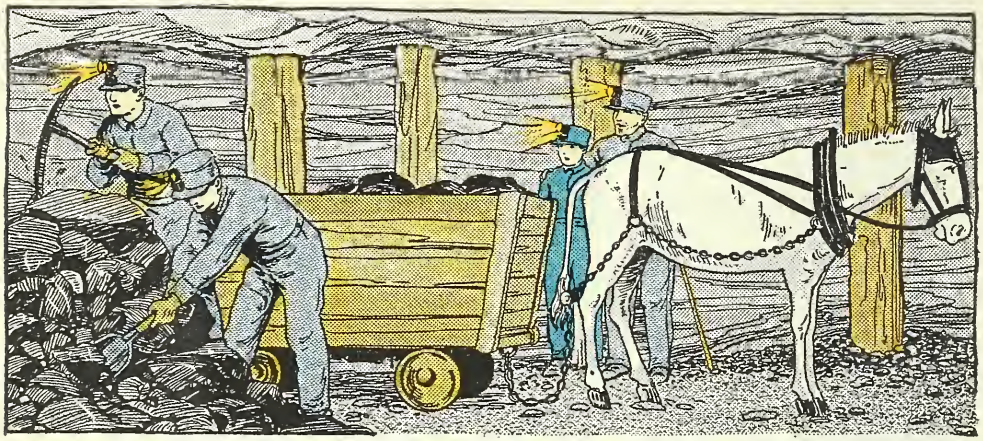
They went into the end of the next room, or tunnel, and there two more men were at work. Fortunately for Frank, who wanted to see everything, here the coal had been blasted down. The miners were breaking it up with their picks and shoveling it into a car that stood at the end of the track.

"When they have loaded the car," said Frank's grandfather, "another man will come with a mule and drag it away to the main tunnel. There an electric locomotive will pull that car and others, in a long train, to the bottom of the shaft. The coal will then be hoisted to the tipple."

"I should think it would be exciting work to be one of the men who blast down the coal," Frank said to one of the miners.

The miner smiled. "You are right, my boy; it is exciting, and dangerous, too, for there's always gas in a coal mine, no matter how well it's kept aired. If there's enough gas, and it explodes, everyone near may be killed or badly burned."

As they walked down the tunnel, they met a miner with one of the big mules that live in the mine to drag the cars. A moment later a bell clanged behind



them, and they stepped to the side of the track to let a long train of small cars pass by. The cars were piled high with coal and were drawn by an electric locomotive.

VI. HOW THE COAL IS WEIGHED

They were now back at the bottom of the shaft again. Before they got on board the skip, Frank's grandfather touched him on the shoulder.

"Do you see that man over there behind the big scales?" he asked, pointing toward a workman who seemed very busy. "Well, the scales are under the track in front of him, and as every car of coal passes over that piece of track he weighs it, car and all. Of course he knows the weight of the car, and so all he has to do is to subtract that from the total amount to find the exact weight of the coal."

The ride up to the top was over in a few seconds, and Frank found himself blinking in the bright sun-

shine. Beside the tipple a railroad engine was moving out some big cars of coal.

"Perhaps that very coal is going to Minnesota to keep us warm this winter," said Frank. "Now, when I see a lump of coal I shall know a good deal about it." Then after a minute he added, "How much more interesting a thing is—even a lump of coal—when you know something about it!"

—*Joseph Husband.*

A DIAMOND OR A COAL

A diamond or a coal?
A diamond, if you please;
Who cares about a clumsy coal
Beneath the summer trees?

A diamond or a coal?
A coal, sir, if you please;
One comes to care about the coal
At times when waters freeze.

—*Christina G. Rossetti.*

PART V
TALES OF BUSY WORKERS

HELPS TO STUDY

What the Boots Told David

Questions to Test Silent Reading. 1. Where did Columbus first find rubber? 2. In what kind of countries do rubber trees grow? 3. What color is the rubber milk? 4. How do the natives get the rubber milk from the trees? 5. How do they keep it from spoiling? 6. Name some of the things that are made from rubber.

General Notes and Questions. 1. The first use made of "caoutchouc" in England was for rubbing out pencil marks, and so it was called "rubber." 2. The next time you see a milkweed plant growing in the country, break off one of its leaves and look at the juice. This juice is very much like rubber "milk," and, in fact, has a small quantity of rubber in it. 3. There are hundreds of things made of rubber. Make a list of all the rubber articles you know.

Some Other Selections about Rubber That You Will Enjoy. "Travels in Rubber Lands" and "How Rubber Is Manufactured," Carpenter (in *How the World Is Clothed*); "Riding on Wheels of Air" (*Book of Knowledge*, Volume 18); "Where the Macintosh Grows," Chamberlain (in *How We Are Clothed*).

How Nils Saved the Iron-Works

Questions to Test Silent Reading. 1. What did Nils use to frighten the big bear? 2. Why did Father Bear hate the "noise-shop"? 3. How did the workmen make the iron bars long and thin? 4. How has iron given men power over wild beasts? 5. How has iron helped men to travel? 6. Name as many things as you can think of that are made from iron.

General Notes and Questions. 1. Do you think Nils was right in refusing to burn down the iron-works? 2. If you want to find out more about Nils, read *The Adventures of Nils* and *Further Adventures of Nils,* by Selma Lagerlöf.

Some Other Selections about Metals That You Will Enjoy. "A Word about Iron," Coe (in *Makers of the Nation*); "The Metal King," (in *Good Stories for Great Holidays,* Olcott); "The Seven Sheepfolds," Armfield (in *Wonder Tales of the World*).

The Gardener

General Notes and Questions. 1. Read this poem several times just for the pleasure of it. Then try to put yourself in the little boy's place. Did he think the old gardener was a very jolly person? 2. Why did he say that the gardener was silly? 3. What game did he wish the gardener would play with him? 4. Do you ever wonder why some grown-up people do not seem to care for children's games? 5. Robert Louis Stevenson, who wrote this poem, never forgot how he felt when he was a little boy. Recite to the class any of his poems you know.

Some Other Poems and a Story about Work That You Will Enjoy. "The Lamplighter," Stevenson (in *A Child's Garden of Verses*); "The Village Blacksmith" (in *Poems,* Longfellow); "Little Brown Hands," Krout (in *The Elson Readers, Book Four*); "The Box That Quentin Carved," Lamprey (in *In the Days of the Guild*).

Cotton, the Gift of the South

Questions to Test Silent Reading. 1. Why was South Wind angry at North Wind's visit? 2. Why does cotton grow only in warm countries? 3. When are the seeds planted? 4. What did South Wind say about the color of the blossoms? 5. How long do the blossoms last? 6. When the blossoms fall, what is left? 7. What happens when the boll bursts? 8. What did North Wind think cotton looked like? 9. Where does the South send its cotton?

General Notes and Questions. 1. It takes about six months of hot sunny days and warm nights to make cotton grow. Therefore North Wind and Jack Frost are very unwelcome visitors in the Sunny South. 2. How many things can you name that are made of cotton? 3. Which do you think the more useful gift to the world—cotton or rubber?

Some Other Selections about Cotton That You Will Enjoy. "The Cotton Fields," Chamberlain (in *How We Are Clothed*); "How Cotton Becomes Cloth" (in *Book of Knowledge*, Vol. 15).

The Cotton Gin

Questions to Test Silent Reading. 1. Why was very little cotton grown in the early days of our country? 2. What machine was invented to help the southern planters? 3. Who invented this machine? 4. What work does the cotton gin do?

Frank's Visit to a Coal Mine

Questions to Test Silent Reading. 1. How did Frank's grandfather say that coal is formed? 2. What is the tower at the entrance of the mine called? 3. How did Frank get down into the mine? 4. How is a mine lighted? 5. What are the long, narrow rooms of the mine called? 6. How is the coal knocked down from the walls of the tunnel? 7. How is it carried to the mouth of the mine? 8. How is it weighed? 9. How is it separated into different sizes? 10. Why are wooden props used to hold up the roofs of the tunnels?

General Notes and Questions. 1. Every year many brave men lose their lives in coal mines. Why is coal mining dangerous? 2. Which would you rather be—a farmer or a coal miner?

Some Other Selections about Coal That You Will Enjoy. "How Coal Is Made and Mined," Chamberlain (in *How We Are Sheltered*); "How We Dig Up Sunshine" (in *Book of Knowledge*, Vol. 3).

REVIEW QUESTIONS AND PROJECTS FOR PART V

Questions. 1. Which of the Tales of Busy Workers interested you most? 2. From which one did you learn most? 3. Would you rather visit a grove of rubber trees, a coal mine, a cotton field, or iron-works? Tell why you made this choice. 4. If you have ever been to one of these interesting places, tell the class about it. 5. What kind of work would you like to do when you grow up? 6. Tell why you would choose this. 7. Tell what you can do now to help fit yourself for this work. 8. Look carefully at the picture on page 270. The figure represents the spirit of the American workers. Name some of the things in the picture that remind you of the stories in Part V. 9. What different ways of sending things that have been made by American workers are shown in the picture?

Projects. 1. *A Contest.* On three separate sheets of paper write the names of all the articles you can think of that are made of rubber, iron, and cotton. Add to your list every day, and at the end of a week see who has the longest list of articles made of these three materials. 2. Have a Busy Workers' Day in your school. Let each child learn all he can about some kind of occupation and report on it to the class. For instance, let one child be a farmer, one a miller, one a baker, one a shoemaker, one a carpenter, etc.

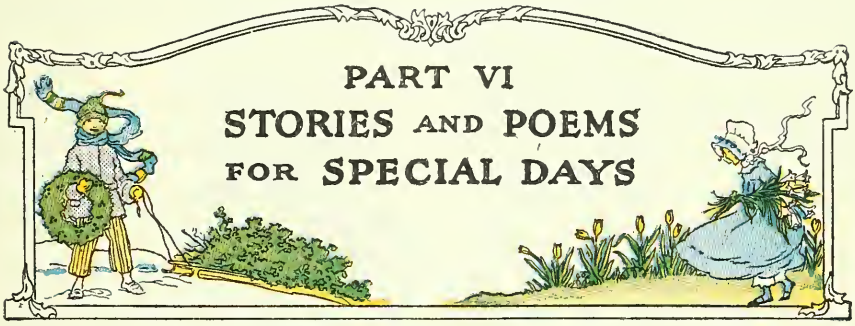
Silent Reading Test. The selections in Part V are full of interesting facts about different kinds of work. Using the form given on page 308, see how rapidly you can read one of these selections, and how many of the facts you remember. Compare your results with those of the earlier tests given on pages 82, 182, and 230. Try to make your record improve each time you test your speed in reading and your ability to gain the thought.

Your teacher will select five questions on some selection in Part V to see how well you have learned the facts.

PUPIL'S RECORD

Name..... .....Grade.....

Date	Story	Speed	What I Remembered
	Frank's Visit to a Coal Mine Total number words, 1386.	1. Number of minutes needed for reading the story..... 2. Number of words read per minute....	Twenty points for each of five questions correctly answered.



PART VI
STORIES AND POEMS FOR SPECIAL DAYS

Sing a Song of Seasons!
Something bright in all!

FOR MOTHER
TO MY VALENTINE

A GOOD THANKSGIVING

Something to Find Out.—The best way to have a good time on Thanksgiving Day.

Said Old Gentleman Gay: "On a Thanksgiving Day,
If you want a good time, then give something away."
So he sent a fat turkey to Shoemaker Price,
And the shoemaker said, "What a big bird! How nice!
And since a good dinner's before me, I ought
To give poor Widow Lee the small chicken I bought."

"This fine chicken, O see!" said the pleased Widow Lee;
"And the kindness that sent it, how precious to me!
I would like to make someone as happy as I—
I'll give Washwoman Biddy my big pumpkin pie."

"And O sure," Biddy said, " 'tis the queen of all pies!
Just to look at its yellow face gladdens my eyes!
Now it's my turn, I think; and a sweet ginger cake
For the motherless Finnigan children I'll bake."

"A sweet-cake all our own! 'Tis too good to be true!"
Said the Finnigan children, Rose, Denny, and Hugh;
"It smells sweet of spice, and we'll carry a slice
To poor little lame Jake—who has nothing that's nice."

"O I thank you and thank you!" said little lame Jake,
"O what a bootiful, bootiful, bootiful cake!
And O such a big slice! I will save all the crumbs,
And will give 'em to each little sparrow that comes!"

And the sparrows, they twittered as if they would say,
Like old Gentleman Gay: "On a Thanksgiving Day,
If you want a good time, then give something away!"

—*Marion Douglas.*

THE CHRISTMAS CUCKOO

Some Things to Find Out.—(*a*) What the gold leaf did for Scrub; (*b*) What the green leaf did for Spare.

I. THE COBBLERS' CHRISTMAS LOG

Once upon a time there stood near a wide marsh, in the north country, a small village. All its inhabitants were poor, but the poorest of them were two brothers named Scrub and Spare, who followed the cobbler's trade. They lived in a hut built of clay. The door was low and usually open, for there was no window. The only comfortable thing about the hut was a wide hearth, for which the brothers could never find wood enough to make a good fire.

Scrub and Spare managed to live by mending shoes and by tending a small barley field and a cabbage

garden. But one unlucky day a new cobbler came to the village. His awls were sharp, his thread was strong, and he set up his shop in a neat cottage with two windows. The villagers soon found out that one patch made by him would outwear two of those made by the brothers. In a short time, all who wanted shoes mended left Scrub and Spare and went to the new cobbler.

But this was not their only trouble. The season had been so wet and cold that the barley and cabbages did not grow well. The brothers were poorer than they had ever been before, and when Christmas came they had nothing to feast on but a barley loaf and a small piece of bacon.

Worse than that, the snow was very deep, and they had no firewood. Their hut stood at the end of the village; beyond it spread the wide marsh, now all white and silent. But that marsh had once been a forest; great roots of old trees were still to be found in it, laid bare by the winds and rains. One of these, a huge, rough stump, lay near their door.

As he looked at the stump, Spare said to his brother, "Shall we sit here cold on Christmas, while the great root lies yonder? Let us use it for firewood."

The brothers strained with all their might, till the great stump was safe on the hearth, crackling and blazing merrily. In high glee the cobblers sat down to their barley bread and bacon. The door was shut, for

there was nothing but cold moonlight and snow outside; but the hut, trimmed with fir boughs and holly, looked cheerful as the blaze flared up.

II. WHAT THE CUCKOO PROMISED SCRUB AND SPARE

"Long life and good fortune to ourselves, brother!" said Spare, "and may we never have a worse fire on Christmas—but what is that?" The brothers listened in great surprise, for out of the blazing root they heard, "Cuckoo! Cuckoo!" as plainly as ever the spring-bird's voice came over the countryside on a May morning.

"It is a sign of bad luck," said Scrub, much frightened.

"Maybe not," said Spare; and just as he spoke, out of a hole at the side of the stump which the fire had not reached, flew a large gray cuckoo, and lit on the table before them.

Imagine their surprise when it said, "Good gentlemen, what season is this?"

"It's Christmas," said Spare.

"Then a merry Christmas to you!" said the cuckoo. "I went to sleep in a hole in that old root one evening last fall, and never woke till the heat of your fire made me think it was summer again. But now, since you have burned my lodging, let me stay in your hut till the spring comes round. I want only a hole to sleep in, and when I go on my travels, I will bring you a present for your trouble."

"Stay, and welcome," said Spare. "I'll make you a warm hole in the thatch. But you must be hungry after that long sleep! Here is a slice of barley bread."

The cuckoo ate the slice, drank water from the brown jug, and flew into a snug hole which Spare made for him in the thatch of the hut.

Scrub said he was afraid that the bird would bring them bad luck; but as it slept on, and the days passed, he forgot his fears. By and by the snow melted, the cold grew less, and the days grew longer. At last one sunny morning the brothers were awakened by the cuckoo, which was calling its own name, to let them know that spring had come.

"Now," said the bird, "I'm going on my travels over the world to tell men of the spring. There is

no country where trees bud or flowers bloom that I shall not visit before the year goes round. Give me another slice of barley bread to keep me on my journey, and tell me what present I shall bring you when I come again."

Scrub would have been angry with his brother for cutting so large a slice, since their store of barley-meal was low; but he was busy wondering what present would be best to ask for. At last he had a happy thought.

"Good master cuckoo," said he, "a great traveler like you may know of some place where diamonds or pearls can be found. If you would bring one of these in your beak, it would help us to give you something better than barley bread the next time you come."

"I know nothing of diamonds or pearls," said the cuckoo. "They are in the hearts of rocks and the sands of rivers. I know only of things that grow on the earth. But there are two trees near the well that lies at the end of the world. One of them is called the golden tree, for its leaves are all of solid gold; every winter they fall into the well, and I know not what becomes of them. As for the other, it is always green like laurel, and its leaves never fall. Folks call it the merry tree, and whoever gets one of its leaves keeps a happy heart in spite of all misfortunes. He can make himself as merry in a hut as in a palace."

"Good master cuckoo, bring me a leaf off that tree!" cried Spare.

"Now, brother, don't be foolish!" said Scrub; "think of the leaves of solid gold! Dear master cuckoo, bring *me* one of them!"

Before another word could be spoken, the cuckoo had flown out of the open door, singing its spring song as it went on its way.

III. WHAT THE GOLD LEAF DID FOR SCRUB

The brothers were poorer than ever that year; nobody would send them a single shoe to mend. They sowed their barley and planted their cabbages as usual; and, since their trade was gone, they worked in the villagers' fields to make a scanty living.

The seasons came and passed; spring, summer, autumn, and winter followed each other as they have always done. Finally Scrub and Spare became so poor and ragged that their neighbors no longer invited them to wedding feasts. The brothers thought the cuckoo had forgotten them. But at daybreak, on the first of April, they heard a hard beak knocking at their door, and a voice crying, "Cuckoo! Cuckoo! Let me come in with my presents."

Spare ran to open the door, and in came the cuckoo. On one side of his bill he carried a long golden leaf, and on the other side, a leaf like that of the common laurel, only of a much brighter green color.

"Here," said the bird, giving the gold leaf to Scrub and the green one to Spare, "are my presents from the end of the world. Give me a slice of barley bread, for I must tell the north country that spring has come."

This time Scrub did not mind the thickness of the slice that Spare gave the cuckoo. So much gold had never been in the cobbler's hands before, and he could not help laughing at his brother.

"See the wisdom of my choice!" he said, holding up the large leaf of gold. "As for yours, just as good a leaf might be plucked from any hedge. I wonder that a sensible bird would carry it so far."

"Good master cobbler," cried the cuckoo, "if your brother should be disappointed this time, I go on the same journey every year, and for your kindness I will bring each of you whichever leaf you desire."

"Darling cuckoo!" cried Scrub, "always bring me a golden one."

But Spare, looking up from the green leaf, said, "Be sure to bring me one from the merry tree."

As he spoke, away flew the cuckoo.

"This is All Fools' Day, brother, and it ought to be your birthday," said Scrub. "Did ever a man fling away such a chance for getting rich? Much good your merry leaves will do while you are poor and ragged."

So he went on, but Spare only laughed at him, till Scrub, at last getting angry, said that his brother

was not fit to live with a sensible man. Taking his cobbler's tools and his golden leaf, he left the hut and went to tell the story to the villagers.

They were surprised at the folly of Spare and charmed with the good sense of Scrub, especially when he showed them the golden leaf and told them that the cuckoo would bring him one every spring. The new cobbler took Scrub into his shop at once, and soon the greatest people sent him their shoes to mend.

Before long, Fair-feather, a village maiden, smiled sweetly upon him, and in the summer they were married. They had a great wedding feast, at which

the whole village danced, except Spare. He was not invited, because the bride and his brother thought him a disgrace to the family.

Indeed, all who heard the story thought that Spare must be crazy. Nobody would have anything to do with him except a lame peddler, who often went to see him in his hut.

As for Scrub, he lived with Fair-feather in a fine cottage. He had a scarlet coat for holidays, and a fat goose for dinner every wedding-day. Fair-feather, too, had a crimson gown and fine blue ribbons. But neither she nor Scrub was contented, for the golden leaf had to be broken into pieces and sold, to pay for their handsome clothes. The last bit of it was gone before the cuckoo came with another leaf.

IV. WHAT THE GREEN LEAF DID FOR SPARE

Spare lived on in the old hut, and worked in the garden. Every day his coat grew more ragged, and the hut more weather-beaten. But people noticed that he never looked sad, and that the peddler grew kinder to his poor donkey, after he became Scrub's friend.

Every first of April the cuckoo came with a golden leaf for Scrub and a green leaf for Spare. Fair-feather tried to entertain him with wheat bread and honey, for she hoped to persuade him to bring two gold leaves instead of one. But the cuckoo flew away to eat

barley bread with Spare, saying he was not fit company for fine people, and liked best the old hut where he had slept so snugly from Christmas till spring.

Scrub spent the golden leaves, and Spare kept the merry ones; and I know not how many years passed in this manner, when a certain great lord, who owned that village, came to the neighborhood. His castle stood on a hill. It was very old and strong, with great high towers. All the country, as far as one could see from the highest tower, belonged to this lord. He had not been in his castle for twenty years, and he would not have come then if he had not been very, very sad.

There he lived for some weeks. The servants said that nothing would please him, and the villagers were all afraid of him. But one day the great lord happened to meet Spare, who was gathering watercress at a stream, and began to talk with him.

How it was, nobody could tell, but from that hour the great lord lost his sadness, and went about hunting, fishing, and making merry in his hall. Every traveler was entertained, and all the poor were made welcome in his castle.

This strange story spread throughout the country, and many people came to the cobbler's hut—rich men who had lost their money, poor men who had lost their friends, all came to talk with Spare. Whatever their troubles had been, all went home merry.

The rich gave him presents, and the poor gave him thanks. When the villagers saw that Spare's coat was no longer ragged and that he had bacon to eat with his cabbage, they began to think he had some sense, after all.

By this time he was talked about everywhere, even in the palace of the king. Now it happened that the king had lately fallen into ill-humor, because a certain princess, who owned seven islands, would not marry his eldest son. So a messenger was sent to Spare with a velvet cloak and a diamond ring, to command him to come to the palace at once.

"Tomorrow is the first of April," said Spare, "and I will start two hours after sunrise."

At sunrise the cuckoo came to the hut with the merry leaf. Spare begged the bird to go with him to the king's palace.

"The palace is a fine place," said the cuckoo, "but I cannot go there. So be careful of the leaves I have brought you, and give me a farewell slice of barley bread."

Spare was sorry to part with the cuckoo, but he gave the bird a thick slice of bread, and having sewed up the green leaves in the lining of his leather jacket, he set out for the palace.

His coming caused great surprise there. Everybody wondered why the king had sent for such a common-looking man. But scarcely had the king talked

with him half an hour, when the princess and her seven islands were forgotten, and orders were given that a great feast should be spread in the banquet hall.

After that, all the princes and the great lords and ladies often talked with Spare. The more they talked, the lighter grew their hearts, so that such happiness had never been seen in the palace before.

As for Spare, he was given a room in the palace, and a seat at the king's table. One prince sent him rich robes and another costly jewels; but in spite of all his riches he still wore the leather jacket.

Thus it was that a kind heart and a contented mind gave Spare a happy home in the king's palace. And there he lived for many, many years, loved and praised by everyone who knew him.

—Frances Browne—Abridged.

CHRISTMAS EVERYWHERE

Everywhere, everywhere, Christmas tonight,
Christmas in lands of fir-tree and pine,
Christmas in lands of palm-tree and vine,
Christmas where snow peaks stand solemn and white,
Christmas where cornfields lie sunny and bright.

Christmas where children are hopeful and gay,
Christmas where old men are patient and gray,
Christmas where peace, like a dove in its flight,
Broods o'er brave men in the thick of the fight;
Everywhere, everywhere, Christmas tonight.

—*Phillips Brooks.*

THE NEW YEAR

Who comes dancing over the snow,
His soft little feet all bare and rosy?
Open the door, though the wild winds blow,
Take the child in and make him cosy.
Take him in and hold him dear;
He is the wonderful, glad New Year.

—*Dinah M. Craik.*

THE FAIRY QUEEN AND THE VALENTINES

Something to Find Out.—How the doves helped the Fairy Queen.

There was trouble in the ice-palace of Freya, the Fairy Queen of the Northland. In spite of her thousand fairy servant-maids, and all her great riches, she was unhappy.

It was just a little while before St. Valentine's Day that Queen Freya's trouble began. She was trying to please everyone. She wanted each kind maiden and each honest youth to get the right valentine—the one which he or she had hoped for. But there were so many maidens and so many youths that the Fairy Queen feared she would not be able to get the valentines sent out fast enough.

The reindeer that had drawn the sleigh of Santa Claus all through the country, and over the chimneys, refused to be harnessed. Some of them said they were too tired to carry the valentines, because Santa Claus had driven them so hard. Others said that they had caught colds from waiting too long during the freezing night on the house-tops. All of the big, horned fellows thought that they had had enough to do in carrying around the toys and goodies to fill the children's stockings. Besides, they didn't believe in sending valentines, anyhow.

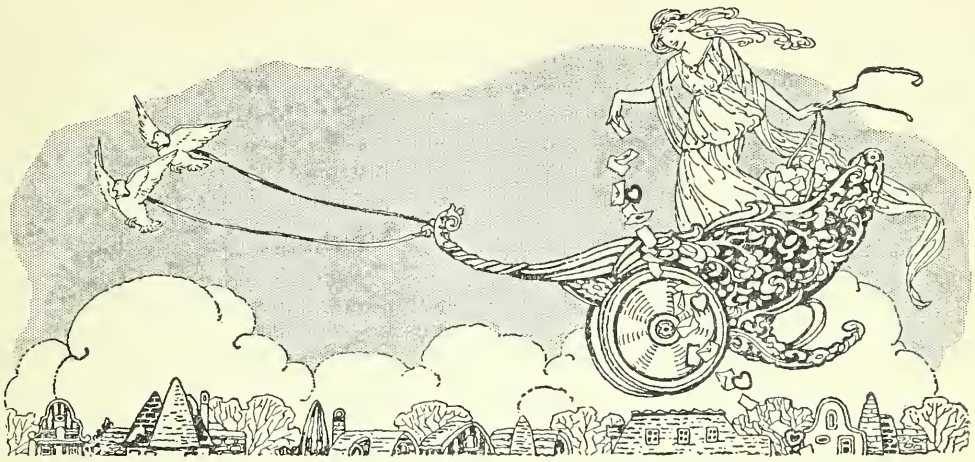
So the Fairy Queen did not know what to do. She had a whole storehouse full of valentines all properly addressed to waiting youths and maids. Yet how could she send them? Who would be her postman?

In the midst of her trouble, a pair of snow-white doves came to visit her. They were welcomed by a company of fairies, who sang songs and danced gracefully. The beautiful strangers were delighted with the kind welcome and the wonderful palace.

Queen Freya invited her white-winged friends to stay at her court and live with her always. When she heard that these doves could fly with messages for hundreds of miles, she asked them if they would draw her shining chariot. She could then ride around the country, taking valentines to fair maidens and strong young men.

Freya thought that a chariot drawn by doves would be much handsomer than a sleigh drawn by reindeer. Reindeer could gallop, but birds could fly and go faster. The doves were more beautiful and more gentle than reindeer, as they ought to be, for a queen to drive.

The two white birds loved young people, and they thought that they would like to carry valentines to all the maidens and youths in the Fairyland of the North. So, putting their bills together, to show that they felt alike, the doves began to coo, which was their way of answering "yes" to the Queen's question.



The Fairy Queen had a dainty little chariot, made of silver. To this she harnessed the two doves early on the morning of St. Valentine's Day. You may be sure that it was well loaded with valentines. As for the doves, they were a pretty sight, with pink straps for harness and blue ribbons for reins.

Very swiftly they flew with the chariot wherever the Queen wanted to go. Many a valentine was dropped upon the door-sill for a kind maiden or for an honest youth. But when the Fairy Queen came to houses in which young people lived who had rude manners, there she left no valentines at all.

Hundreds of years have gone by since the doves first came to live with the Fairy Queen. Ever since that time the gentle birds and the kind Queen have made St. Valentine's Day a happy one for the young folks in the cold Northland.

— William Elliot Griffis—Abridged.

THE GIFT OF THE OLIVE TREE

Some Things to Find Out.—(*a*) What gift Poseidon brought to the city; (*b*) What gift Athena brought to the city.

Long, long ago a certain city in Greece had no name. For many years the people had worked to make it a place of wonderful beauty. When at last it was finished, they wanted to find just the right name for it. What name was beautiful enough for such a city?

Now it happened that one of the Greek gods and one of the Greek goddesses each wanted the honor of naming it. Minerva, the goddess of wisdom, who was often called Athena, thought that the beautiful city should be named for her. But Poseidon, the god of the sea, was just as eager to have his name given to it.

At last the people went to Zeus, who ruled over all the gods, and asked him to decide which name should be chosen. Zeus hardly knew what to say, for he did not wish to offend either Athena or Poseidon. So he thought about the question for many days.

Then he decided that each of them should give the people a gift. The one who brought the more useful gift should win the honor of naming the city. Zeus set a day on which Athena and Poseidon should come before him to show their offerings.

Athena soon had her gift ready, for she was the goddess of wisdom, and so was able to make a good choice quickly. But Poseidon, who was not so wise, called his friends about him to ask their advice.

At last the great day came. All the people of the nameless city gathered on the side of a mountain to see what gifts would be offered them. Zeus stood on the top of the mountain, waiting for the god and goddess.

Soon Poseidon appeared on the plain at the foot of the mountain, leading a wonderful black horse. Everyone could see at once that it was a war horse. On its back and sides was shining armor of pure gold that glistened in the sunlight. Even the ground trembled when the horse stamped with its great hoofs. Very proudly it tossed its long black mane, and the people sent up a shout of joy at the sight.

Bowing low before Zeus, Poseidon cried out, "O ruler of the gods, my gift is a mighty war horse! It will bring to the city glory and victory and power."

When the shouting of the people had died away, Athena appeared on the plain. So wise and beautiful did she look that the people gazed on her in silent wonder.

In her hand she held something so small that no one could see what it was. She stepped forward and commanded one of the people to dig a hole in the ground. When her command had been obeyed, she

leaned down and dropped a brown seed into the hole, and quickly covered it with earth.

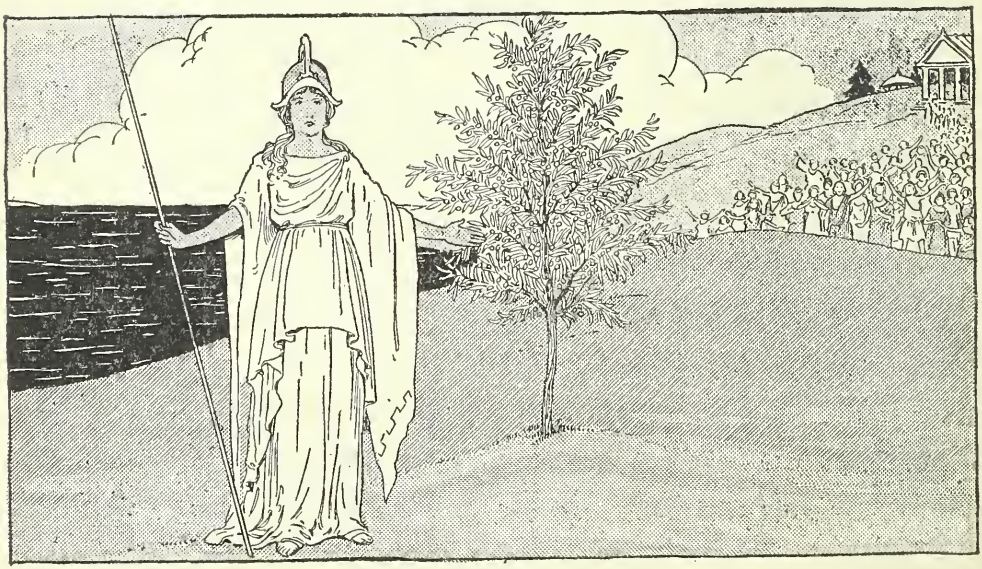
In a moment, a tiny plant, with two green leaves, peeped through the ground. Before the eyes of the people it grew into a tree covered with silver-gray leaves. Soon it was filled with fruit.

Bowing low before Zeus, Athena said in a gentle voice, "My gift, O ruler of the gods, is the olive tree. It will bring to the people food and peace and plenty."

At once Zeus cried out from the mountain top, "The city shall be named for Athena!"

Thus it was that the people named their city "Athens." And ever after, they loved the wise goddess for her gift of peace and plenty.

—*A Legend of Greece.*



MOTHER SONG

Beat upon mine, little heart! beat, beat!
Beat upon mine! You are mine, my sweet!
All mine from your pretty blue eyes to your feet,
My sweet.

Sleep, little blossom, my honey, my bliss!
For I give you this, and I give you this!
And I blind your pretty blue eyes with a kiss!
Sleep!

Father and Mother will watch you grow,
And gather the roses whenever they blow,
And find the white heather wherever you go,
My sweet.

—*Alfred, Lord Tennyson.*

THE MAGIC FLAG

Something to Find Out.—Some things that boys and girls can do to help Uncle Sam.

I. HOW BOBBY MET UNCLE SAM

The schoolroom was very bright and warm on that May afternoon. The sun streamed through the open windows, making the daffodils on Miss Gordon's desk shine like yellow fire. But Bobby's eyes were fixed on

the big silk flag that stood in the corner behind the desk. It was a beautiful flag, with a gilded eagle on top, and Bobby knew that it was brought out only for great occasions, such as the Memorial Day parade in which the children were to take part.

The lower class was reciting, and Bobby was supposed to be studying, but somehow he could not take his eyes off the flag. How brightly it shone! It seemed almost as if it were lighted inside, and were sending out rays of glowing red, white, and blue.

Suddenly the flag grew larger and larger, and the colors seemed to melt into a haze. Then Bobby was surprised to see a figure step out of the flag—a tall figure with striped red and white trousers and white-starred coat of blue. At once the excited boy saw that it was Uncle Sam.

"Well, Bobby," said Uncle Sam, smiling down at him, "you were staring at me so hard that I felt as if you wanted to ask me something. What is it?"

When Bobby saw the kind face and heard the quiet voice, everything around him—the schoolroom, the teacher, the boys and girls—seemed to fade away, and he found himself alone with this new, delightful friend.

"Oh, Uncle Sam!" he cried, "I did not know that you were there!"

"I am in every American flag, Bobby," said Uncle Sam gently; "in the great flags that wave upon flag-

staffs, in the battle-stained flags of American armies, in the silken flags that are carried in processions, even in the tiny cotton flags held tightly in the hands of little children. I am the Spirit of the Flag, and if anyone cares enough about me, I show myself to him. What can I do for you, Bobby?"

"I was just wishing, when you came out of the flag," said Bobby, "that I could be on a flagstaff so high that from the top I could see the whole United States."

"That is a big wish," said Uncle Sam, "but I think I know of something still better. How should you like to take a little journey with me?"

"That would be fine!" cried Bobby.

"Very well. Hop on!" said Uncle Sam.

"On what?" asked Bobby in great surprise.

"You have heard of the magic carpet that takes people wherever they wish to go, haven't you?" asked Uncle Sam. "Well, here is a magic flag, which is even more wonderful. For not only will it take you anywhere you wish to go, but as long as you are on it, you will be able to see as far as you wish, and to understand everything that you see."

II. WHAT UNCLE SAM SHOWED BOBBY

Then, hardly knowing how it happened, Bobby found himself seated beside Uncle Sam on the magic flag, which sailed away through space like a great bird.

Uncle Sam held his hand, and Bobby was glad of that, for they were very high up and going fast.

"Now look down, Bobby," said Uncle Sam presently, and Bobby looked down over the edge of the flag.

"Oh!" he cried. "My wish has come true!"

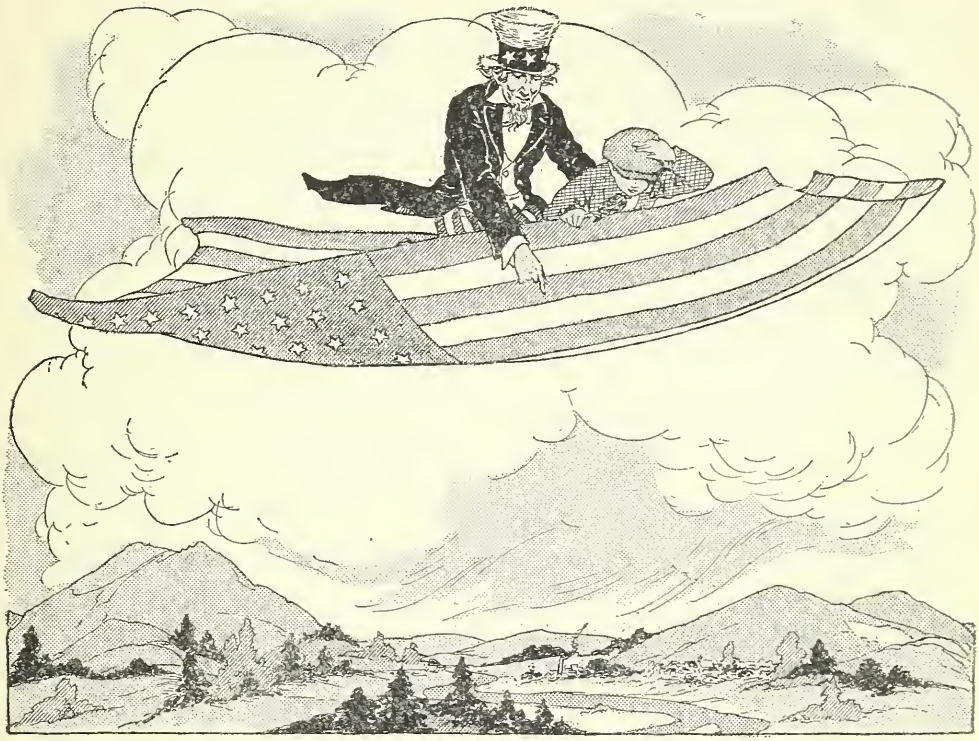
For there beneath him lay his country, the United States of America, as plain as a map, but much more wonderful. He could see her shining blue lakes and sparkling rivers; her wide plains and dark green forests; her great mountains with snow-capped peaks.

"It is a beautiful country!" Bobby cried.

"Yes," said Uncle Sam, "it *is* a beautiful country; and it is a rich country, too. Under the ground are mines of coal and iron and copper and gold and silver. Then there are deep wells of oil, which all the nations of the earth are eager to get, in these days. All those forests that you see give us wood and many other useful things. Those same forests also shelter birds and animals that are both useful and beautiful; they would die if the forests were destroyed."

"Who would destroy them?" cried Bobby. "Nobody would be so wicked!"

"You are mistaken, Bobby," said Uncle Sam sadly. "Millions of splendid trees have already been burned through carelessness, or cut down wastefully. And greedy men, who care more for themselves than for their country, would gladly cut down all that are left, to put a few more dollars in their pockets."



"Don't let them do it, Uncle Sam!" cried Bobby.

Uncle Sam smiled at him. "If you will help me, Bobby, perhaps we can prevent it."

"Oh, I will help!" cried Bobby earnestly; "and so will all the boys and girls if they understand about it."

"With all the boys and girls helping," said Uncle Sam, "the Spirit of the Flag can do many wonderful things. But look again, Bobby."

Once more Bobby looked over the edge of the magic flag. This time he saw great cities with tall buildings and huge factories. He saw the railroads with their

shining steel tracks connecting all the different parts of the land. He saw long, heavy freight trains loaded with food and fuel, and swift passenger trains carrying thousands of people over mountains and rivers and deserts. He saw splendid roads like white ribbons stretching from coast to coast and from north to south; along these highways automobiles and trucks were swiftly moving. He saw great power plants from which shining wires carried electricity to light many towns and cities, and to do all kinds of hard work for men and women. He saw miles and miles of telegraph and telephone wires, and when Uncle Sam said "Listen, Bobby!" he seemed to hear the hum of all the messages that were being sent out from thousands of wireless stations.

Balanced high in the air on the magic flag, Bobby looked at the wonderful sight as if he would never grow tired of it. As he looked, he heard the deep, gentle voice of Uncle Sam:

"You see, Bobby, how the United States of America is all tied together with railroads and highways and telegraph wires and radio waves, and how one part helps another part. The states that are rich in coal send their coal to those that have none. The states that grow millions of bushels of wheat send their wheat to those that need it; and so it is with fruit, with corn, with cotton, with iron and steel, and many other things. And this is the Spirit of

the Flag—to work together for the good of the country, and to help each other."

Then the magic flag began to move eastward more swiftly than the wind, and the country flowed beneath it like a great moving picture. There were long miles of fields, in which Bobby could see farmers working with machines or horses, doing their share to feed the world. There were farmhouses and villages and cities. There were big factories and mills, making the useful things that we need every day.

They overtook the fastest trains and the swiftest airplanes in their eastward flight. They soared up over high mountains and swooped down to the Atlantic coast. The fresh, salt air of the sea struck their faces as they sailed out over the Atlantic Ocean. Beneath them were the fishing fleets, getting their wealth from the deep waters. They saw, too, great ships flying the American flag, as they sailed away with their rich cargoes for other nations of the world; and they saw ships from other lands bringing to the people of America spices, teas, silks, laces, wool, and other useful things.

Then, as the flag floated swiftly back, Uncle Sam told Bobby many things about our country, closing with these words:

"The United States of America is a beautiful, rich country, and all the boys and girls of the land must help to keep it so. Remember, when you look

at the flag, what the Spirit of the Flag is—the spirit of helping each other and of working together."

Uncle Sam's voice grew farther and farther away, and Bobby had a queer, sleepy feeling that caused him to rub his eyes. When he opened them again, Uncle Sam had gone, the magic flag had gone, and he was back in his seat in the warm, sunny schoolroom. But there behind the desk was the silken flag, and it seemed to Bobby that the folds were gently settling into place, as if the flag had been in motion.

Then, at a signal, all the children stood up and began to sing:

"My country, 'tis of thee,
Sweet land of liberty,
Of thee I sing—"

Bobby sang, too, with all his heart, for the words brought back to him the beautiful pictures of the "land of liberty" which he had just seen. As he sang, he thought, "I wish Uncle Sam could hear us sing 'America!' " Then, as he looked at the beautiful flag he said to himself, "Well, perhaps he does!"

Now some people may think that Bobby had been asleep and had dreamed about the magic flag, but I think he had never been so wide awake in all his life. What do *you* think?

—*Alice Thompson Paine.*

PART VI
STORIES AND POEMS FOR SPECIAL DAYS

HELPS TO STUDY

The Christmas Cuckoo

Questions to Test Silent Reading. 1. How did Scrub and Spare make a living? 2. Describe their home and garden. 3. How did they lose their trade? 4. Where did they get a stump for their Christmas fire? 5. What strange thing happened when the stump began to burn? 6. How did Spare treat the cuckoo? 7. What did the bird promise to bring the two brothers? 8. What kind of leaf did Scrub ask for? 9. What kind did Spare choose? 10. When Scrub received his gold leaf, where did he go to live? 11. What good fortune did he have? 12. What did the green leaf do for Spare? 13. Whom else did it make happy? 14. Where did Spare finally make his home?

General Notes and Questions. 1. This story was written by a blind Irish woman named Frances Browne. It is taken from a collection of fairy stories called *Granny's Wonderful Chair*. If you like this story, get the book from the library and read the other stories in it. 2. Which would you rather have for a friend, Scrub or Spare? 3. Which was the kinder to the cuckoo? 4. Which was the better gift, the gold leaf or the green one? Why?

Some Christmas Stories and Poems You Will Enjoy. "The Pony Engine and the Pacific Express," Howells (in *Christmas Every Day in the Year and Other Stories*); "Becky's Christmas Dream" and "Tilly's Christmas," Alcott (in *Aunt Jo's Scrap Bag*); "The Wooden Shoes of Little Wolff," Coppèe (in *Good Stories for Great Holidays*, Olcott); "Piccola," Thaxter (in *Stories and Poems for Children*); "Why the Chimes Rang," Alden (in *Why the Chimes Rang and Other Stories*); "Jest 'fore Christmas" (in *Complete Edition of Eugene Field's Poems*); "The Christmas Silence," Deland (in *The Posy Ring*, Wiggin and Smith); "A Christmas Tree for Birds" (in *Junior Home Magazine*, Nov., 1923).

The Fairy Queen and the Valentines

Questions to Test Silent Reading. 1. Why was the Fairy Queen unhappy? 2. Why did the reindeer refuse to help her? 3. Who came to visit the Fairy Queen? 4. What did she ask the doves to do for her? 5. How did the doves answer her request? 6. How were the valentines delivered? 7. Who received valentines? 8. Who did not receive any?

Some Other Valentine Stories You Will Enjoy. "Big Brother's Valentine," Elder (in *For the Children's Hour,* Bailey and Lewis); "A Valentine," Richards (in *In My Nursery*); "The Pilgrim Pigeons," Griffis (in *Belgian Fairy Tales*).

The Gift of the Olive Tree

Questions to Test Silent Reading. 1. What goddess wanted the beautiful city named for her? 2. What did Poseidon want? 3. What plan did Zeus make for naming the city? 4. What gift did Poseidon bring? 5. What was Athena's gift? 6. For whom was the city finally named?

General Notes and Questions. 1. Many olive trees grow in the sunny land of Greece, where the fruit is much used for food. 2. Which do you think was the better gift, the war horse or the olive tree? 3. Name some other useful trees. 4. What other story in this book tells about Minerva, or Athena?

Some Other Stories and Poems for Arbor Day That You Will Enjoy. "Why the Evergreen Trees Never Lose Their Leaves," Holbrook (in *Nature Myths*); "Apple-Seed John," Child (in *Story-Telling Poems*); "Planting the Tree," Abbey, and "The Tree," Björnson (in *The Elson Readers, Book Four*); "Legend of the Poplar Tree," Cook (in *Nature Myths and Stories*).

Mother Song

General Notes and Questions. 1. Why do we celebrate Mother's Day? 2. What kind acts can you do for your mother on that day?

Some Other Poems and Stories You Will Enjoy. "Only One Mother," Cooper (in *The Elson Readers, Book Three*); "A Boy's Mother," Riley (in *Home Book of Verse for Young Folks*, B. E. Stevenson); "Hans and the Wonderful Flower," Bailey (in *For the Children's Hour*, Bailey and Lewis); "Cornelia's Jewels," Baldwin (in *Fifty Famous Stories Retold*).

The Magic Flag

Questions to Test Silent Reading. 1. What day was Bobby's school getting ready to celebrate? 2. How did Bobby meet Uncle Sam? 3. What did Uncle Sam tell Bobby he would do for him? 4. How did they travel? 5. Name some of the things Uncle Sam showed Bobby. 6. When Bobby woke up, where was he? 7. What song did the school sing? 8. What did Bobby think of his America?

General Notes and Questions. 1. This is a good story for you to read on Memorial Day, on Flag Day, or on both days. 2. Who is "Uncle Sam"? 3. Uncle Sam said, "And this is the Spirit of the Flag—to work together for the good of the country and to help each other"; what can you do to help Uncle Sam?

Some Other Flag Stories You Will Enjoy. "The Story of the Star-Spangled Banner" (in *Stories of Great Americans for Little Americans*, Eggleston); "Betsy Ross and the Flag," Ford (in *Flag Day*, Schauffler); "A Story of the Flag," Mapes (in *The Elson Readers, Book Four*).

REVIEW QUESTIONS AND PROJECTS FOR PART VI

Questions. 1. The stories and poems in Part VI all celebrate special days. In the first selection what rule did "Old Gentleman Gay" give for being happy on Thanksgiving Day? 2. Do you think it a good rule? 3. Read the four poems in this group and tell which you like best. 4. Try to memorize in ten minutes the poem called "Christmas Everywhere." 5. Why do we celebrate Arbor Day? 6. What would you miss if you lived in a country

without trees? 7. Be sure you can say the salute to the flag, found on page 183. 8. "The Magic Flag" selection ends with a question. (See page 338). How would you answer this question?

Projects. 1. Make a program for a Christmas celebration, using songs, stories, and poems that you already know, or can find. 2. Make a program for an Arbor Day celebration. Perhaps your teacher will let the one who makes the best program give out the parts to the children and manage the celebration. You will find selections you can use for these programs in the lists of stories given in the notes. 3. In "The Magic Flag" Uncle Sam tells Bobby that boys and girls can do a great deal to make America a better country. Make a list of things your class could do to help Uncle Sam.

Silent Reading Test. Most of the stories in Part V contain many facts that you tried to learn. About how many words per minute did you read of this kind of material? (See Pupil's Record, page 308). It will be interesting to notice how much more rapidly you can read the stories in Part VI. Keep a record of your progress, using the form given below. Your teacher will select five questions on some story to see how well you understand it.

PUPIL'S RECORD

Name.....Grade.....

Date	Story	Speed	What I Remembered
	The Fairy Queen and the Valentines Total number words, 615.	1. Number of minutes needed for reading the story..... 2. Number of words read per minute....	Twenty points for each of five questions correctly answered.

GLOSSARY

ā	as in *a*te	ē	as in *e*ve	ō	as in n*o*te	ŭ	as in c*u*t
ă	as in b*a*t	ĕ	as in m*e*t	ŏ	as in n*o*t	û	as in t*u*rn
â	as in c*a*re	ē	as in make*r*	ô	as in *o*r	ū	as in *u*nite
à	as in *a*sk	ĕ	as in *e*vent	ō	as in *o*bey	o͞o	as in f*oo*d
ä	as in *a*rm	ī	as in k*i*nd	ŏ	as in d*o*g	o͝o	as in f*oo*t
ā	as in sena*te*	ĭ	as in p*i*n	ū	as in *u*se		

ab'so-lute-ly (ăb'sō-lūt-lĭ), very much; exactly; completely

ac'ci-dent (ăk'sĭ-dĕnt), chance

ac-cord' (ă-kôrd'), consent; **of your own accord,** willingly

ac-cus'tomed (ă-kŭs'tŭmd), used

ac-quaint'ance with (ă-kwān'tăns), meeting with; knowledge of

ad-mi-ra'tion (ăd-mĭ-rā'shŭn), wonder; delight

ad-mir'ing-ly (ăd-mīr'ĭng-lĭ), with favor; with pleasure

a-dopt'ed (ă-dŏpt'ĕd), accepted

ad-vice' (ăd-vīs'), guidance; help

af-fairs' (ă-fârz'), business

af-fec'tion (ă-fĕk'shŭn), love

af-fec'tion-ate-ly (ă-fĕk'shŭn-ăt-lĭ), lovingly

a-gree'a-ble (ă-grē'ă-b'l), pleasant

a-hoy' (ă-hoi'), a sailor's call

a-larmed' (ă-lärmd'), frightened

a-las' (ă-lăs'), what a pity

Al'ban-y (ôl'bă-nĭ), a city in New York State

a-lert' (ă-lûrt'), eagerly watchful

a-light'ed (ă-līt'ĕd), stepped down

al-le'giance (ă-lē'jăns), loyalty and service

All Fools' Day (ôl fo͞olz dā), April Fools' Day, April first

Alps (ălps), mountains in Europe

a-maze'ment (ă-māz'mĕnt), surprise

an'chor (ăng'kēr), weight used to keep a ship from moving

an'nu-al (ăn'ū-ăl), yearly

anx'ious (ănk'shŭs), eager; worried

ap-plied' (ă-plīd'), put

ap-pre'ci-ate (ă-prē'shĭ-āt), am thankful for; understand

ap-proached' (ă-prōcht'), came near

apt'ly (ăpt'lĭ), suitably

A-rach'ne (ă-răk'nē)

ar'mor (är'mēr), metal covering worn for protection

ar-riv'al (ă-rīv'ăl), coming

as-sist'ance (ă-sĭs'tăns), help

as-sure' (ă-sho͝or'), tell

as-ton'ish-ment (ăs-tŏn'ĭsh-mĕnt), surprise

A-the'na (ă-thē'nă)

Ath'ens (ăth'ĕnz), a city in Greece

a'tom (ă'tŭm), bit

at-tempt' (ă-tĕmpt'), try

av'a-lanche (ăv'ă-lănch), snowslide

awl (ôl), small tool for punching holes

bade (băd), ordered, asked

bale (bāl), large bundle

ban'quet (băng'kwĕt), feast; **banquet hall,** large dining-room

bar'gain (bär'gĕn), trade; purchase

bar'ley (bär'lĭ), a kind of grain
bar'ren (băr'ĕn), bare of growing things; dry
bar'row (băr'ō), one-wheeled cart with handles
bat'tle-stained' (băt''l-stānd'), soiled
beam (bēm), heavy board
beck'oned (bĕk''nd), motioned
be-hold' (bē-hōld'), see
be-spoke' (bē-spōk'), spoke to
bid'den (bĭd''n), commanded
Big-Sea-Water, Indian name for Lake Superior
blast (blȧst), explosion
bleak (blēk), cheerless
bliss (blĭs), happiness; joy
Bob White (bŏb hwīt), a quail
boll (bōl), cotton pod
Bon' Homme' Rich'ard (bŏ'nŏm' rĭch'ȧrd)
borne (bōrn), carried
bos'om (bo͝oz'ŭm), breast
bound for A-mer'i-ca (ȧ-mĕr'ĭ-kȧ), going to America
breech'es (brĭch'ĕz), trousers
Brit'ish (brĭt'ĭsh), English
brood (bro͞od), watch
brow (brou), forehead
Bru'in (bro͞o'ĭn), a bear
buoy (boi), floating signal for ships
bur (bûr), prickly seed

calm'ing (käm'ĭng), quieting
ca'ñon (kăn'yŭn), deep valley
caout'chouc (ko͞o'cho͞ok), hardened rubber milk
cap'tive (kăp'tĭv), prisoner
car'go (kär'gō), load of a ship
case'ment (kās'mĕnt), window that opens like double doors
cas'ket (kȧs'kĕt), small box
Cer'es (sē'rēz)
cer'tain (sûr'tĭn), sure
chair'man (châr'măn), head of a committee
cham'ber (chām'bĕr), room
chanced (chȧnst), happened
char'ac-ter (kăr'ăk-tĕr), nature; **read your character,** find out your good and bad points
charge (chärj), amount needed
charm'ing (chärm'ĭng), lovely
chuck'le (chŭk''l), short, low laugh
churn (chûrn), vessel in which butter is made
cli'mate (klī'mȧt), kind of weather
clipped (klĭpt), cut
cob'bler (kŏb'lĕr), mender of shoes
colo'nel (kûr'nĕl), an army officer
col'o-ny (kŏl'ŏ-nĭ), group; family
Co-lum'bus (kō-lŭm'bŭs)
com'fort-a-ble (kŭm'fĕr-tȧ-b'l), well taken care of
com-mit'tee (kŏ-mĭt'ē), small group
com-pan'ion (kŏm-păn'yŭn), one who is with another
com-pare' (kŏm-pâr'), likeness; **beyond compare,** better than all others
com-pelled' (kŏm-pĕld'), forced
com-plain' (kŏm-plān'), find fault
com-plet'ed (kŏm-plēt'ĕd), finished
con-fess' (kŏn-fĕs'), admit; tell
con-fused' (kŏn-fūzd'), troubled
con-fu'sion (kŏn-fū'zhŭn), disorder
con-struct'ed (kŏn-strŭk'tĕd), made
con-tent'ed (kŏn-tĕn'tĕd), satisfied
cor'al (kôr'ăl), rock-like forms found in the sea and used for ornaments
cour'te-sy (kûr'tē-sĭ), politeness
court'yard' (kōrt'yärd'), inclosed yard near a house
crammed (krămd), pushed down
crea'tures (krē'tŭrz), animals; people

cress (krĕs), a plant used for food
crest'ed (krĕs'tĕd), having a bunch of feathers on the head
crim'soned (krĭm'z'nd), reddened
crisp (krĭsp), brittle
croon (krōōn), hum; sing in a low tone
crops (krŏps), growing things
crys'tal (krĭs'tăl), a beautiful kind of glass; clear
cuck'oo (kŏŏk'ōō), a kind of bird
cun'ning (kŭn'ĭng), clever
cu'ri-ous (kū'rĭ-ŭs), strange
cur'rent (kŭr'ĕnt), stream of flowing water
cyl'in-der (sĭl'ĭn-dĕr), immense round kettle
Czar (zär), ruler; king

dam'sel (dăm'zĕl), young girl
dashed (dăsht), hurried
de-cid'ed (dĕ-sīd'ĕd), settled
de-clared' (dĕ-klârd'), said
dec'o-ra'tion (dĕk'ō-rā'shŭn), beauty; show
de-fend'ing (dĕ-fĕnd'ĭng), protecting
del'i-ca-cies (dĕl'ĭ-kà-sĭz), good things to eat
de-li'cious (dĕ-lĭsh'ŭs), very good to eat
de-light'ful (dĕ-līt'fo͝ol), most pleasing
de-lu'sion (dĕ-lū'zhŭn), trick
de-ny' (dĕ-nī'), say it is not true
de-part'ed (dĕ-pärt'ĕd), left
de-scribed' (dĕ-skrībd'), told about
de-sert' (dĕ-zûrt'), leave; forsake
des'ert (dĕz'ĕrt), dry, sandy country
de-sire' (dĕ-zīr'), wish
des'o-late (dĕs'ō-lāt), lonely
de-spair' (dĕ-spâr'), great sadness
de-tain' (dĕ-tān'), keep by force
de-ter'mined (dĕ-tûr'mĭnd), made up their minds
dif'fi-cul-ty (dĭf'ĭ-kŭl-tĭ), trouble
dim'ly (dĭm'lĭ), darkly; slightly
di-rect'ly (dĭ-rĕkt'lĭ), exactly
dis'a-gree'a-ble (dĭs'à-grē'à-b'l), unpleasant
dis'ap-pear' (dĭs'ă-pēr'), go out of sight
dis-cov'ered (dĭs-kŭv'ĕrd), found
dis-gust' (dĭs-gŭst'), unhappiness
dis-gust'ed (dĭs-gŭst'ĕd), troubled; annoyed
dis'mal (dĭz'măl), dark; gloomy
dis-mount'ed (dĭs-mount'ed), got down
dis'po-si'tion (dĭs'pŏ-zĭsh'ŭn), nature
dis-tinct'ly (dĭs-tĭngkt'lĭ), clearly
dis-turb' (dĭs-tûrb'), trouble, harm
do-main' (dō-mān'), land; possessions
dome (dōm), arched roof
dor'mouse' (dôr'mous'), a small animal, somewhat like a squirrel
dusk'y (dŭs'kĭ), dark
dwell'ing (dwĕl'ĭng), house
dwelt (dwĕlt), lived

ear'nest-ly (ûr'nĕst-lĭ), seriously
eas'y (ēz'ĭ), not hard; **make yourself easy,** do not worry
e-clipse' (ē-klĭps'), loss of light; **frost's eclipse,** places where the frost was so thick that it kept the light out
ee'ry (ē'rĭ), wild; fearful
ef'fort (ĕf'ŏrt), trial
e-lec'tric mo'tor (ē-lĕk'trĭk mō'tĕr), machine which sets a thing in motion, and keeps it moving
elf (ĕlf), tiny person; fairy
en-a'ble (ĕn-ā'b'l), help
en-chant'ed (ĕn-chănt'ĕd), fairy-like
en-du'rance (ĕn-dū'răns), ability to stand hardship
en-dure' (ĕn-dūr'), stand, suffer
en-list' as (ĕn-lĭst'), become

e-nor'mous-ly (ē-nôr'mŭs-lĭ), greedily
en-ticed' (ĕn-tīst'), coaxed
en'vi-a-ble (ĕn'vĭ-ȧ-b'l), happy
e-rect' (ē-rĕkt'), standing up straight
es-pe'cial-ly (ĕs-pĕsh'ăl-ĭ), above all; principally
ev'er-last'ing (ĕv'ĕr-lȧs'tĭng), endless
ex-ceed'ing-ly (ĕk-sēd'ĭng-lĭ), very; very greatly
ex'cel-lent (ĕk'sĕ-lĕnt), very good
ex-cite'ment (ĕks-sīt'mĕnt), agitation; **in great excitement,** much troubled
ex-is'tence (ĕg-zĭs'tĕns), living
ex'pec-ta'tion (ĕks'pĕk-tā'shŭn), hope
ex-plo'sive (ĕks-plō'sĭv), that which blows up or causes an explosion

fail'ing (fāl'ĭng), fault
faint (fānt), weak
fair wind (fâr wĭnd), wind that makes sailing easy
faith'ful-ly (fāth'fo͝ol-ĭ), well
fan'cied (făn'sĭd), imagined
fare (fâr), food; get along
fee'ble (fē'b'l), weak
firm'ly (fûrm'lĭ), tightly
flag'-lieu-ten'ant (flăg'-lū-tĕn'ănt), officer who raises and lowers the flag
flick'er (flĭk'ĕr), flutter; dance
floun'dered (floun'dĕrd), stumbled
flue (flo͞o), chimney
flu'id (flo͞o'ĭd), liquid
flushed (flŭsht), brought a red color
fold (fōld), sheep pen
fol'i-age (fō'lĭ-āj), leaves
fol'ly (fŏl'ĭ), foolishness
for-bade' (fôr-băd'), did not allow
fore'fa'thers (fōr'fä'thērz), those who lived before
fore'paw' (fōr'pô'), front foot
forge (fōrj), shop where iron is worked
for-lorn' (fŏr-lôrn'), friendless; helpless
for'tune (fôr'tūn), wealth; **good fortune,** luck
found'er (found'ĕr), one who starts a thing
found'ry (foun'drĭ), iron-works
four'-post'er (fōr'-pōst'ĕr), having a post at each corner
frank'ly (frăngk'lĭ), plainly
fre'quent (frē'kwĕnt), many
Frey'a (frā'ȧ)
fringed (frĭnjd), with irregular edges
fro (frō); **to and fro,** back and forth
frock (frŏk), dress
frost'y-starred' (frŏs'tĭ-stärd'), covered with star-like figures of ice
fur'rows (fŭr'ōz), plowed rows in the earth
fuzz (fŭz), soft, fine covering

gazed (gāzd), looked eagerly
gems (jĕms), jewels
Ge-ne'va, Lake of (jē-nē'vȧ), a large lake in Europe
gild'ed (gĭl'dĕd), covered with gold
gin (jĭn), machine for removing seeds from cotton
glanced (glânst), flew off to one side
gleam'ing (glēm'ĭng), shining
glee (glē), **high glee,** great joy
glis'tened (glĭs''nd), sparkled
gloom'y (glo͞om'ĭ), dark
gloss'y (glŏs'ĭ), smooth and shiny
Gold'en Gate (gōl'd'n gāt), a bay in California
gran'ite (grăn'ĭt), a kind of hard, beautiful stone
grate'ful-ly (grāt'fo͝ol-lĭ), thankfully
grat'i-tude (grăt'ĭ-tūd), thankfulness
grave (grāv), thoughtful; solemn
grazed (grāzd), went by so close that it touched

Greece (grēs), a country in Europe
green'wood' (grēn'wo͝od'), forest
greet (grēt), meet; welcome
grieved (grēvd), felt very sad
grim (grĭm), stern; sad
groove (gro͞ov), narrow path
gruff'ly (grŭf'lĭ), harshly
gust (gŭst), puff
Gus-ta'vus (gŭs-tā'vŭs)

hail (hāl), call
Hai'ti (hā'tĭ), an island near America
hand'some-ly (hăn'sŭm-lĭ), very well
harsh'ly (härsh'lĭ), severely
hat'ter (hăt'ẽr), one who sells hats
haunch'es (hänch'ĕz), hips
haw'thorn (hô'thôrn), a thorny tree
haze (hāz), dim light
hearth (härth), floor of the fireplace
heath'er (hĕth'ẽr), a flowering plant
Hel'e-na (hĕl'ē-nȧ)
her'ald (hĕr'ăld), one who brings news
her'mit-age (hûr'mĭ-tăj), house where someone lives alone
high'way'men (hī'wā'mĕn), robbers
hill'ock (hĭl'ŭk), small hill
hob'ble (hŏb''l), walk with a limp
hoist'ed (hoist'ĕd), raised
hol'ly-hock (hŏl'ĭ-hŏk), a flower
home'ward (hōm'wẽrd), toward home
hud'dled (hŭd''ld), crowded together
huge (hūj), very large

ill-hu'mor (ĭl-hū'mẽr), bad temper
Il'li-nois' (ĭl'ĭ-noi'), a state
im-ag'ine (ĭ-măj'ĭn), think
im-me'di-ate-ly (ĭ-mē'dĭ-ăt-lĭ), quickly
im-mense' (ĭ-mĕns'), very large
im-plore' (ĭm-plōr'), plead
im-por'tant (ĭm-pôr'tănt), serious
im-proved' (ĭm-pro͞ovd'), made better
in'de-pend'ent (ĭn'dē-pĕn'dĕnt), separate; free
in'di-vis'i-ble (ĭn'dĭ-vĭz'ĭ-b'l), cannot be divided into parts
in-dus'tri-ous (ĭn-dŭs'trĭ-ŭs), hard-working
in'dus-try (ĭn'dŭs-trĭ), eagerness to work
in-hab'it-ants (ĭn-hăb'ĭ-tănts), people who live in a place
in'ju-ry (ĭn'jo͝o-rĭ), harm
ink'horn' (ĭngk'hôrn'), bottle made of horn
in'land (ĭn'lănd), away from the seacoast; **inland seas,** large lakes
inn, hotel
in'no-cent (ĭn'ō-sĕnt), blameless
in-quir'ies (ĭn-kwīr'ĭz), questions
in-sen'si-ble (ĭn-sĕn'sĭ-b'l), having no feeling; unconscious
in-sist'ed (ĭn-sĭst'ĕd), kept asking
in-spec'tion (ĭn-spĕk'shŭn), examination by an officer
in-struct'ed (ĭn-strŭk'tĕd), taught
in'stru-ment (ĭn'stro͞o-mĕnt), that which is played upon to make music
in-tel'li-gent (ĭn-tĕl'ĭ-jĕnt), wise; having sense
in'ter-fere' with (ĭn'tẽr-fēr'), keep him from using
in'ter-rupt'ing (ĭn'tẽ-rŭpt'ĭng), breaking in while another is speaking
in-vent' (ĭn-vĕnt'), make for the first time
is'land (ī'lănd), small body of land surrounded by water
I-van' (ē-vän')

junk'man (jŭnk'măn), one who buys old things
jus'tice (jŭs'tĭs), fairness

knap'sack' (năp'săk'), bag carried on the back

knead'ed (nēd'ĕd), pushed into a mass

knock'er (nŏk'ẽr), piece of metal on a door, with which one knocks

lad'en (lād''n), loaded down

Lae-ti'ti-a (lē-tĭsh'ĭ-ȧ)

lag (lăg), move slowly

lat'tice (lăt'ĭs), crossed framework on a window

launched (länchť), put in the water

lau'rel (lô'rĕl), a tree whose leaves stay green all through the year

ledge (lĕj), narrow shelf standing out from a mountain-side

le'gend (lē'jĕnd), old story

le'ver (lē'vẽr), handle

lib'er-ty (lĭb'ẽr-tĭ), freedom

lint (lĭnt), a mass of tiny threads

live'long' (lĭv'lŏng'), whole

lo'co-mo'tive (lō'kō-mō'tĭv), railway engine

lodge (lŏj), live

lodging (lŏj'ĭng), a place to live

loom (lo͞om), machine on which cloth is woven

mad (măd), foolish

ma-gi'cian (mȧ-jĭsh'ăn), one who works wonders

mag-nif'i-cent (măg-nĭf'ĭ-sĕnt), very, very beautiful

mag'pie (măg'pī), a bird

maj'es-ty (măj'ĕs-tĭ), name for a ruler

mane (mān), long hair growing along the neck of the horse

ma'ple keys (mā'p'l kēz), seeds that grow on maple trees

Ma-roos'i-a (mä-ro͞os'ĭ-ȧ)

marsh (märsh), soft, wet land

masts (mȧsts), long poles to which the sails of a ship are fastened

match (mătch), contest

maul (môl), large, heavy hammer, usually made of wood

may'or (mā'ẽr), chief officer of a town

meet (mēt), fit; **for barn is meet,** is ready to be harvested

mer'chant (mûr'chănt), one who buys and sells

Mer'i-den (mĕr'ĭ-dĕn), a village in New Hampshire

Min-er'va (mĭ-nûr'vȧ)

Min'ne-so'ta (mĭn'ē-sō'tȧ), a state

mis'er-a-ble (mĭz'ẽr-ȧ-b'l), unhappy

mis-for'tune (mĭs-fôr'tūn), hardship

mist'y veil (mĭs'tĭ vāl), light covering; falling snow

mold (mōld), hollow form in which metal cools

molt'ing (mōlt'ĭng), losing the old feathers

Mon'as-ter-y of St.' Ber-nard' (mŏn'-ăs-tẽr-ĭ; sānt' bẽr-närd'), home of a group of monks

monk (mŭnk), religious man living in a monastery

moon (mo͞on), gaze idly around

mope (mōp), dream

mor'sel (môr'sĕl), little bite

mo'tion-less (mō'shŭn-lĕs), quiet; at rest

mount'ing (mount'ĭng), getting up on

muf'fled (mŭf''ld), quiet

mur'mured (mûr'mŭrd), spoke in a low tone

muz'zle (mŭz''l), an animal's nose and mouth, taken together; snout

mys'tic (mĭs'tĭk), hidden; **mystic ca'ñons** (cȧn'yŭnz), quiet valleys with steep sides

myth (mĭth), old story

na'tives (nā'tĭvz), people born there

nat'u-ral-ly (năt'ū-răl-ĭ), in a lifelike way

na'val (nā'văl), about ships; on the sea

neigh'bor-hood (nā'bĕr-ho͝od), places near by

Nils (nēlz)

nim'bly (nĭm'blĭ), lightly; quickly

nin'ny (nĭn'ĭ), a foolish fellow

non'sense (nŏn'sĕns), foolishness

Nore (nōr), sandbar in the Thames River, England

Nor'way (nôr'wā), a country in the northern part of Europe

nos'trils (nŏs'trĭlz), openings in the nose

no'ticed (nō'tĭst), seen

nui'sance (nū'săns), that which gives trouble

nu'mer-ous (nū'mēr-ŭs), many

nymphs (nĭmfs), fairies

o-bliged' (ô-blījd'), forced

ob'ser-va'tion (ŏb'zĕr-vā'shŭn), **made no observation,** said nothing

oc-ca'sion (ŏ-kā'zhŭn), event

oc-ca'sion-al-ly (ŏ-kā'zhŭn-ăl-ĭ), once in a while

oc'cu-pied (ŏk'ū-pīd), made themselves at home in

oc-cur' (ŏ-kûr'), happen

o'dor (ō'dĕr), smell

of-fend' (ŏ-fĕnd'), displease

Old Glo'ry (glō'rĭ), the American flag

ol'ive tree (ŏl'ĭv), a kind of tree valuable for its fruit

op'er-at-ed (ŏp'ĕr-āt-ĕd), run

o-pin'ion (ŏ-pĭn'yŭn), idea; belief

ore (ōr), metal as found in the earth

Os'se-o (ŏs'ē-ō)

o'ver-took' (ō'vĕr-to͝ok'), caught up with

O-wee'nee (ô-wē'nē)

palm'-tree (päm'-trē), a kind of tree that grows in warm countries

Pa-o'lo (pä-ō'lō)

par-tic'u-lar-ly (pär-tĭk'ū-lăr-lĭ), very much

pass (pȧs), a way to get through

pa'tient (pā'shĕnt), quiet; uncomplaining

paw'paw' (pô'pô'), a kind of tree

peak (pēk), high, pointed mountain top

pen'ance (pĕn'ăns), punishment

per'fume (pûr'fūm), pleasant smell

per'ish (pĕr'ĭsh), die

per-mis'sion (pĕr-mĭsh'ŭn), consent

per-suade' (pĕr-swād'), win over

pet'als (pĕt'ălz), leaves of a flower

pe-ti'tion (pē-tĭsh'ŭn), something asked for

Phoe'bus (fē'bŭs)

Pil'grims (pĭl'grĭmz), early settlers in America

pinch (pĭnch), little bit

pit'e-ous (pĭt'ē-ŭs), very sad

plague is sore (plāg; sōr), trouble is great; nuisance

plaid (plăd), checkered

plank (plăngk), thick board

plan-ta'tion (plăn-tā'shŭn), large farm in the South

pledge (plĕj), promise

plot (plŏt), piece of ground

plumed (plo͞omd), decorated as with a feather

Plu'to (plo͞o'tō)

pois'ing (poiz'ĭng), balancing

pome-gran'ate (pŏm-grăn'ăt), a round, juicy fruit with many seeds

Po-sei'don (pō-sī'dŏn)

po-si'tion (pō-zĭsh'ŭn), place

pos-sess' (pŏ-zĕs'), have

pos-ses'sion (pŏ-zĕsh'ŭn), ownership

pos'sum (pŏs'ŭm), short for *opossum;* a small animal belonging to the same family as the kangaroo

pot'ter-y (pŏt'ẽr-ĭ), articles made of clay; earthenware

pouch'like' (pouch'līk'), like a bag

pre'cious (prĕsh'ŭs), very valuable

prec'i-pice (prĕs'ĭ-pĭs), steep slope

pre-tend'ed (prē-tĕnd'ĕd), made believe

prob'a-bly (prŏb'ȧ-blĭ), likely

prof'it (prŏf'ĭt), benefit

prompt'ly (prŏmpt'lĭ), quickly

prop (prŏp), that which holds up something

Pro-ser'pi-na (prō-sûr'pĭ-nȧ)

pro-vi'sions (prō-vĭzh'ŭnz), food

prowl'ing (proul'ĭng), wandering

pru'dent (proo'dĕnt), careful

pur'ple-barred' (pûr'p'l-bärd'), with purple stripes

pur'pose (pûr'pŭs), use

qua'ver (kwā'vẽr), tremble

Quick'sil-ver (kwĭk'sĭl-vẽr)

quill (kwĭl), hollow part of a feather; **quill pen,** writing pen made of a large feather

quit (kwĭt), leave

ral'ly (răl'ĭ), large meeting

rash (răsh), bold, thoughtless

rav'en (rā'v'n), large, black bird

read'i-ness (rĕd'ĭ-nĕs), preparation; being ready for

rear (rēr), rise up on the hind legs; **in the rear,** at the back

reck'oned (rĕk''nd), figured; counted

rec'ol-lect' (rĕk'ŏ-lĕkt'), remember

Red'coat (rĕd'kōt), English soldier

re-fresh'ing (rē-frĕsh'ĭng), cooling

reg'i-ment (rĕj'ĭ-mĕnt), group of soldiers

re-gret' (rē-grĕt'), sorrow

re-lay' (rē-lā'), part of a journey or race

re-marked' (rē-märkt'), said

rem'e-dy (rĕm'ē-dĭ), help

re-morse' (rē-môrs'), grief

re-peat'ed (rē-pēt'ĕd), told again

re-placed' (rē-plāst'); **be replaced,** have another put where it was

re-quest'ed (rē-kwĕst'ĕd), asked

re-stored' (rē-stōrd'), brought back

Rev'o-lu'tion-a-ry War (rĕv'ō-lū'-shŭn-ā-rĭ wôr), war of the American Colonies against England, 1775-1783

re-ward' (rē-wôrd'), payment

ridged (rĭjd), having little hills

rill (rĭl), small brook

ri'ot wedge (rī'ŭt wĕj), V-shaped lines to hold back the people

rip'ple (rĭp''l), little wave

roam (rōm), wander

Rock'y Moun'tains (rŏk'ĭ moun'tĭnz), high mountains in western United States

roll'ing mill (rōl'ĭng mĭl), shop where hot metal is rolled out

root'ed (root'ĕd), dug with his nose

rov'er (rōv'ẽr), one who moves around

rud'der (rŭd'ẽr), the part of a ship by which it is guided

ru'in (roo'ĭn), destroy

rus'tling (rŭs'lĭng), soft, quick sound

rut (rŭt), deep wheel track

Sac'ra-men'to (săk'rȧ-mĕn'tō), a city in California

sanc'tu-a'ry (săngk'tû-ā'rĭ), safe place

save (sāv), except

scant'y (skăn'tĭ), small; poor

scar (skär), mark left by a cut

scarce'ly (skârs'lĭ), hardly

scent bot'tle (sĕnt bŏt''l), bottle for perfume

Sche-nec'ta-dy (skĕ-nĕk'tȧ-dĭ), a city in New York State

scores (skōrz), large number; **score**, twenty

scorn'ful-ly (skôrn'fo͝ol-ĭ), with great disgust

scythe (sīth), long, curved blade, with a handle, for mowing

search (sûrch), hunting

sel'dom (sĕl'dŭm), not often

se-lect'ed (sē-lĕk'tĕd), chose

self'-poised' (sĕlf'-poizd'), balanced

sep'a-rate (sĕp'ȧ-rāt), divide; get loose from

Se-ra'pis (sē-rā'pĭs)

se'ri-ous (sē'rĭ-ŭs), solemn; unsmiling

serv'ice (sûr'vĭs), favor

shriek'ing (shrēk'ĭng), howling

shril'ly (shrĭl'lĭ), in a high, piercing tone

shut'tle (shŭt''l), instrument for holding the thread, in weaving

Sing'a-pore (sĭng'gȧ-pōr), a city on the other side of the world

six'pence (sĭks'pĕns), an English coin

skel'e-ton (skĕl'ē-tŭn), framework of bones

skull (skŭl), bones of the head; head

slag (slăg), cinder

sloop'-of-war' (slo͞op'-ŏv-wôr'), small warship

slopes (slōps), slanting sides

snak'y (snāk'ĭ), having figures of snakes on it

snick'ered (snĭk'ērd), laughed softly

snout, nose of an animal

so-ci'e-ty (sō-sī'ē-tĭ), company

sod (sŏd), growing grass

som'ber (sŏm'bēr), dark-colored

soothe (so͞oth), comfort

South A-mer'i-ca (ȧ-mĕr'ĭ-kȧ), continent south of North America

sowed (sōd), planted

Span'ish Main (spăn'ĭsh mān), the ocean near the northern part of South America

spir'its (spĭr'ĭts), feelings

splen'did (splĕn'dĭd), fine

splen'dors (splĕn'dērz), showy things

sprout, grow

spur (spûr), metal point worn on a rider's heel, used to make the horse go fast

spurt'ed (spûrt'ĕd), shot

squad (skwŏd), group

Squam'man-y (squăm'măn-ĭ)

squaw (skwô), Indian name for a woman

staff (stăf), stick; **snaky staff**, stick with figures of snakes on it

stalk (stôk), stem, blade

steed (stēd), horse

stern (stûrn), severe

stock (stŏk), parents; family

strand (strănd), shore; **Eastern strands**, the Atlantic Coast

stroll (strōl), walk slowly

sug-gest'ed to her (sŭg-jĕst'ĕd), made her think of

sul'len (sŭl'ĕn), sad

sum'moned (sŭm'ŭnd), called

sup-port' (sŭ-pōrt'), resting-place; prop

sup-posed' (sŭ-pōzd'), believed

sure-foot'ed (sho͝or-fo͝ot'ĕd), not likely to stumble

sur-ren'dered (sŭ-rĕn'dērd), gave up

sus-pect'ed (sŭs-pĕkt'ĕd), guessed

sus-pi'cious (sŭs-pĭsh'ŭs), not trusting

sus-pi'cious-ly (sŭs-pĭsh'ŭs-lĭ), as if expecting harm

Swan'sea (swŏn'sē)
sweet'meats' (swēt'mēts'), sweet foods

tal'low (tăl'ō), fat
tav'ern (tăv'ẽrn), eating-place
ter'ri-er (tĕr'ĭ-ẽr), a small dog
thatched (thăcht), covered with grass
thick'et (thĭk'ĕt), trees very close together
thith'er (thĭth'ẽr), to that place
thought'less-ly (thôt'lĕs-lĭ), carelessly
thou 'rt, you are
thresh'old (thrĕsh'ōld), doorway
tide (tīd), rise and fall of the sea
tim'bers (tĭm'bẽrz), boards
toil'ing (toil'ĭng), working very hard; walking with a great deal of trouble
tol'er-a-bly (tŏl'ẽr-å-blĭ), rather; quite
trade (trād), occupation
trails (trālz), paths
trea'cle (trē'k'l), molasses
trig'ger (trĭg'ẽr), the part of a gun moved by the finger in order to fire
trills (trĭlz), sings
trudged (trŭjd), walked heavily
trun'dle (trŭn'd'l), push along
trust'y (trŭs'tĭ), good; true
tun'nel (tŭn'ĕl), passage-way or room under the ground
twit'tered (twĭt'ẽrd), chirped
ty'rant-dealt' (tī'rănt-dĕlt'), given by a cruel ruler

un-bear'a-ble (ŭn-bâr'å-b'l), terrible
un-con'scious (ŭn-kŏn'shŭs), fainting
un'der-cut'ting ma-chine' (ŭn'dẽr-kŭt'ĭng må-shēn'), machine that cuts under coal in a mine
un-do' (ŭn-dō͞o'), put an end to
un-eas'i-ness (ŭn-ēz'ĭ-nĕs), worry
un-for'tu-nate (ŭn-fôr'tū-nât), unhappy
u'ni-verse (ū'nĭ-vûrs), world
un-u'su-al (ŭn-ū'zhū-ăl), strange
urg'ing (ûr'jĭng), begging

vain (vān), proud, foolish; **in vain**, without success
Van'ya (văn'yå)
vast (vâst), immense
vex (vĕks), trouble
vig'or-ous (vĭg'ŏr-ŭs), loud
vir'e-ō (vĭr'ē-ō), a small bird
voy'age (voi'âj), trip on the sea

war'like' (wôr'līk'), fond of fighting
war'rior (wôr'yẽr), soldier
way'side' (wā'sīd'), by the road
wea'ry (wē'rĭ), tired
weath'er-beat'en (wĕth'ẽr-bēt'ĕn), worn by wind and rain
weath'er-wise (wĕth'ẽr-wīz), able to tell beforehand what the weather would be
weav'ing (wēv'ĭng), making cloth
wedged (wĕjd), pushed
whip'poor-will' (hwĭp'po͝or-wĭl'), a bird
whirl'wind' (hwûrl'wĭnd'), strong wind that whirls round and round
whith'er (hwĭth'ẽr), where
wig'wam (wĭg'wôm), Indian tent
wis'dom (wĭz'dŭm), learning
wist'ful-ly (wĭst'fo͝ol-ĭ), sadly; longingly
with-drew' (wĭth-dro͞o'), took away
wits (wĭts), sense, ideas
won'drous (wŭn'drŭs), wonderful. surprising

yon'der (yŏn'dẽr), over there

Zeus (zūs)

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